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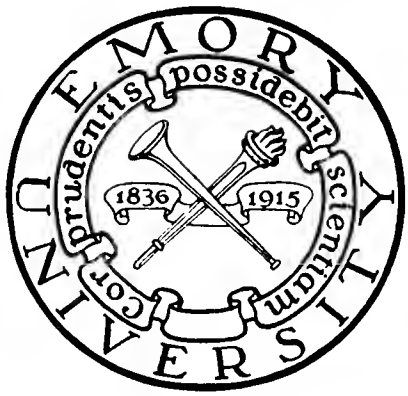

GIFT OF
Robt. Strickland

LIEUT. GEN. P. H. SHERIDAN.

A MEMORIAL

OF

THE GREAT REBELLION:

BEING A HISTORY OF

THE FOURTEENTH REGIMENT

New-Hampshire Volunteers,

COVERING ITS THREE YEARS OF SERVICE, WITH ORIGINAL SKETCHES OF ARMY LIFE.

1862—1865.

ISSUED BY THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.

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TO

THE BRAVE SONS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE,

Our Comrades of the Fourteenth Regiment,

WHO DIED IN THE STRUGGLE WITH THE GREAT REBELLION,
THAT THE "GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE
PEOPLE, FOR THE PEOPLE, MIGHT NOT
PERISH FROM THE EARTH,"

This Volume is Affectionately Dedicated.

PREFACE.

THE Fourteenth Regiment, twenty years after its organization, and seventeen years after its work in the Great Rebellion was done, publishes its memorial volume. And still it is the first organization of Union volunteers from the Granite State to issue a work of this kind. In waiting thus long, it is probable that a more satisfactory volume has been produced than would have resulted from an earlier attempt at publication. The Committee, upon which the veterans of the Fourteenth devolved the duty now discharged, has striven to present a work free from the crudities and narrow range of value which attached to so many of the publications immediately following the close of the war.

This book was intended by the Committee to attain three ends: First, to present an accurate history of the Fourteenth New Hampshire Volunteers, and a record of all its members up to the present year. A *complete* history was not contemplated, — that were an impossibility; for it would necessarily include the detailed story of more than thirteen hundred eventful lives during their entire connection with the regiment. It is believed that these pages record all of the important events in the life of the organization, and perhaps also a large proportion of the prominent incidents which filled out the months and years of its service. Second, this volume aims to furnish a comprehensive account of the romantic and important operations in the Shenandoah Valley from the beginning to the end of the

war; epitomized in the first three years of the ever-shifting struggle, but fully and accurately portrayed in the last and triumphant campaign of 1864. Third, in a series of articles of general application, taken in connection with the incidents appearing in the narrative portion, the Committee has aimed to hold up before the general reader a striking picture of volunteer army life as it was experienced by a million and a half of America's citizens drawn from every community in the loyal North.

Concerning the first point, the Committee has labored under both inevitable and unnecessary difficulties. Important information has been obtained with difficulty. The lapse of time since 1865, the death or removal of many, has rendered it difficult, if not impossible, to secure valuable material. In many cases it is to be feared that surviving members of the regiment has not rendered that aid which, could it have been given, would have materially lightened the labors, and made more completely successful the work accomplished.

The Committee has made use of all the material furnished, and has endeavored by repeated requests to obtain every fact of interest. Every practicable endeavor has been made to avoid neglect and prevent omissions. The Committee gratefully recognizes the hearty co-operation of those comrades who have done all in their power to make the enterprise worthy and successful.

CHARLES P. HALL,
JOHN W. STURTEVANT,
SAMUEL L. GEROULD,
FRANCIS H. BUFFUM,
Committee of Publication.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.

In the preparation of this volume, under the direction of the Committee of Publication, the author has been indebted to many who have contributed to this memorial. He desires to acknowledge the favors and services which have materially aided in the accomplishment of the work. He is under obligations to the following officers and gentlemen outside of the Fourteenth Veteran Association: Lieut.-Gen. Philip H. Sheridan; Col. Herbert E. Hill, formerly of Gen. Sheridan's staff; Mr. C. K. Lord of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad; Mr. George F. Field and Col. F. H. Forbes of Boston; Superintendent A. B. Drum of the National Cemetery, Winchester, Va.; Postmaster A. L. Ebersole, Cedar Creek, Va.

The following members of the Fourteenth have furnished written contributions: Col. Carroll D. Wright, who has written one of the accounts of the Battle of the Opequan, and the principal portion of the sketch of "Service at the Central Guard-House;" Capt. Charles P. Hall, who furnishes a sketch of "Duty at Fort Pulaski," and of "Hospital Guard-Duty in Washington;" Capt. John W. Sturtevant, who has had charge of the elaborate and valuable tables which complete this volume, gathering the material and compiling the statistics with much labor and difficulty; Lieut. Marcus M. Holmes, who contributes one account of the Battle of Cedar Creek, and a sketch of "The Refugee Camp;" Lieut. Walter H. Sargent, who has written the story of "An Attempted Escape;" Sergt. Sam-

uel L. Gerould, who has materially assisted in the preparation of the statistical tables, especially the comparative tables, which are of special interest to all New-Hampshire veterans. The writers of the various company sketches are credited in the proper place.

In addition to the formal written contributions, the following comrades have supplied important information from their diaries: Col. C. D. Wright, Capt. J. W Sturtevant, Lieuts. E. D. Hadley, O. C. Mason, and J. L. King, Sergt. S. L. Gerould, and A. Z. Mason; while the following have been active in furnishing data and incidents with which to enrich the work: Col. C. D. Wright, Major F. L. Tolman, Capts. S. A. Carter, C. W Hodgdon, Ira Berry, jun., C. P. Hall, J. W Sturtevant, and G. F Blanchard; Lieuts. M. M. Holmes and W H. Sargent; Sergts. S. L. Gerould, G. H. Stowell, jun., G. A. Sherman, and Corpl. J. Gove.

In order to relieve some who are herein mentioned from any possible embarrassment, it may be proper to state that this note appears without the knowledge of the other members of the Committee. To them especially, and to all here named, as well as to others who have indirectly assisted, but whose names have not come to the writer's knowledge, is due whatever of success may have been attained.

THE AUTHOR.

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Fourteenth New Hampshire.

I.

ORGANIZATION.

THE first great impulse had spent its force. War was no longer a romance, and the novel excitements of a nation in arms had measurably subsided. It was a season for sober second thought. The startling change from the peace of a century to war as a general avocation had become so signal and complete that the people had settled down to conflict as to an employment. Through all the North, on every stream, the busiest industries of thriving communities were fed by the demands for the sustenance of a dreadful internecine struggle. Every illusion had been dissipated from the most sanguine mind; the alluring glamours of Southern campaigning had been torn away; and war in its hardships, disease, and carnage was fearfully exemplified to all observers.

In that war-weary summer of 1862 no spirit of adventure could have tempted one thoughtful man from his home among the Granite Hills. Superficial inducements were not powerful in the presence of a half-hearted military policy, and under the shadow of Southern battle-fields where triumphs were dubious, defeats crushing, and every engagement of doubtful value to the loyal cause. It required a good deal of courage and determination to enlist in the Union armies under the unprecedented calls by the government in 1862. The mere mercenaries, who were bought into a blue uniform, are not included in the above as any worthy characterization of our volunteers. The con-

ditions varied from those of the first requisition. If some of the noblest were lost to each community when the initial and awful long roll was sounded which turned hamlets into camps, there was yet a compensation in the wholesome and extensive deliverance from the floating, worthless, and dangerous elements which naturally drifted at once into the army. Yet if there still remained a spot in the North infested by something of a picnic patriotism, an itching for novelty and greenbacks, a being constituted to enjoy a free frolic and turn an easy penny at the government's expense, there were avenues opened to brief and easy terms of service sufficient to accommodate the applicants. President Lincoln's call for three hundred thousand three-years' troops was a severe drain upon the North; and it came home to the best fighting element, the grand reserve force, of the country: and it is moderate to assert, that, when that call was satisfied, not another three hundred thousand of equal quality could have been enlisted in America. The men who responded were not Bohemians, nor mere seekers for a better fortune. They were mostly fixtures in society, and in every relationship there was a sacrifice when they took the field.

Under previous calls New Hampshire had sent out of her sons as worthy champions as any who enlisted in 1862, — men whose fighting and dying immortalized themselves, and secured to their Mother Commonwealth imperishable honor. But this distinction must be observed: they could, generally, go to their country's defence with less injury to dependent interests than was possible with the volunteers of 1862, who sacrificed so largely industrial and family interests when they filled the last and the widest gap. These volunteers had weighed the momentous question, balancing the duty to home and dependent families against the claims of patriotism, for almost a year and a half. They had read the story of their country's need in the radiance of Fort Donelson, Nashville, New Orleans, and the puissant "cheese-box on a raft" in Hampton Roads. Gloomily had they pondered the difference between fireside and bivouac in the lurid, ominous glare reflected from the earthworks of

Yorktown, the deathly intricacies of the Chickahominy, and the splendid disaster of Malvern Hill. Such men could never tread a path to disaster and death hedged in by those illusions which might deceive and ensnare an enthusiast. They were measurably familiarized with the realities of war, and many of them had already suffered for their country in personal and almost inconsolable bereavements.

It was a frequent insinuation, tending to disparage our volunteers, that they enlisted for the sake of the bounty offered. It is probable that thousands of uniforms were filled by greenbacks; but such a criticism aimed at the volunteers of 1862 was a false and needless imputation. There were bummers surely; bounty-jumpers taking another turn; discharged men from older regiments, whose disability vanished as by a miracle under the Midas touch of a big town-bounty, only to conveniently return when the regiment approached hard or dangerous service; rheumatic and chronically disabled cheats, conscious of worthlessness, but also covetous of a bounty, — there were found such foul blemishes upon the sturdy battalions whose tramp, tramp, tramp, answered back to a beleaguered capital and to sore-pressed veterans, —

> "We are coming, Father Abraham,
> Three hundred thousand more."

The men who established the *personnel* of those regiments upon an exalted level, who made possible such an *esprit du corps* as first presaged and finally assured victory from Maryland to Texas, were not purchased candidates for maiming, imprisonment, and death. They were men who could not have been bought from wife, children, and the family home of generations for one hundred or one thousand dollars. And such men were the overwhelming majority of the three-years' volunteers of 1862.

It is quite true that the large bounties offered finally induced them to risk the heroic and costly venture. The era of emotional patriotism had faded into the past. Sentimental, Fourth-of-July oratory was impotent in reconciling the average citizen to hard-tack, Virginia mud, and Rebel bullets. The prevailing

argument was business-like and transparent: "We know what this thing means. We don't want to fight, but we can't see those rampant Rebels whip us and destroy the Union: we must see the government through this job of putting down the Rebellion." There was an awful majesty in the cool devotion and deliberate uprising of the volunteers in 1862. And the generous bounties secured the best material in all the North. Men were ready to peril life for the Union; but they would not, and ought not to, peril that which was dearer than life, more sacred than any or all government, — their families and homes. As soon as the proffered bounties were sufficient to secure home interests and guard against pecuniary calamity, then tens of thousands of doughty citizen-warriors felt and said, "Now we are ready: we can go and feel easy for the home and the dear ones." It was eminently just for the government to give these men a lien upon the future prosperity of the people in order that their home as well as their country might abide intact. The high bounties paid in 1862 simply made it possible for the best fighting material in the loyal States to tender its invaluable service to the government in its pressing need.

When the enlistments for the Fourteenth Regiment were made, devotion to an undivided Union and an indorsement of the government's war policy were as unmistakable as in the era of the spring uprising of 1861, with this difference: that the loyalty of 1862 was more practical and less effervescent. There was a business-like deliberateness in volunteering which must have been impossible amid the excitements of the initial campaign. Such a condition of things was favorable to the organization of strong and reliable battalions capable of the highest efficiency.

Had the regiment been organized when the men were enlisted, it would have been numbered Ten rather than Fourteen: in fact, many were enlisted for the Ninth. The Fourteenth cannot be denominated a Cheshire-county regiment; although the colonel, lieutenant-colonel, and four of the companies came from that county. The other companies were raised in the counties of Sullivan, Grafton, Coos, Carroll, Merrimack, and Hillsborough.

A single sentence must suffice in which to comment upon a subject whose discussion and resultant antagonisms affected the regiment throughout its history, and proved detrimental to harmony and the highest discipline during the first year of service. In the organization of the regiment, there was an unfortunate combination of uncongenial official elements. Happily the intelligence and devotion of the officers and men were more than sufficient to endure the strain; so that what in many cases would have ended in demoralization, in the Fourteenth simply retarded the development of that splendid efficiency as a military organization of which the regiment was indisputably capable. Considering the injustice in the matter of promotions, which was inflicted upon a large number of the finest officers in the regiment, this volume would be seriously incomplete with no allusion to what so largely controlled and crippled its life. Yet in the crucial hour of battle, when the regiment was to write its immortal or ignoble page in history, it rose in its might out of all disabilities; and perpetuating that spirit, we consign all the unpleasant past to oblivion.

In the arrangement of this volume, the following pages are assigned to sketches of the several companies. It was intended that each company should have the same amount of space; and, so far as material has been furnished, this purpose has been realized. Each company is responsible for the space taken. The sketches are of local and company value, and they gather up and preserve many interesting circumstances and incidents which otherwise might be lost beyond recovery. The scope of these company sketches covers the history of the recruits up to the time when they were incorporated in the regimental organization, when the record of the regiment proper begins. In the preparation of these papers we are indebted to the following comrades: The sketches of A, D, H, and G, were written respectively by Capt. C. P Hall, Capt. C. W Hodgdon, Lieut. M. M. Holmes, and Capt. J. W Sturtevant. That of Company

I was largely written by Sergt. G. H. Stowell, Sergt. R. Huntoon furnishing valuable material for the remainder. Material for the other sketches was furnished as follows: for B by Sergt. G. A. Sherman; C, by Col. C. D. Wright; K, by Lieut.-Col. O. H. Marston and Lieut. O. C. Mason; E, by Capt. William Cobleigh.

COMPANY A.

Of the one hundred men who composed the original company, seventy-two were recruited by Frank T. Barker, at Keene, Westmoreland, and Hinsdale; and twenty-eight by Charles P. Hall, at Westmoreland, Dublin, and Sullivan. All were enlisted between August 1 and September 1, thirty-seven in one day at Hinsdale. The following were the towns represented: viz., Hinsdale, forty; Westmoreland, twenty-two; Dublin, twelve; Marlborough, six; Keene, five; Sullivan, four; Surry, three; Fitzwilliam, Troy, and Swanzey, two each; Chesterfield and Marlow, one each. The average age of the men was twenty-three and a half years; and there were in the company's ranks men who had been farmers, machinists, mill-operatives, students, and one each employed as teacher, express-messenger, mechanic, laborer, teamster, clerk.

It seems that the authorities of Hinsdale had the impression that the quota of their town would be about forty, and called a meeting, at which it was voted to pay a bounty of two hundred dollars, and to raise eight thousand dollars for the purpose. Soon after it was learned that the quota was only about twenty. In the mean time the forty had enlisted. Now came the questions, "Who shall go?" "Shall the whole bounty be paid?" Some urged the filling of only the exact quota. Excitement ran high: the boys were just ready to mutiny if they could not all go together. A town-meeting was called, at which wiser counsels prevailed; and, by a large majority, it was voted to pay the full number that had enlisted. This satisfied the boys, and proved the best thing for the town in every way; for the extra men were set down to the credit of the town in subsequent calls, when it was not so easy to get men. It shows at what a

Robt Wilson Col.

fever pitch the patriotic impulse of the North was beating during this summer of 1862.

Arrangements having been made for tents and rations, the men went into camp September 2, near Westmoreland South Village. The next day the company was organized by the election of commissioned and appointment of non-commissioned officers, and the organization was ratified at Concord. The camp was afterwards named "Camp Jack." The company had regular drill each day under the direction of Col. T. A. Barker, and the camp was visited by numbers of citizens from the town and vicinity. There was enough of real army life about this soldier-camp to awaken an unusual interest in every thing that pertained to the war.

The ladies gave the company a generous reception at the Town Hall a few evenings before the departure for Concord, where the dear women vied with each other in kindly attention to those whose names had gone down on the roll. The display of flowers, the heavily-laden tables, and the earnest words, told a story which the boys delighted to recount by their camp-fires. A beautiful flag was presented to the company, which floated over its every camp till the summer of '64.

Miss E. J Aldrich (now Mrs. Dr. Cutler of Swanzey) accompanied the gift with fitting words, to which Capt. Barker responded.

Again, after the return in the summer of 1865, the ladies gave the men a "welcome home" at the same place. Miss Aldrich again spoke the words, which found an echo in many a heart gathered that day on the village green. Capt. Barker voiced the feelings of "the boys" as he told how they had been cheered in all their months of absence by kindly memories of the dear ones at home, and of the deep interest felt in them, shown in so many ways. But wounds in some hearts were re-opened, and other hearts beat in warm sympathy, as he told of those who came not back, — whose life went out along the banks of the Potomac, of the Mississippi, of the Shenandoah, — slowly in hospital shelter, or quickly on the field of strife.

In obedience to orders, the company broke camp on the

morning of September 20, and proceeded to Concord, where it joined other companies the same afternoon. The men marched four miles to the station at East Westmoreland, where cars had been left for them, and thence by rail, *via* Ayer Junction and Nashua, to the place of rendezvous. The line of that first march, in the early morning of a beautiful autumn day, was a continuous ovation. Such had never been seen before, and may never be seen again, in that quiet town. Men had gone out singly and in squads to preserve our old flag whole, but here was a full company marching out to the music of the Union to make a part of the "three hundred thousand more."

From village, cottage, farmhouse, roadside, and depot platform; from gray-haired men and women, whose memories reached back almost to the war of Independence; from fathers and mothers in vigor of life; from trembling wives with little ones in their arms; from maidens with cheeks paled by love for father, brother, or "one dearer than all other;" from admiring boys and girls, learning lessons in patriotism never learned before; speaking out from trembling lips, moistened eyes, waving kerchiefs, and hearty hand-grips, — came the cheering "God bless you and keep you!" which echoed on and on long after the rear end of the train had passed out of sight. With the arrival at Concord, and mustering in September 22, the separate history of Company A closes.

COMPANY B.

Two of the most flourishing towns on the Connecticut River furnished the larger part of this company, while two other adjacent communities assisted in completing the roll of membership. The men of Company B were somewhat conspicuous among their fellows in the battalion for their size, height, and fine appearance. The recruiting officers were, John G. Johnson and Artemas M. Adams of Walpole, Charles E. Holbrook and Henry E. Barrett of Charlestown, Henry Knight of Marlow. There were enlisted for this company, in the town of Walpole, fifty-one men; in the town of Charlestown, thirty-five; Marlow furnished thirteen; Alstead bringing the number to

one hundred and one by the addition of its two, who were enlisted by Joel Bullard. Enlistments for this company began July 28, the last man being recruited September 13. Up to August 11, fifteen had enlisted; the majority coming in within the next week or two.

The towns in which this company was recruited were generous and enthusiastic in the public-spirited and patriotic efforts put forth to organize and send forth a body of men which should worthily represent the intelligence and virtue of those communities. Men and women vied with each other in their endeavors to send their sons, brothers, husbands, and fathers forth to battle, not only well equipped, physically and materially, but armed with that faith and courage which relies upon ready hands and true hearts among those who speed them on their dangerous way.

A somewhat peculiar experience was the lot of a portion of the company. It was enlisted for the Ninth Regiment, and soon after enrolment was ordered to Concord, and went into camp there with the expectation of becoming incorporated into that organization. The good sense of some prominent men at home assured a different destiny. It was considered that obvious advantages would result from the formation of a full company in the towns above mentioned. The health and happiness of the men would certainly be enhanced by the transfer of a community of interest and acquaintance from home localities to the theatre of active service. Prominent citizens prepared a petition and presented it to the authorities at Concord. It accomplished its desired end: the men were permitted to return home, and they were at once embodied in that organization which was afterward known as Company B of the Fourteenth.

The Walpole squad rendezvoused in the village of that town, and enjoyed picturesque camp-life in A tents on the common. This was an interesting feature in the early soldiering days of that portion of the company, both to the members and to the townspeople. The boys created a somewhat lively series of events in the place, but their presence was much enjoyed. The

writer understands that the Charlestown part of the company also rendezvoused in the latter place, and enjoyed the advantages of a good deal of a good time and considerable drilling. The company was drilled to some extent by Cadet Meade, and by Mr. J. G. Johnson and other members of the company.

On the sixteenth day of September Company B left Walpole, and proceeded by the way of Hillsborough Bridge to Concord. It arrived there that afternoon, drew enough utensils to barely set up military housekeeping, and marched into camp, being the third company on the ground. The company at once proceeded to perform the necessary police-duty, and also gave assiduous attention to drill. The youngest man in the company was sixteen, while the oldest was reported as forty-four. The average age of the company was twenty-five and a half years.

The company held an election of officers, with the result which appears in the roster. On the 22d of September the company was mustered into the United-States service, being one of the first companies of the regiment to pass from State to National control. The roster of Company B, as finally completed, comprised three officers and ninety-eight men. Of these, two were afterward lost by desertion. This company, coming from the counties of Cheshire and Sullivan, was representative of, and an honor to, both.

COMPANY D.

When the call was made for three hundred thousand men to serve for three years or during the war, every town began to look about for men to fill its quota; and good bounties were offered as an inducement, so that many a good man and true could see his way clear to enlist, leaving his family in comfortable circumstances. While some men, who doubted the ability of the country to meet so large a call, and fearing a draft, suddenly found themselves afflicted with some "chronic" ailment, which until then had been so carefully concealed that even their most intimate friends had never suspected it, the large majority nobly stepped forth, ready to vindicate their country's claims

under the guardianship of the national eagle, and ready (as Yankee Adams says) to wallop the pinfeathers out of any other bird that might lay claim to jurisdiction anywhere within our borders.

The town of Weare (though manifestly a town of peace, being the home of many an honest Quaker, who delight not themselves in the turmoils of war) became aroused, and meetings were called to take measures for filling its quota; and, during the excitement that followed, it would have been exceedingly hard for a stranger to distinguish between the peace-loving Quaker and the carnal-minded man of war, except by the brim of his hat. It was deemed best for some townsman to open a recruiting-office. Mr. George Foster, one of the leading citizens, taking Dr. C. W Hodgdon with him, called upon Dr. A. B. Story, a prominent man, asking him to assume the responsibility of raising a company and taking command of it. The doctor said that it would be utterly impossible for him to do so, but would do all in his power to forward the good work, and requested Dr. Hodgdon to take the place. After consultation with influential men of the town, he concluded to do so; and, assisted by their efforts, the quota was soon filled with a class of intelligent, able-bodied men. No opportunity was offered for company drill, as the time was limited and the men scattered. A few men were recruited in the east part of the town by Mr. Stark Fellows. The majority of the men from Weare were desirous of joining the Eleventh Regiment under Col. Harriman if possible; but the regiment was filled before arrangements could be made. They were consequently assigned to the Fourteenth. Combinations were made with squads from other towns. A second squad was from Seabrook, recruited by J N. Brown; some from Deering, by E. D. Hadley; others from Hampton, by Warren Dow; a few from Manchester, by J. N Bruce; several from Kensington; and a few from various parts of the State, secured by C. W Hodgdon, to fill the company to the maximum (98).

The company did not rendezvous at any place outside of the camp at Concord: consequently but little was learned of soldier-

ing previous to that time. The quota from Deering joined those from Weare at the depot, North Weare, on the morning of September 15, 1862, where a goodly number of relatives and friends had gathered to bid them "God-speed." Patriotic remarks were made by William H. Gove and others. Hands were shaken, good-bys were spoken, and the train sped on its way, —

> "As if it bore all peace within,
> Nor left one sorrowing heart behind."

To many of the boys at that time, soldiering meant fun and a good time generally; but to those mothers, wives, and sisters who remained behind, it meant tearful watching, lonely hours, and sleepless nights. At East Weare we were joined by Stark Fellows and his men.

I am not familiar with the circumstances attending the recruiting in Seabrook, and give the facts as I gather them from the men. When the call was made, meetings were called, and good bounties offered. J. N. Brown opened a recruiting-office. The first man enlisting under this call was Francis Beckman, August 11, 1862.

Recruiting progressed quite rapidly. Street-parades and other methods were adopted to arouse the patriotism and fill the quota; but all discipline was at a discount, and but little effort was made to enforce it. It seemed to be the universal intent to have a good time while they could. I was present once when they met for parade. What uniforms they had were of the Zouave pattern. Some of the men were armed with muskets, although as soldiers they had not learned their use; but, as marksmen, many of them could hardly be excelled.

When about ready to march, a coach arrived from Hampton with several men in charge of J. H. Perkins (afterwards sergeant), bearing a large placard, "Raw recruits for Seabrook." Owing to some misapprehension about the meaning of the card, a disturbance arose, the card was torn down, and the "raw recruits" did not join in the march. After a good deal of talk, in which every man had just as much right to speak as any other man, the men were formed in line, headed by the Newton Band

of about fourteen pieces, and the procession moved. It was a hot day, and the march was for about six miles over a dusty road; and such a march I have never witnessed, before or since. A little out of the village they passed the house of one of their jolly acquaintances, when several of the men threw their muskets over the fence, and went in: that ended their campaign for the day. And long afterward, while campaigning on the Potomac, I asked John Locke (then a non-commissioned officer) if he ever found the musket which he threw over the fence. He said he never thought to look for it, — would do so "when this cruel war is over."

The strains of martial music, mingled with the noise of the passing soldiery, aroused the enthusiasm of both man and beast. Two dogs, entering into the spirit of the occasion, commenced a fierce assault upon each other just around the corner, when the men broke ranks, and made a rush for the scene of combat, formed a "hollow square" around the combatants, determined to see fair play, according to the rules of the "prize-ring." The officer in command shouted himself hoarse, telling the men to keep their places, and not leave the ranks; but, finding it of no avail, himself joined the crowd, and offered to bet two to one on the "brindle purp." The weary march finally came to an end, some of the men hardly able to reach the starting-point, owing to the excessive heat. Had the weather been cooler, some other cause might have been ascribed.

On the 15th of September most of the men took passage in coaches for Exeter, thence by rail to camp in Concord. At Manchester the two wings of the company met for the first time. The quotas from Seabrook, Hampton, and Kensington were in charge of Mr. J N Brown. Though strangers to each other, they soon became the best of friends. Arriving at Concord the company formed and marched to Camp Cheshire, on the old fair-ground, where other regiments were already quartered, and far advanced in the mysteries of soldiering. The company was assigned to barracks.

In camp we were joined by Mr. J. N. Bruce of Manchester, with four men. The company was made up of all sizes, from

Ira E. Brown on the right, six feet three inches, to P C. White on the left, who was one-half inch below regulation height; but he proved to be tough: and when occasionally the two happened to be detailed together for guard, or other duty, they looked like "David and Goliah gwine out for to fight." Nearly all occupations were represented in the company; the majority having led indoor lives, which were not supposed to have fitted them for the hard, rough exercise of a soldier on active duty. The very exercise and hardship which we feared would prove so destructive seemed to be just what was required to develop their health and muscle, and, instead of breaking them down, made them numerically the strongest company for duty; fewer of its men dying from natural causes than in any other company of the regiment. The usual trouble was experienced on first going into camp; viz., that of trying to enforce discipline among men accustomed to have their own head: but by dealing with them kindly, yet firmly, they gradually became accustomed to it, and soon learned how easy it is to combine the soldier with the man.

The first night in camp was one long to be remembered. All through the day some of the men had been holding little conference meetings (so to speak), and, as Artemus Ward said, "moistening their diaphragms from time to time." At last, when wearied of all other kinds of pastime, they gradually straggled into their barracks, looking like any thing but "our country's gallant defenders." When all were quietly and sweetly sleeping, one man, more thoughtful than the rest, procured a camp-kettle filled with water, and, armed with a tin dipper, came in, and shouted, "Water, water, anybody want water?" All had retired weary, many of them very dusty (in the throat). Nearly everybody was dry. "O Sam! give me a drink," came from every quarter; and one man said he "hadn't been so dry for thirteen years come Thursday." The same kind-hearted individual visited us about once an hour until morning. There were more parched tongues and throats to the square foot that night in the barracks of Company D than could ordinarily be found in a sabbath-day's journey.

One little incident occurred which served to show what strict watch it was necessary to keep on that class of cormorants who were living and growing fat while their country was struggling for existence. I mean those men who were supplying recruits, and, after receiving their bounties, induced them to desert, and put them in again elsewhere. One of this class, who had supplied three men for Company D, approached the captain one day just at dark, and said, "Cap, if you will give K. a pass to the city to-night, and let him take his citizen's clothes with him, I will give you twenty-five dollars." The captain thought for a few moments, promised the required pass, and was paid twenty-five dollars. Thinking, as did Hosea Bigelow, "'Taint a knowin' kind of cattle that is catched with mouldy corn," he immediately called Sergt. P., and said, "Sergeant, I want you to go to the city to-night: K. is going over; keep a close watch on him, and, if you see any thing that excites your suspicion, take him by the collar, and persuade him to return with you to camp." About half-past ten K. came trudging into camp, bundle in hand, with Sergt. P. about ten feet behind.

After the novelty of the first few days had passed away, the men adjusted themselves to the discipline of a soldier's life, and made very creditable progress in drill, particularly in the manual of arms, under the instruction of Warren Clarke, Esq., an efficient drill-master. The men grumbled a little when they were furnished with hatchets, grub-hoes, picks, etc., and sent out to clear the ground adjoining their barracks of bushes and stubs.

The examination of the men by the regimental surgeons was not as strict as it might have been, but most of the men were strong and able-bodied. One man, who was mustered in at forty-four, two years after was mustered out at sixty-two: so fast do men grow old when in active service!

Although the designation of company officers was understood to have been fixed during the recruiting of the men, soon after arriving in camp opposition to the proposed arrangement showed itself in certain quarters. Thinking it best to have the matter settled before further trouble grew out of it, C. W

Hodgdon formed the company in a square, and addressed them on the subject: Messrs. Fellows and Brown did the same. A vote was then taken, and C. W Hodgdon was elected captain. One of the members of the Governor's Council, who was present, decided, from the strong feeling shown by the men, that it would not be best to disregard that feeling, and commission any one else as captain. C. W Hodgdon was commissioned captain, Stark Fellows first lieutenant, and John N. Brown second lieutenant. The captain requested the lieutenants to select such men from their own squads as they deemed best fitted for non-commissioned officers, each receiving its proportion. The captain selected E. D. Hadley for orderly-sergeant, which was a wise appointment, as he proved to be one of the best orderly-sergeants in the regiment; being able, as soon as he became familiar with the company's names, to call the roll, make out all details for guard and other duties, entirely from memory, without reference to his written list, — quite a convenience, especially when the roll had to be called before daylight.

Most of the men selected for non-commissioned officers were well fitted for their positions, and did much to assist in keeping up the discipline and efficiency of the company. When the company was marched over to the city to draw their clothing from the government storehouse, then the trouble commenced. Some who had been accustomed, as was Joshua Whitcomb, to go down to the store and have their clothes cut for them, found it hard to be suited; and, after doing the best we could in making selections, some of the fits were like Sairy Gamp, "kind o' promiscuous like."

The company was mustered into the United-States service September 24, Company D being the fourth in rank. When the regiment left the State on the 18th of October, for the seat of war, many friends of the company from Weare came to Concord to bid them, for aught they knew, a last farewell, and watched with tearful eyes the vanishing train, offering up a silent prayer for their safe return.

T. A. Barker
Lt Col 14th N.H.V.

COMPANY I.

This company was gathered from a widely extended area, comprising twenty-eight towns, mostly in Sullivan County; although quite a number of the recruits were from the eastern and middle sections of the State. The following towns furnished the members of Company I: Cornish, eighteen; Newport, sixteen; Grantham, eleven; Claremont, ten; Washington, seven; Seabrook, six; Newbury, five; Bradford, Charlestown, Plainfield, each four; Croydon, Unity, each three; Acworth, New Market, each two; and Chichester, Dalton, Effingham, Goshen, Hanover, Holderness, Lancaster, Lempster, Langdon, Portsmouth, Piermont, Stewartstown, and Somersworth, one each. Six members of the company were not located. The following are the principal recruiting-officers, and the number of men they enlisted: Sylvanus Clogston, at Claremont and Washington, twenty-nine; D. F Pike, at Newport, seventeen; Sylvester M. Bugbee, at Cornish Flat, nine; W H. H. Cowles, at Grantham, seven; T. A. Ripley, at Portsmouth, seven; Dudley J. Pillsbury, at Grantham, five; Chester Pike, West Lebanon, five; Ransom Huntoon, Unity, four; William H. Chaffin, Claremont, three; Mason W. Tappan, of Bradford, three; Alexander Gardiner, at Claremont, two. The first men who enlisted in the company were N. L. Chandler, Simeon S. Dodge, and R. Huntoon, August 12, and F. S. Stowell, August 13. The balance of those who formed the original organization were mostly enlisted between August 20 and September 1.

During this time the several towns were active in their efforts to encourage enlistments. About the middle of August the citizens of Grantham met in the town-hall: and, after several stirring and patriotic addresses, an appeal was made for enlistments; and a dozen men responded. This town paid two hundred dollars bounty to each of its men who enlisted for the Fourteenth. The towns of Lempster, Washington, and Charlestown voted to pay a bounty of one hundred dollars to each volunteer. The little town of Unity was reported to be somewhat imbued with a non-aggressive spirit in regard to the strug-

gle, but it had enough loyal hearts in it to enable a small sum to be voted to recruits.

A town-meeting was held in Newport on the evening of July 26, to take counsel in reference to the speedy enlistment of volunteers. The hall was crowded. National airs were played by the Newport cornet-band, and a general feeling of enthusiasm prevailed. Paul C. Wheeler offered to give ten dollars each to the first twenty-five Newport men who should enlist, in addition to the town bounty. Several similar meetings were held during August and the early part of September. On the 9th of September, Hon. W P Wheeler of Keene addressed a large and enthusiastic audience in the Newport town-hall; and, at the close of the meeting, Rev. P S. Adams and several others enlisted. Cornish also paid liberal bounties to its volunteers, and materially aided their families.

The citizens of Cornish Flat gave a supper and reception to Company I at the hotel, which was a very pleasant and enjoyable affair, gratefully remembered by all who were present. The people of Claremont were among the first to respond to the call of President Lincoln for seventy-five thousand men, enlisting a full company. They also furnished large detachments for the Second and Third Regiments, nearly a full company for the fighting Fifth, and were largely represented in the Sixth and Seventh. Yet, when the President called for three hundred thousand more in the summer of 1862, the citizens of Claremont, alive to the necessities of the hour, heartily responded to the new demands of the government. At its annual meeting in March, the town had voted to apply five thousand dollars to the families of volunteers. Early in July, E. W. Wooddil was appointed to recruit for regiments then forming; and, soon after, Orville Smith of Lempster, and Sylvanus Clogston of Washington, opened recruiting-offices in the town.

During the month of July a series of public meetings were held in the commodious town-hall, which increased in attendance and enthusiasm. A county war-meeting was held in Claremont on the afternoon of August 2. The hall was draped with flags, and tastefully decorated with evergreen and flowers;

and the Newport cornet-band furnished appropriate and excellent music. Henry Hubbard of Charlestown was called to preside: and addresses were made by Gov A. S. Berry; Congressman J. W Patterson; C. W Nesmith, United-States senator from Oregon; Hon. A. H. Cragin; and P Sanborn, State treasurer. Brief remarks were also made by H. B. Titus, major of the Ninth; Capt. T. A. Barker of the Second, afterward lieutenant-colonel of the Fourteenth; and a few others.

Capt. Barker told of his experience in the war, and some of the conclusions which he had reached in consequence. One was, "that he should never again detail men from Company A to guard Rebel property, — no, never! That style of standing guard over the property of enemies was played out." He doubtless had in mind the facility with which the "guard" appropriated the goods which caused their owners anxiety, and effectually relieved them of any further solicitude in that direction.

August 7 the town of Claremont held a meeting, at which it was voted to pay a bounty of fifty dollars to each citizen volunteer. August 21 William H. Chaffin, a graduate of the Norwich Military University, opened a recruiting-office in that place. Meetings were held by the citizens of Claremont on the evenings of August 18 and 19, at which it was voted that the town pay a bounty of a hundred dollars to each man enlisting after that date. Public meetings were held during the latter part of the month, at four o'clock in the afternoon; at which hour the places of business were closed, and the citizens repaired *en masse* to the park, the place of meeting. Young and old formed themselves into companies, elected officers, and, as home-guards, drilled with the recruits. At a legal town-meeting, held September 17, it was voted to pay all who had enlisted since August 11 the sum of a hundred dollars each.

The men recruited by Messrs. Clogston and Bugbee rendezvoused at Claremont for about ten days previous to their departure for the general camp in Concord. As an instance of promptitude in obeying orders may be mentioned the case of Freeman S. Stowell, who enlisted for the Eleventh Regiment, but, receiving orders at eleven A.M. to report at Claremont for

the Fourteenth, started on foot, and walked to Claremont that afternoon, a distance of twenty-four miles from the place of his enlistment. The squads recruited by Ransom Huntoon, W H. H. Cowles, D. F Pike, and D. C. Pillsbury, made a rendezvous of Newport for three weeks, where the men were well drilled by Capt. J. H. Cross. The drilling at Claremont was done by S. Clogston.

In the beginning Company I had several members who were peculiarly interested in the company, and in its military excellence. This interest was noticeable throughout its history, and has not abated, on the part of some certainly, since the muster-out. That interest was evidenced at the veteran re-union held in Newport.

Company I was so well drilled at the rendezvous, that, when it first appeared on the parade in Concord, it at once attracted attention as being one of the best-disciplined companies in the battalion; and, in all subsequent battalion movements, Company I and its captain were always reliable as examples; and that company was involved in fewer blunders, and more seldom required disentanglement, than most others.

The non-commissioned officers of I were very competent and reliable men; and in this respect the company ranked well up with D, G, and other companies which were pre-eminent in their complement of subaltern officers. Concerning the election of company officers, there is room for the supposition that the ceremony of choosing the same was not perfectly satisfactory; and by some members of the company it was considered that no election at all was held for captain and second lieutenant, while the choice of first lieutenant was "a farce." At any rate, the company, like good soldiers, quietly acquiesced in the organization as finally perfected. The election referred to occurred after the arrival of the squads in Concord.

The squads which rendezvoused at Claremont, and the recruits of R. Huntoon from the Newport rendezvous, together with W H. Chaffin and Alexander Gardiner, arrived at Concord on the 18th of September, and went into camp near the Thirteenth Regiment. During the week before being mustered, while

under the command of Capt. Clogston, the men were called out in the wee small hours to draw up the hardhacks and sweet ferns which generous nature had so liberally furnished as a shade for the lively flea, who inhabited the broad and sandy plain. These recruits were examined by the surgeon September 22, and mustered into the United-States service on the 24th. The remainder of the men from the Newport headquarters reported September 22, being about the last squad on the ground. They were mustered into service on the 26th, and the company granted a furlough of five days.

The arrival of the Newport boys in camp brought a supply of apples. It happened in this way Just as they came upon the camp-ground, an old farmer was in camp peddling out some three or four bags of apples. A slight difficulty arose in regard to a transaction, and the farmer was inclined to be a little mean about it. This the boys would not put up with, and began to hector and tease him. He soon got angry, and began swearing at them. Between them one of the bags got open, and the boys helped themselves as the apples rolled to the ground. At this point the farmer came to the conclusion that it was best to look for another market, and whipped up his horse to leave camp, meantime swearing roundly at the company. The result was, that the other bags of apples got open; and the fast driving over the rough ground made it lively for the boys to pick up the fruit left behind in the retreat. As he drove off the ground, not a few of the apples could be seen flying through the air toward him and his poor beast.

W. H. Chaffin, afterward captain of the company, drilled it in Camp Cheshire, and was really in command of the company until the commissions were issued, January 1, 1863, when he was mustered as captain. A singular exception appears to have been made in the time of commissioning the officers of this company Some of the members of Company I originally enlisted for the Twelfth and Thirteenth Regiments. The ages of the men were, youngest, sixteen, oldest, sixty-five, with the average below thirty. Most of the members of this company were men with families, and well off pecuniarily. They were representa-

tive of the best citizenship of the section which sent them forth, and they enlisted in a glow of patriotic devotion which never grew cold until the great work was done. The material furnished by Company I to the Fourteenth possessed the elements of bravery and endurance to an eminent degree.

COMPANY C.

Company C may be emphatically called a Cheshire-county company, nearly all parts of the county being represented in its ranks; although the greater number came from Keene and Swanzey, in the central part. The occupations of the men were more varied in number than the towns from which they were drawn. They were mostly young married men, leaving families behind them; and at least two members of the company, Messrs. Combs and Mattoon, had their sons with them, all of whom served to the end of the war, and were mustered out. They were a tough, hardy set of men, well qualified to endure hardship and fatigue, and calculated to render good service whereever and whenever called upon. While they were jolly good fellows, always ready for a frolic, or any enterprise that promised a little sport, they were always prompt to obey the call of duty, and never failed to respond to any demand for service, however arduous or dangerous it might be, — danger, indeed, seeming to add a spice and relish to whatever they undertook.

Enlistments began early in August, at Keene, under Capt. Combs, who recruited a large number. The towns represented, and the number of men from each, were as follows: Keene, twenty-eight; Swanzey, twenty-two; Marlborough, ten; Fitzwilliam, ten; Troy, six; Gilsum, three; Roxbury, Richmond, Westmoreland, Winchester, two each; Hopkinton and Walpole, one each. Unlike some others in the regiment, this company was enlisted wholly for the Fourteenth; and there was none of the doubt and indecision in regard to its destination which excited the anxieties of some in other companies. The company rendezvoused in Keene, though not in camp there, and was well drilled under Ira Berry, jun., who was a competent drill-master;

and under his training the men presented a creditable appearance.

Company C was exceedingly fortunate in its drill-masters. Capt. Combs, who also drilled the men, was an efficient officer, and a man of some military experience, having been an officer in a former New Hampshire regiment. When the Fourteenth entered the service, he probably understood tactics as well as any officer who went out at that time.

The company remained in Keene until it went into camp at Concord, September 17. The next day the following officers were elected: Captain, Amos D. Combs; and first lieutenant, Ira Berry, jun.; September 19 the second lieutenant was elected; Carroll D. Wright, afterwards colonel of the Fourteenth, being chosen for this office. The officers of this company were of exceptional ability, making good records for themselves, and reflecting credit on the State that sent them forth to battle for the Union. This company was one of the first companies on the grounds at Concord, and, immediately after its arrival, entered upon a course of training in camp which went far towards fitting the men for the active and varied labors in which they were soon to engage. They were mustered into the United-States service September 22.

This company was the life of the regiment. Its men were always ready for a frolic, their overflowing spirits not only keeping their own hearts light and cheerful, but bringing smiles to the serious countenances of some of their more sedate comrades, and driving away many a fit of the blues. Whatever promising scheme was on foot, Company C managed to obtain its full share, and was reckless of danger in its pursuit of whatever was uppermost at the time. The men had many amusing experiences and some narrow escapes, the recollections of which are dear to the hearts of the veterans; but, with all their love of adventure, they were good soldiers, and did faithful service. They were equal to any for endurance of hardship and fatigue, and the company contained some of the best fighting material in the regiment.

The company took the palm for odd and famous characters.

If there were any tricks of foraging which some of its members did not understand, it is certain that such tricks were never resorted to in the army. The men early showed an ability and a disposition to take care of themselves. If any innocent (?) lark was on the *tapis*, there were members of this company who never brought up the rear of the procession. A feeling of comradeship was noticeable in Company C, and no men in the regiment were readier to assist a needy comrade than the members of this company. There were several nicknames in the company, which became so familiar throughout the regiment that it can never be thought of without recalling them to mind; "Old Actually" being one of the characters referred to. It is sufficient to say that Company C was always "liable for duty."

COMPANY F.

The three-years' enlistments in the town of Winchester formed the nucleus of Company F. The volunteers from that town under previous calls had been scattered through nearly all the regiments which the State had sent to the front, and that community had no representative organization in the Union armies. The quota of Winchester was so large in 1862, that a successful endeavor was made to organize a company; and this movement gave an added impulse to recruiting. Public meetings were held; the town voted a generous bounty; and a degree of enthusiasm was awakened which brought a large number of hesitating ones to a final decision, and secured the best possible material for service in the field.

The enormous drain necessary to fill the call for six hundred thousand men was felt in Winchester and adjoining towns, and commensurate efforts were put forth to fill the quota. It is simple justice to state, that the towns furnishing the men for Company F contained no better fighting material than they contributed in these enlistments, — the men who were enrolled in August, 1862. A few poor sticks crept in, tempted by the bounty; but most of the volunteers honored the community in which they were born, and which sent them forth in that most

invulnerable armor of the soldier, — a self-respecting, loyal manhood. They went, too, sustained by the sincere sympathy and undivided patriotic sentiment of their constituencies.

This company had a curious geographical constitution. The reasons therefor must be sought in the official exigencies of those ambitious aspirants who found it necessary to effect such combinations of squads as would prove effectual in securing the coveted commissions. Extremes met in Company F, — the extreme ends of the State; the Massachusetts and Canada lines uniting in the sixth company of the Fourteenth. In Cheshire County the towns of Winchester, Chesterfield, and Richmond furnished respectively thirty-five, fifteen, and six men, with four from Swanzey, and the same number from Keene. In Coos County the following towns furnished the complement of the company: Milan, five; Northumberland, three; Stark, one; Lancaster, one; with one each from several other towns. In Winchester the principal enlisting-officer was Dr. George W Pierce, afterward surgeon of the First N H. Cavalry, and who took so much interest in the company, that there was a strong desire for his acceptance of the captaincy; but circumstances prevented. Dr. Pierce enlisted thirty-five men from Winchester and the members of the company from Swanzey, while the Keene recruits were enlisted in that town and turned over. The Coos members were recruited by Capt. Browne.

The first recruiting in Winchester was on August 13, it having been announced previously that a company was to be raised in Winchester and vicinity. An effort was made to induce one of the old militia officers to raise and lead a company; but, while the project fell through, there was a good deal of old-fashioned bass-drumming, parading in single-file formation, and training on every open lot about the village. A kind of martial enthusiasm was thereby sustained, which served as a diversion from the grimmer realities of soldiering. On the afternoon of August 13 a spirited town-meeting was held; and, in addition to the large town-bounty then voted, the earnest, patriotic speeches of several citizens — among them being those of Hon. Ira W Russell, Rev. Mr. Perkins, and T. A. Ripley — gave a sudden

and powerful impulse to enlistments. The scene in the old town-hall, when man after man jumped upon the benches and signified his readiness to be one of the town's quota, was one of the most thrilling ever witnessed in that community. Scarcely a recruit in the town enlisted under the nine-months' call, nearly all volunteering under the recent call for three hundred thousand three-years' men.

At that time it was the prevailing opinion that a three-years' man would be home again within nine months; but it was the general feeling, that to wind up the Rebellion was the duty of all who went into the army, even if three years were required for the consummation. Winchester and Richmond first united their quotas for the formation of the company, and the next move was an endeavor to bring Hinsdale into the arrangement. In furtherance of the negotiations, the Winchester and Hinsdale contingents met at Ashuelot Saturday, August 23, and fraternized in a season of marked conviviality; speeches being made by Messrs. W A. Fosgate and T. A. Ripley. On Thursday, August 28, the delegations met, and agreed on a basis of organization. Hinsdale was to have the captain, first, second, fourth, and fifth sergeants, and four corporals. Winchester took the two lieutenants, one sergeant, and four corporals.

On some inexplicable and baseless pretext the election at Winchester was called for Sunday, August 31, with the following result: T. A. Ripley, first lieutenant; Stephen Phelps, second lieutenant; Henry F. Pratt, third sergeant; L. Warren Wright, George Norwood, J. F Hunt, and A. B. Colburn, corporals. The terms of agreement between the squads and the result of the election at Winchester were not really satisfactory to any of the parties in interest; Richmond particularly demurring to the small recognition which her quota had received in the distribution of the offices. Monday, September 1, it was announced that Hinsdale had receded from the union. Saturday, September 6, fifteen of the Chesterfield recruits joined the Winchester boys, raising the number secured to seventy. A company being thus assured, orders were received to fill the proposed organization to the maximum. The Richmond and Chesterfield recruits

Saml. A. Duncan

were representative of the best fighting element in the two towns. September 11 Surgeon W H. Thayer examined fifty-three men in the town-hall, four of whom were rejected.

The nascent military experience of the company in Winchester was agreeable, the leading spirits managing to flavor those civilian-soldier days with all needed episodic spice. The situation was a novel one to both the enlisted men and the people of the town. The former were not inclined to anticipate future dangers by present forebodings. With many of them the ordinary duties of home-life were continued until regular drilling was begun. About August 20 the men rendezvoused at Winchester for drill, a small hall over the post-office being utilized as headquarters; while the town-hall was a general resort for drill, athletic exercises, amusements, etc., which occupied the leisure and the busy hours. So far as the company was drilled at all, it was well drilled by W A. Fosgate and T. A. Ripley; the former having had some military training, which gave him an advantage over the others. The company was occasionally exercised in what were then considered long marches, and in sharp dashes at double-quick.

The amenities of initiatory soldiering were enjoyed by Company F The ladies of Winchester were assiduous and appreciative in their attentions, and in various ways manifested their tender interest in those whom they were prayerfully sending forth to battle and death. On Saturday, August 16, the ladies gave an elegant reception and dinner in Beacon-Light Hall. Prominent citizens of the town were present, the soldiers occupying the post of honor. The occasion was a memorable one in the history of the company. Appropriate music was rendered; and speeches were made by Messrs. W A. Fosgate, Marshall Kingman, A. L. Jewell, and S. W Buffum. The most impressive feature of that day's programme was the gift of a copy of the New Testament to each of the volunteers. The presentation was made by Miss Emily Wheaton, who, for culture of mind, fineness of spirit, and beauty of character, was one of the noblest women Winchester ever produced. Well did she represent, in that short speech, full of tenderness, patriotism, and

piety, the royal power of American womanhood in the desperate struggle for national unity. Her requiem hymn on the death of President Lincoln was among the excellent ones which that sad occasion inspired.

Those who hoped for commissions extended unfailing "courtesies" at the headquarters heretofore mentioned, and the extent of their liberality was the measure of their genius as prospective officers in the minds of a portion of the men. By invitation, Wednesday, August 27, the Winchester boys marched to Richmond: but, with a prudence hardly practicable in the Valley, they ordered omnibuses to follow; and the footsore heroes rode home. In the beautiful grove back of the schoolhouse at the Four Corners, tables were spread and bountifully loaded, — not with soldier's fare, — and the sylvan repast was heartily enjoyed. Speeches were made by Dr. S. P. French, of the citizens, and by Mr. A. B. Colburn for the company. While the men rendezvoused in Winchester, meals — hardly rations — were taken at the house of Ira Gustine, on Parker Street. The fine tables there spread are not yet forgotten.

About the middle of September the men grew restless and impatient for something more real and important than the mock soldiering indulged in for a month. They were soon gratified. The first supposition was, that the company might become a portion of the Ninth Regiment; but days changed to weeks, and still no demand for the Cheshire-county men. Definite information coming, that the company would go into either the Thirteenth or Fourteenth, orders were received to repair to Concord; and, on the morning of September 17, L. F. Buffum took the company, in omnibuses, to Fitzwilliam, where it embarked on the train for the State capital. Concord was reached at 3.30 P.M.; the line of march was to the State House, thence to the quartermaster's department, where a blanket, plate, cup, and spoon were issued to each man; and the march was resumed to the new barracks in camp. In order to secure the maximum number of men, an arrangement was made with a squad of recruits from Coos County, previously referred to,

and originally intended for Company E, but held by the recruiting-officer for the most advantageous offer. The terms of the transfer to Company F were not approved by the best men of the squad.

September 21 the company was examined by the regimental surgeon. The next day the election of officers was held, a captain and first lieutenant being chosen. The second lieutenant was never chosen by the company, although the one finally commissioned stood second in the ballot for captain. The company was mustered into the United-States service September 23. October 3 the appointments of non-commissioned officers were announced by the captain.

In more senses than already enumerated, extremes met in this company. The tallest man, H. H. Howe, stood six feet two; while the shortest, F. F Britton, was less than five feet. The oldest member, Jesse Wilson, was sixty-three, and the youngest, W A. Morey, but sixteen. Considering the company at its average and in its subsequent service, endurance, fighting, and deaths on the battle-field, it was the equal of any in the regiment in most respects, and would have been in all, had it stood on equal vantage ground with the crack companies of the battalion.

COMPANY H.

In the early part of August, 1862, William E. Bunten of Dunbarton, a graduate of Dartmouth College, opened a recruiting-office at Concord, with the intention of organizing a company for one of the regiments then forming under the call for three hundred thousand men. He held a series of war-meetings in Bow, Hopkinton, Canterbury, Meriden, Goshen, and other places, a part of the time accompanied by Albert H. Sawyer of Weare, who was also endeavoring to form a company. Some time prior to this, Walter H. Sargent of Webster, who had been captain of the Boscawen Rifle Rangers, commenced to recruit for the Ninth Regiment; but, in consequence of some misunderstanding with the town authorities, he cancelled these enlistments, and on the 8th of August commenced to recruit

again, enlisting on that day the first member of Company H. Joseph C. Munsey of Chichester, and J. Clark of Plymouth, were also recruiting about the same time.

When the news arrived of the disaster on the Peninsula, George F. Blanchard of Hopkinton, and Marcus M. Holmes of Dunbarton, then attending school at New London, decided to enlist, and for that purpose started for Concord on foot. They walked to Hopkinton, a distance of nearly twenty miles. Here Blanchard, yielding to the entreaties of relatives, concluded to delay his enlistment; but Holmes went on to Concord the next day. He called on Adjutant-Gen. Colby, who advised him to return to New London and remain until graduation, which would take place in two or three weeks, at the same time appointing him recruiting-officer. Blanchard afterwards enlisted, and became a member of the company, returning from the war as captain of Company A.

The quota of New Hampshire was nearly full when the first enlistment was made; and when the last of the three-years' men, about the 1st of September, were ordered into camp to form the Fourteenth Regiment, it was found that no one of the above-mentioned recruiting-officers had enlisted enough to form a company.

So, mainly through the efforts of Bunten, a combination was effected, including also a detachment of Pembroke men, under Snell, leaving the question of officers to be decided afterwards. Under this arrangement the company was the third to go into camp, but, in consequence of the delay in selecting officers, was the eighth to be mustered. The number enlisted by each was as follows: —

William E. Bunten, seventeen; Albert H. Sawyer, fourteen; Walter H. Sargent, twelve; Marcus M. Holmes, ten; Joseph C. Munsey, twelve; J. Clark, fourteen; C. B. Haines, one; B. E. Badger, one; B. T. Pierce, two (deserted same day). Total, eighty-three.

Bunten, Sawyer, Sargent, and Snell were all candidates for the captaincy; but as there could be but one captain, and three officers in all, no agreement could be made: till finally,

at the suggestion and in the presence of Lieut.-Col. Barker, an election was held about the 22d of September, resulting in Bunten for captain, Sawyer for first lieutenant, and Sargent second lieutenant. Dissatisfied at this, Snell withdrew, and joined Company K.

Twenty towns were represented in the company, the number from each being as follows:—

Chichester, fourteen; Dunbarton, eight; Concord, seven; Bow, five; Warren, three; Pembroke, two; Walpole, two; Francestown, one; Weare, one; Canterbury, one; Webster, thirteen; Hopkinton, eight; Plymouth, five; Campton, four; Goshen, three; Sunapee, two; Hooksett, one; Waterville, one; Groton, one; Unity, one.

They were mostly farmers and farmers' sons, with a few mechanics and students. Their ages were as follows: Eighteen years and under, eighteen; nineteen and twenty, nine; twenty-one to thirty, thirty-three; thirty-one to forty, fourteen; forty and over, nine. Total, eighty-three.

The youngest member of the company was David S. Corser of Webster, who was born August 6, 1847. Alonzo P Saltmarsh of Bow was only a few months older. Both served through the war, and returned as corporals. The youngest non-commissioned officers were Marcus M. Holmes and Arthur F. Goodrich, each being eighteen. Goodrich died in 1863, and Holmes returned as first lieutenant. The oldest were Sanborn, Bradbury, Frazier, and Moulton, each having attained the age of forty-four; and all returned. There were twelve pairs of brothers. Of these only four pairs were permitted to return unbroken. Moulton afterwards had a son join the company as a recruit.

While in camp at Concord, the company was drilled for a time by Warren Clark, and performed a good deal of fatigue and guard duty.

COMPANY K.

The call for troops in 1862 reached the ears of men living in the beautiful region between the White Mountains and Lake Winnipiseogee, and a response was made by an effort to raise a

company in the town of Sandwich. The first enlistment was made July 30; and patriotic pride, enthusiasm, and the energy of the recruiting-officers, O. H. Marston and W M. Weed, carried the work steadily on until the roll numbered eighty-six names, including one from Moultonborough. A public meeting was held, at which the town voted to give a bounty of one hundred dollars to each enlisted man; and a large number of enlistments were obtained. The formation of the company called out the enthusiasm of the townspeople, and awakened new zeal for the common cause. Much interest and pride were felt in raising a band of men which should fittingly represent the community which sent it forth.

The company did not muster in any camp previous to its arrival in Concord, but the men did not waste time in needless delay; and, in two weeks from the first enlistment, they were ready for work. After the 14th of August they met two or three times a week, and were drilled by O. H. Marston and M. S. Webster; the latter having the benefit of previous military experience, as a sergeant in the Sixth Mass. Militia for some years. The company was drilled faithfully and efficiently until its departure for Concord.

When the first enlistments were made, it was supposed that the company would be assigned to the Twelfth; but, as that regiment filled up sooner than was expected, the Fourteenth became its destiny. Early in September a meeting was held, which resulted in the election of the following officers: Calvin Hoyt, captain; O. H. Marston, first lieutenant; Moulton S. Webster, second lieutenant. This election took place with the expectation of filling out the company in Concord by single recruits, and by so doing avoid a necessity of change in officers; but upon arriving in Concord, September 19, it was found impracticable. The examining surgeon rejected seventeen men, which so diminished their numbers as to necessitate a much larger addition than had been anticipated.

In the mean while, Jason D. Snell, who had been but a short time discharged from the regular army, had raised twenty-three men in Pembroke, given them thorough and successful drill,

and arrived with them in Concord. He now offered to unite his force with that from Sandwich upon condition that he should have the first lieutenancy, and one of his men, J. M. Prentiss, the position of a sergeant. After a few days of consultation, his offer was accepted; and his squad of men united with those of Sandwich, making in all ninety recruits. The important question now arose as to which of the previously elected officers should give place to Mr. Snell. This was a difficult and delicate matter to adjust with mutual satisfaction, but it was happily accomplished; and a petition, addressed to the Governor and Council, was signed by eighty-one out of the ninety enrolled in the company, asking that O. H. Marston be commissioned captain, Jason D. Snell first lieutenant, and Moulton S. Webster second lieutenant. This petition was granted, and commissions issued accordingly. It was the last company of the Fourteenth which went into camp at Concord. After drawing clothing, the men were granted a furlough of three days.

Company K boasted two men that were six feet four inches in height, — Benjamin Estes of Sandwich, and Herman Blood of Pembroke. Its shortest member, John Atwood of Sandwich, was five feet five. Though the ages of its men ranged from seventeen to forty, it was more uniform in this respect than many other companies, a large majority in its ranks being under twenty-five. This uniformity was not confined to age, but extended to occupation also. It might well have been said of them, as of those earlier heroes who fought so bravely at Concord in the nation's first great struggle for freedom, —

"There the embattled farmers stood."

With the exception of a few mechanics, Company K was composed of those who follow the plough. Situated in the very heart of the Commonwealth, the peaceful farming community which sent forth these sturdy young men to the aid of their country was well fitted to produce those capable of bearing the privation, fatigue, and danger of soldier-life. Such men, born and bred on the farms of New England, and inured to toil which

calls forth and develops powers of strength and endurance, were of great value in the Rebellion, and carried with them to the front a fixedness of purpose as unchangeable and resistless as their own granite rocks. The men of Company K, sober, steady, little given to boisterousness and insubordination, were not wanting in the more conspicuous traits of unflinching bravery, and loyal devotion to country.

COMPANY E.

Of all the industries represented in the Fourteenth, the lumbering interest was as conspicuous as any, aside from the agricultural. The men from Coos County in this regiment were largely engaged in the different branches of lumbering throughout the northern section of New Hampshire, and most of them constituted Company E. No company in the Fourteenth could boast of such magnificent physiques as those of Company E. It contained a larger proportion of tall men than any other company, and had fewer short men. Many of its members were of massive proportions, and would have delighted the king of Prussia. From the above facts it was anticipated, when the regiment was organized, that the men of Company E would entirely surpass those from other sections in their powers of physical endurance. The members of Company E were enlisted from the towns of Lancaster, Dummer, Northumberland, Stark, Milan, Gorham, Berlin, Stratford, Dalton, and Whitefield. The recruiting was done as follows: Dyke Sessions enlisted thirty men at Dummer; William Cobleigh, twenty men at Northumberland; Edmund Brown, fifty men at Lancaster; John A. Harriman, seventeen men at Dalton. Probably the first enlistment in the Fourteenth Regiment was made in Company E, the first recruit being enrolled about July 4. Two members of the company enlisted for the Thirteenth Regiment, but concluded to wait and go with others from that section in the Fourteenth.

The company rendezvous was at Lancaster, where the men were drilled by Sergt. F. M. Rhodes, previously of the Second N. H., and who was afterward chosen captain. At Lancaster,

August 31, the members of the company held an election of officers, with the result which appears in the roster. According to the information furnished, Company E was the first of the companies of the Fourteenth to go into camp at Concord, preceding most of the others by two weeks, arriving there September 2. The company was mustered into the United-States service, September 23.

COMPANY G.

Company G was formed by the union of four squads of recruits, enlisted by nine different recruiting-officers, chiefly in the towns of Jaffrey, Keene, Dublin, and Stoddard. All of the ninety-four men composing the original company were residents of Cheshire County. C. Fred. Webster brought forty-eight men, thirty-six of whom he enlisted at Jaffrey, and twelve who were enlisted at Dublin by Henry C. Piper. Solon A. Carter recruited twenty-eight men at Keene; and Rev. Samuel L. Gerould brought twelve from Stoddard (one of whom was rejected by the surgeon), ten of whom he recruited, and two being enlistments of Silas Dinsmore. Three of the remaining seven were enlisted by Frank T. Barker of Westmoreland, two by Joel Bullard of Alstead, and one each by Artemas M. Adams of Walpole, and George R. Dinsmoor of Keene.

Of the ninety-seven officers and men, thirty-six were residents of Jaffrey, thirty of Keene, thirteen of Dublin, eleven of Stoddard, two of Alstead, and one each from Rindge, Winchester, Surry, Westmoreland, and Nelson. A number of men enlisted by C. Fred. Webster were turned over to an officer of the Tenth Regiment: the remainder of the company was recruited for the Fourteenth. Twenty-one recruits afterward joined the company, six of whom were drafted men or substitutes: four of the six deserted the evening of the day of their arrival in camp, and the other two in less than four months. No volunteer in the company ever deserted.

Of the volunteer recruits, eleven were from Keene, two from Winchester, and one each from Peterborough and Jaffrey.

Omitting the six substitutes, all of whom were deserters, one hundred and twelve men may be properly considered as the actual membership of Company G. Forty-six of this number were twenty-one years of age or under at their enlistment, and seventeen were over thirty-five years: the average age of the company at enlistment was twenty-six years and six months.

The first enlistments of the original company were made August 9, 1862; and all the company but two were enlisted between that date and August 31, 1862: one was recruited September 4, 1862, and one September 23, 1862.

The occupations of the men, previous to enlistment, were reported in their enlistment papers as follows: farmers, forty-three; mechanics, sixteen; laborers, nine; butchers, five; clerks, four; painters, three; two each of merchants, shoemakers, and coopers; and one each of the following: gas-superintendent, clergyman, lawyer, student, cigar-maker, dyer, brickmaker, pail-turner, baker, confectioner, and brakeman.

The squad of recruits enlisted at Jaffrey began their drilling about the 15th of August at East Jaffrey, and continued during the month. On the 9th of September they were joined by the squad from Dublin, and went into camp in tents on the common at East Jaffrey; C. Fred. Webster, F. L. Tolman, afterwards major, and Col. James L. Bolster, acting as drill-masters. A drummer and fifer, who had rendered noted service in the days of the old militia, furnished the music; and the facing and dressing, marching and countermarching, which were daily gone through with, are said to have been entertaining to the spectators, instructive to the recruits, and astonishing to the children.

On the 11th of September the united squads came to Keene in teams, having been ordered into camp at that place by the adjutant-general of the State. Bringing their tents with them, they immediately went into camp on the "Elliot lot," near the Fair Ground, where they remained until their departure for Concord. The Keene squad marched up to their camp a few times; and the two squads were drilled there together, by James H. Elliot and others. The Keene squad was also drilled

SURG. W. H. THAYER.

ASST. SURG. M. PEEL, U.S.

ASST. SURG. F. C. WEEKS.

ADJT. L. W. WRIGHT.

Q. M., WM. A. HEMLD

CHAPLAIN E. T. ROWE.

once or twice in the facings and step in Gymnasium Hall, by Col. William Dinsmoor. The time was so short between the enlistment of most of the Keene men and their departure for Concord, that they can hardly be said to have had any drill.

At one o'clock in the afternoon of September 18, 1862, the two squads, numbering about eighty-five men, started from Central Square in single, double, and four horse teams for Concord, *via* Hillsborough Bridge. A large concourse of relatives, friends, and citizens had gathered to witness their departure; whose kind words and good wishes relieved in a measure the sadness of what was, to many, their first parting from home and friends. Hillsborough Bridge was reached at six o'clock P.M.; the men being quartered at Greenleaf's Hotel, sleeping in the hall. The evening was devoted to singing and story-telling, and the height of all the men was taken. The Stoddard squad of twelve had arrived a few hours before, and occupied tents that night, pitched in a field near the hotel.

This squad was recruited chiefly by Rev. Samuel L. Gerould, who first enlisted himself, and then said "Come." On the 18th of September they assembled at the village hotel, where teams were in waiting to carry them to Hillsborough Bridge. There were also gathered the wives, fathers, mothers, children, and friends of the enlisted men. It was no common sight, even in those days, for a clergyman to leave his pulpit and enter the ranks. After the men were loaded into the teams, Mr. Gerould made a few remarks, saying they were going forth at the call of duty, not knowing who would return, and inviting the audience of two hundred or more to join him in prayer for those who were going out and for those left behind. There were few dry eyes in the assembly as the teams moved away.

On the morning of the 19th the company formed in front of the hotel at eight o'clock, and marched to the depot; the streets being lined with citizens of the town, who exhibited their good wishes by presenting many beautiful bouquets. The train left the depot amid the cheers of those assembled, arriving at Concord at 10.30 A.M. From the depot the company marched to the State-House yard, when a short rest was taken, and from

there to the quartermaster's storehouse, where there were issued to each man a woollen blanket, knife, fork, spoon, tin cup, and plate. The company then marched to the camp-ground, arriving there about half-past eleven, and were assigned quarters in barracks No. 9. For the first two days in camp the men were most of the time on their knees, cutting brush and stubble about their barracks and company street.

The captain having made a detail of a sergeant and four men to demolish a board fence near the camp of the Thirteenth Regiment to procure boards to build a cook-house, they started with axes to do their work, which was soon completed. As they were about to gather up their plunder, a guard of the Thirteenth appeared, arrested the party, and took them to the tent of Col. Stevens, who had ordered the arrest. "Well, boys, you've got under arrest pretty early in your military career, haven't you?" After an explanation had been made, they were permitted to depart with their lumber, but told not to come again.

The amount of baggage that most men brought to Concord, which in their innocence and ignorance they supposed was somehow to be transported for them during their term of service, was something alarming. One man, who had followed the sea, brought his sailor's chest, and was often jokingly asked, what kind of a knapsack he was going to have to carry it in. He had always carried it at sea, and had an abiding faith that some way would be provided in the army.

On Monday, the 22d of September, the company were examined by Surgeon Thayer, one man only being rejected. The same afternoon all who could not show a good scar were vaccinated. Few who underwent the operation have ever had any difficulty since in convincing those who cared to examine, that they had been vaccinated; and if "the larger the scar the less liable to contract the disease" is a safe medical maxim, there was some consolation for the poor fellows who carried a sore arm for months in the thought that they had absolute immunity from small-pox.

On the 23d the company was mustered into the United-States

service; and the next day the men drew a part of their uniform, and were granted a furlough of one week. Five men of each company remained in camp to look after affairs in the absence of the regiment. The only incident of the week was the rumor that the Twelfth Regiment — who would not be comforted because they could not have Tom Whipple for their colonel — were coming over to burn our barracks the night before their departure from the State. Major Duncan, having heard the rumor in the city, came to camp, and ordered a guard placed about the barracks and a careful watch kept all night. No trouble occurred, however; the Twelfth contenting themselves with building huge bonfires in their own company streets, and shouting without a moment's cessation during the entire night, "Whipple!" "Whipple!" "We want Whipple."

No election of company officers was held; it being generally understood who they were to be, and the arrangement being satisfactory to the men. The non-commissioned officers were elected by the company on the 2d of October, though not with the same feeling or results that were reported to have existed in another company, where every enlisted man but *one* was said to have been promised a sergeant's warrant. The lone private, on being asked how it happened that he was not expecting any office, innocently replied that he "forgot to ask for any thing when he enlisted."

Few can have forgotten the afternoon spent at the State House in the old House of Representatives, when our allotment of pay was made. Many have often recalled "Uncle" Peter Sanborn's impassioned speech on the terrible havoc made by the "army worm," and it would have been well for the regiment if his good advice had been heeded. Haversacks, canteens, and rubber blankets were issued to the company October 10.

At the date of enlistment the following bounties were paid, other companies receiving the same except the amount of town bounty, which varied in the different towns: United-States bounty, one hundred dollars, — twenty-five dollars was paid at enlistment, and seventy-five on muster out. State bounty, fifty dollars. In addition to the above, nearly every town offered a

bounty. In Keene the town bounty was one hundred and fifty dollars, to which was added a "citizens' bounty" of fifty dollars, making the total bounty at time of enlistment in Keene two hundred and seventy-five dollars.

COL. ROBERT WILSON.

Robert Wilson, first colonel of the Fourteenth Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers, son of James Wilson and Elizabeth (Little) Wilson, was born in Peterborough, N.H., September 24, 1811, and lived at Peterborough till 1815, when (with his parents) he removed to Keene. The grandfather of Col. Wilson, Major Robert Wilson, served with distinction during the Revolutionary war. Col. Wilson was graduated at Amherst College, August 22, 1832. He at once commenced the study of law with his father, a noted lawyer of that time, and remained in his office about two years, when, being appointed United-States surveyor, he went West, and remained some time surveying government lands. In 1835 he was appointed, by Gov. William Badger, inspector of the Fifth Regiment, N. H. Militia, but, being at that time in the West, did not accept the position; soon, however, returning home, he was appointed by Gov. Badger lieutenant-colonel Twentieth Regiment, N. H. Militia; and on September 4, 1837, he was appointed by Gov. Hill colonel of the same regiment. August 3, 1838, he was appointed by Gov. Hill division inspector of third division, N. H. Militia. The 25th of August, 1848, he was commissioned captain of the old Keene Light Infantry, in which company he had always taken great interest. For several years he was chief engineer of the Keene Fire-Department. On the 24th of September, 1861, he was married to Mrs. Rosabel H. Burt. During the fall of 1862, at the special request of the governor of the State, he commenced the formation of the Fourteenth Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers, and on September 19, 1862, was commissioned its colonel. April 20, 1864, he was appointed to the command of the district

of Carrollton, La. On the 7th of June, 1864, he was placed in command of the second brigade, second division, Nineteenth Army Corps, which position he held till the brigade was ordered to Algiers, La., for transportation North. He was honorably discharged from the service on surgeon's certificate of disability, September 6, 1864. When Col. Wilson retired from the service, Gen. Birge wrote a complimentary letter concerning him to the governor of New Hampshire.

From the time of his discharge till his death, which occurred in Keene, April, 1870, he was much interested, in spite of his declining health, in the affairs of his town, being foremost in the bringing of water into Keene from Goose Pond. In 1869, the year prior to his death, he represented Keene in the State legislature. He was a man of massive build, and in his youth was noted for great strength, stories about which have often appeared in the New-Hampshire papers.

He left a widow but no children.

LIEUT.-COL. T. A. BARKER.

Tileston A. Barker was born in Westmoreland, N.H., April 18, 1807. Benjamin and Abigail, his father and mother, lived upon a farm, and raised a family of eleven children; and, not being blessed with a competence, Col. Barker was compelled at an early age to push out and do for himself. With a limited common-school education, he located in his native town, and commenced manufacturing boots and shoes. While engaged in this pursuit he married Semira Albee of Chesterfield, N.H., who bore him three sons, two of whom are now living, — Col. Fred A. Barker of Keene, N.H., and Capt. Frank T. Barker of Bradford, Penn.: the youngest died in infancy. His widow resides at the old homestead. After following the pursuit of his adopted trade for many years, he relinquished it to engage in the mercantile trade in the same town, and, while thus occupied, was appointed mail-agent from Boston to Burlington, and held the office for eight years, under the administrations of Franklin Pierce and James Buchanan. He was active and energetic in

town affairs, and was well and favorably known throughout the county and State. Of a genial disposition and pleasing address, he won hosts of friends, but was not without political enemies; for in business matters his honesty and integrity were never questioned. He was for eleven years doorkeeper of the House of Representatives; for five years represented his town in the legislature; was elected State senator in 1872, and re-elected in 1873. Previous to these dates he served on the staff of Gov. Hubbard. From his majority upwards he was a great lover of military affairs, and the old State militia found in him an enthusiastic supporter. The fife and drum were his favorite band-instruments, and "Yankee Doodle" his favorite tune. For many years he commanded "Westmoreland Light Infantry," better known, perhaps, as "Old West Light."

But the old militia laws were repealed, and New Hampshire left without a military organization. While in this deplorable condition the country was called "to arms;" and Col. Barker colored his gray locks black, and denying his age, which was fifty-four, offered his services to the State, and, with a company he had recruited, was commissioned captain, and mustered into the three-months' service. Later on himself and company re-enlisted, and were mustered into the Second Regiment, N. H. Vols., Co. A. While in the fighting Second he was engaged in the battles of Bull Run, Malvern Hill, the Seven-days' fight, before Richmond, and Williamsburg. During this service he was appointed major of the Sixth N. H. Vols., and would have accepted but for Major-Gen. Hooker, who persuaded him to remain with his old regiment. Still later, when the Fourteenth Regiment, New Hampshire Vols., was being organized, he was appointed lieutenant-colonel, and in that capacity served until the close of the war, when he returned to his home, somewhat broken down in health, and quietly enjoyed his remaining years. Blessed with a rugged constitution, he knew but little of sickness; but it came at last, and brought an incurable disease: when apprised of its nature, he said to those around him, "I would like to live a little longer; but I have lived to a good old age, and always enjoyed myself. I don't complain;

but, when the time comes, I pray God I may fall asleep." And so it was: in the city of Keene, at his son's residence, on the morning of December 7, 1879, Col. Tileston A. Barker closed his eyes in the sleep that knows no waking. Col. Barker was buried in Westmoreland with Masonic honors, he being a member of the Knights Templars.

MAJOR S. A. DUNCAN.

Samuel Augustus Duncan was born at Plainfield, N.H., June 19, 1836. He was graduated at Dartmouth College in 1858, with the highest honors. In September, 1862, he was commissioned major of the Fourteenth, holding that position through the summer of '63, when the regiment was engaged in provost duty at Washington. In September of the same year he became colonel of the Fourth Regiment U. S. Colored Infantry. In this capacity he was a remarkably brilliant commander, meeting with great success, and winning deserved and lasting fame. Col. Duncan and his colored troops were highly praised by Gen. Butler in his General Orders of October, 1864. In the examination for officers for the colored troops before the Military Board in July, 1863, Col. (then major) Duncan passed for colonel in Class 1, ranking first out of about two hundred examinations. He successively occupied the positions of major, colonel, brigadier-general, and major-general. Major Duncan was an ornament to the Fourteenth, and fairly representative of the best material it contained. The colored regiment, of which he became colonel, rendered gallant service under his leadership, and was deservedly praised for its efficiency. One occasion on which they showed great bravery, was at the attack on Battery Harrison, September 29, 1864, in which Col. Duncan was severely wounded in the ankle, and obliged to retire from field-service for several months in consequence of his injuries. He rejoined his command in North Carolina, taking part in the expedition against Wilmington, and subsequently joined Sherman in his movements against Raleigh and Gen. Johnston. He had local commands in North Carolina afterwards, and in the

fall and winter commanded the line of forts surrounding Washington, and on the northern bank of the Potomac. After the close of the war he was for a time a special agent in the war department, and for some years after that one of the principal examiners in the United-States Pension Office.

On the evening of the 19th of September, the last company and squad had arrived. It was a good-natured, chaotic mass of volunteers, retaining sufficient independence in some of its squads, to declare that they would not go into certain companies, or even in that regiment, unless they were guaranteed their "rights." The men were nominally still in charge of the recruiting-officers, and not a subsequent officer was then entitled to command not having been commissioned or mustered. Major Samuel A. Duncan was the first field-officer qualified to assume general command; and he appeared, and began the work of consolidation and discipline. There ensued a kind of anomalous, tentative period before the company officers were clad in their authority. When that was accomplished, a great many members of the regiment saw a great many things in a different light from that of a few weeks or even days before. The squad barters having been concluded, and the ranks of the different companies being filled to the number required, the mustering into the service of the United States was effected by Capt. Holmes of the regular army between the 22d and 24th of September, although some scattering recruits were mustered as late as October 14. At the time of muster the men received trousers and blouses, so that the citizen became visibly transformed to the soldier; and the attire of civil life was laid aside by nearly all for three years, and by a large number forever. Previous to muster the men were given a taste of camp-life in the line of police-duty, and a good deal of awkward squad-drilling was indulged in.

September 24 a furlough of one week was announced, and a large proportion of the members returned to their homes for the

final visit and adieu. When, at the end of the week, the barracks were again filled, the mess-gatherings were not so jovial. The serious business of war loomed up before us as an imminent and dread reality. It was near enough to engender more of thoughtfulness than characterized the first merry holiday assembling of the battalion. Then it was that the imaginative prophets launched the regiment on the limitless expanse of speculation. Our destination, when we should see the first encounter, how many would be killed, whether or not we should get down South before the Rebellion was put down, the military qualities of McClellan, the probable freeing of the slaves, the comparative merits of certain officers in the regiment, — these were a few of the questions mooted and irrevocably settled in advance by the knowing ones. Most of the men were much better posted in the science and probabilities of war than they pretended to be two years later.

October 5 the Fourteenth witnessed the presentation of the colors to the Thirteenth Regiment, which departed the next day for the seat of war; the Twelfth having gone more than a week previously. Monday, October 6, was a memorable day in the history of the Fourteenth. It was the occasion of the first battalion drill and dress-parade. Col. Robert Wilson appeared for the first time to assume command; and Lieut.-Col. T. A. Barker was also in the field, aiding the green officers by his experience. The men were serene in their ignorance of tactics; but ambitious officers of the line, who had been cramming Casey for a fortnight, were in a vertebral cold-shiver temperature. They were very familiar with Casey, — in a book; but it did not take much time to impress them with the difference between tactics on paper and tactics on the drill-ground. There is something magical in the illusiveness of tactics when a fresh pair of shoulder-straps attempts to pin them down to any given manœuvre. That the men got into a snarl, a tangle, a double and twisted, inextricable tactical knot, is tame delineation. That drill caused a good deal of serious reflection, while it was manifest that the Fourteenth contained some of as good material for command as any battalion could desire.

The dress-parade was a curiosity. The regiment was without arms, and could not present a very threatening or even imposing appearance. The colonel, when the parade was formed, could not exercise his men in the manual. It may be questioned whether the possession of muskets that day would have inured to the credit of the organization, as the order, "Support arms!" might have brought a right-shoulder shift from the right wing, and a reverse arms from the left. In all this the Fourteenth was not different from other green regiments. All hands were glad when the parade was ended. The next attempt was a marked improvement; and both officers and men rapidly developed that facility in formation and evolution which, with less intelligent troops, is only acquired by a much severer discipline and more protracted exercise. It is to be observed, however, that in no case can high excellence in evolution or manual be attained in a brief space of time.

ON GUARD.

The initiatory rite by which the citizen was practically transformed to the soldier was the detail for guard-duty. We refer to camp-guard primarily, for here it was that the fresh-dubbed knight stood forth in all his consequential dimensions. He was, perhaps, prepared for this responsible service by liberal assignments to "policing;" but nothing ever created so much disgust *per capita*, to the unfledged volunteer, as what was known in camp discipline as police-duty. "I enlisted to put down the Rebellion, not to pick up garbage, sweep streets, clean out sinks, and mow brush!" Now, this high-toned, fastidious palladium of the Union learned a great many things in the course of three years; and, before "the cruel war was over," he was far readier to clean out a sink than to fight a battle. Besides, it was a curious fact, that those who, at home, devoted their manly powers to the most ignoble occupations, were most outspoken in their protests against menial service in the army. But guard-duty was another matter. It flattered the green recruit, and we were all green at first; though one month after

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CAPT. CHAS. P. HALL.

CAPT. FRANK T. BARKER.

LIEUT. JOHN L. KING.

LIEUT. CHAS. G. HOWARD.

muster, such were the marvellous developments, there were none but veterans in the entire command.

It was a striking phenomenon, the rapidity with which the citizen matured into the experienced campaigner; and there was nothing like guard-duty to ripen him. As he sat in his mess, munching his first hard-tack, and soaking his beard with his coffee, he told stories of army experience, amply sufficient to cover all the campaigns from Lodi to Waterloo, or from Bull Run to Appomattox. It was rare amusement for the genuine veteran to behold the burlesque performances of a new battalion, when, at nine-o clock "guard-mounting," it developed all the grotesqueness of unpractised service, — a farce in one act, lasting twenty-four hours, to be repeated next day with slight modifications in the way of doubtful improvement.

In the realm of greenness there was unquestioned democracy, for officers and men vied with each other in tangling all movements and bungling every ceremony. It was a trying ordeal to those officers who desired to show off uniform, sash, Damascus blade, and a form of Achilles to the best advantage. Those who were cool enough to perpetrate a gross blunder, and act as though it were the correct thing, became at once popular all along the line; while he who came very near to tactical exactness, though somewhat nervous and hesitating in execution, was voted "no military man."

Who can forget the first night on guard in the camp at Concord? Arms had not been issued, and a few old worthless muskets were secured with which to give a semblance of prowess to the camp-guard; but there were so few of these obsolete weapons, that each relief was marched out unarmed, and the soldier on duty surrendered his musket with the beat to his successor. The first attempts at camp-guard duty were counted a good joke; and really it amounted to no more, for it was the baldest piece of soldierly masquerading that could well be imagined. The men were not even uniformed, and the regiment had not entered upon its martial dignity sufficiently to give an imposing character to any of its performances. The guard was chiefly set as a discipline for the troops, that they might become famil-

iarized with the routine of the first duty likely to be imposed in actual service. But nobody appeared to know exactly how to mount, set, relieve, or comprehensively to manipulate, a camp-guard.

Great things were expected from those of the rank and file, not mentioning commissioned officers, who had served for a time earlier in the war as three-months' men, or otherwise; but the fact was, that no one talked more or knew less than the average "returned soldier" in the second year of the Rebellion. One of these battle-scarred, sanguinary heroes of Bull Run used to gravely inform gaping crowds at home that "flying artillery" was a battery which fired at the enemy while "on the dead run." All over the North, in 1862, these returned soldiers boasted of their achievements, and hinted at their military insight with more of unction than animated Miles Standish as he recounted his exploits in Flanders. Their deeds of prowess "would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest forever." Now, it was scarcely possible to organize a regiment in the summer or fall of the year referred to, without finding that the enlistment-net had dragged in few or several of these — some of them — uncanny fish, or eels, if their slippery nature be considered; for, with a surprising celerity, the same dubious patriots soon slipped out of these, as they had from former regiments: and, as by miracle, recovering from diseases upon which discharges had been procured, many of them were found mustered in battalions subsequently raised.

"The bearings of these observations lays in the application on 'em," and it were a libel upon thousands of noble men to intimate that they were subjects of the picture herein drawn. We confine our remarks strictly to those who are fairly portrayed in the above description, and the originals are easily recalled. Such were more intractable than the greenest of greenhorns; for they knew altogether too much to be taught, and too little to do any thing correctly. And thus it occurred, that in the first essay at martial exercises, namely, camp-guard at Concord, the few war-worn veterans whose names sprinkled

the rolls of the Fourteenth were of small utility in forwarding discipline and securing precision.

If the boys were in any exigency for a new device for "raising Cain," this mammoth camp-guard frolic met every demand. The cordon was stretched around the barracks with the ostensible aim of preventing the men from going, without leave of absence, to the city. But the stringency and effectiveness of the sentry-line can now be recalled with wonder. Sentries frequently could not see a man leaving camp, for the excellent reason that they were walking the other way; a guard who was unable to read writing was overwhelmed with a suspicious number of passes, which never saw the commanding officer's headquarters; there was an unconscionable number of officers' orderlies and servants going on pressing errands for their masters; while those guards who were of high integrity, and sternly intent upon doing their full duty, were tortured, just after nightfall, by seeing one after another of their daring comrades mask their faces and coolly run the guard, while they had neither a musket nor a disposition to effectually halt them.

But the attempt to keep the men out was far more successful than the opposite endeavor, for the spirit of mischief supplemented the letter of the law; and on several nights of low temperature, at the witching midnight hour, homeward-bound conviviality had time to cool outside the lines, while all the red tape in the regulations, and considerably more, was gone through with: and the end of that night's frolic was occasionally the guard-house, and not the coveted barrack's bunk.

It is at Offutt's Cross Roads, and especially at Poolesville, that we find our freshman guardsman advanced to the sophomoric period. He has learned a thing or two, and is deftly paying off camp-grudges on some of the non-commissioned officers; for woe to the corporal who has charge of a relief with two or three privates in it who have a spite to gratify. That unhappy corporal is kept running the entire two hours; or, when he temporarily takes the beat of a private, said private is in no haste to return to his post, and, when he does resume it, another is ready to utilize the two-chevroned, miserable magnate of the

relief. These are times when the welkin is made to ring by the stentorian bawling, "Corprul the guard — post twenty-one," reiterated, re-echoed, and intensified by every sentry round the line, and kept flying until the corporal is distracted, and isn't a bit proud of his rank. The sergeant of the guard, also, was somehow, in those days, made to do a good deal of camp-running.

Another feature of this undergraduate guard-duty or instruction period was the custom of the members of each relief to sleep in their own bunks; so that, when the third and first reliefs were to be called at one and three o'clock in the morning, the corporal must go through each company street, visit the tents, and wake up his men. If he had fifteen men to rouse, he was quite certain, if ordinarily smart, to stir up at least thirty wrong and wrathful warriors; and he never failed to evolve a hundred curses per man: so that by the time he got his relief together, some of them having to be called two or three times, the corporal was in a happy frame, which was much enhanced by the objurgations of each of the old relief, who had stood on their posts fifteen or twenty minutes over time.

A pretty feature of Poolesville guard-duty was the unaccountable custom, which sergeants and corporals of the guard affected, of carrying ramrods while on duty. It was as near as they could get to wearing a sword, and was vastly handier than lugging a musket. These and other violations of regulations and discipline were tolerated during the first months of service principally through ignorance; but by the time Camp Adirondack was occupied, in 1863, all the nonsense of this duty was banished, the reliefs were kept together, discipline was enforced, and there was no more exact or efficient guard-duty performed in all the Union armies than that which was done in camp and in most responsible stations of every kind by the Fourteenth Regiment. The arduous duties in the city of Washington tested, not only the endurance and the discipline, but the high *morale* of the regiment; and it is a part of our high heritage to remember that no troops which occupied the national capital won more flattering encomiums.

The Old-Capitol Prison, Navy-yard Bridge, Central Guard-house, south end of Long Bridge, Benning's Bridge, Sixth-street Wharf, G-street Wharf, and all the departments of the government, together with numerous other localities and expeditions, were witnesses to the hard and faithful work of the Fourteenth Regiment. It may be of interest to those who served there, to mention that the Central Guard-house and the quarters at the south end of Long Bridge are in almost exactly the same condition as when occupied by our detachments nineteen years ago. Most of the other familiar spots are much changed, although large sections of Washington are as they were in the stirring era of the war. In an active campaign, no such thing as camp-guard is needed: the men are quite glad to remain in camp if a spot is occupied long enough to dignify it with the name of camp, and foraging and picket-duty furnish all needed outside excitement. But, through all vicissitudes, the veteran looks back with amused interest to the awkward-squad period; and camp-guard reminiscences are worth cherishing as a portion of a trying and wonderfully varied experience.

The early development of regimental life is a series of surprises, and this continues until even novelty becomes monotonous. The new-fledged soldier finds his old habits curbed at every turn, and strange requisitions constantly made upon his intelligence and endurance. The minor experiences of the initiatory camp are replete with interest and amusement. Personal peculiarities are not masked in a military uniform. And so it transpired in the camp at Concord, that all imaginable traits were developed. Before officers were elected, a phenomenal generosity was witnessed. It must have been the rigors of camp discipline which operated to check the effusive beneficence when it was determined just who were to wear shoulder-straps and carry swords. Into one company barracks was ushered a mammoth box of doughnuts, and the boys were made welcome by the public-spirited importer direct from the home

kitchen. There were interesting pranks played; and, in both a serious and jovial sense, each day was crowded full of activity and adventure.

One man, who became diurnally inspired with wakefulness at the wrong end of the day, and whose extraordinary oratorical powers were easily stimulated, and far exceeded his intelligence, was ready every night, after taps, to spread his stentorian notes throughout the company barracks. He continued the performance for a week, when a young man interfered. That young volunteer learned a lesson which ought to have sufficed for two wars. He was foolish enough to believe that night was intended for sleep, and that boisterous privates were amenable to military rules. He discovered his mistake. Being urged by some of the best men in the company, — who were smart enough not to go themselves, — he reported the war-dance to the lieutenant in command. His amiability was not increased by a disturbance of his midnight nap, but he sent back orders for private Congdon to "shut up!" Private Congdon responded to the order with a blasphemous blessing upon the lieutenant's head, and a material increase of his hullabaloo. Another report to the lieutenant by the exasperated youth, which drew forth the order, "Tell the sergeant that if he don't stop his noise to put him in the guard-house." The pow-wow deepened; and the vociferous Congdon was marched off to the guard-house, which he transformed into a bedlam until near morning.

But the *dénoûment* was an humiliating commentary on the virtue of that youth. The aforesaid Congdon was a favorite of the lieutenant: in fact, the private had been efficient in assuring the shoulder-straps. In the morning, after the imprisoned man arrived at a realizing sense of his situation, he was furious in his wrath, and confronted the sergeant, who referred him to the lieutenant who gave the orders for confinement. The lieutenant had so short a memory, that he solemnly averred that no such order had been given by him. The result was, that the youthful complainant was himself marched off to the guard-house for communicating the order. A victim had been found: the lieutenant was exculpated, the private was placated. In

another company a more modest performer contented himself with going through the barracks and stripping the blankets from the men three or four times during the night.

In the fitting out of a volunteer regiment for active service, neither the State nor National governments appeared to take a leading part. First came the family friends with several scores of absolutely indispensable articles, such as thimble, scissors, paper of pins, a needle-book with all sizes of needles, several spools of thread, a big ball of yarn for darning, — some went so far as to put in a bundle of patches, — buttons, bandages, — these were a few of the motherly, wifely, or sisterly tokens, tucked away in the soldier's knapsack. Then outside friends brought their offerings, among them cases of medicine for self-doctoring; *tourniquets* for the stoppage of blood-flow; havelocks, handkerchiefs, etc. Masculine admirers, who had a sanguinary idea of soldiering, — for others, — contributed their addition to the outfit in the shape of enormous pocket-knives containing a complete kit of tools; dirks; revolvers with bullet-mould and powder-flask. A knife-fork-and-spoon contrivance was a trophy for the more favored ones. Yet this was only a beginning. While in camp at Concord, the money obtained easily was expended lavishly. Innumerable knick-knacks, as useless as numerous, were laid in store. One of the favorite articles of outfit was the steel-plated vest, a garment into which a pair of heavy iron breast-plates were to be slipped when going into action, at other times to be carried in the knapsack. When the paraphernalia enumerated above was all arranged, and mounted on the soldier's back, a giant would succumb to such a load on a moderate march. It is not to be inferred that a majority of the regiment so ridiculously handicapped themselves, but many did; and nearly all packed their knapsacks with a medley which would have been judged absurd by themselves when settled down to genuine campaign work.

The regular outfit of the regiment was issued in parcels. October 9, rubber blankets and haversacks were drawn from the quartermaster. The day following, the State bounty of fifty dol-

lars was paid. The town bounties were paid by agents from the several towns, who paid the men as soon as they were accepted and mustered. The United-States bounty was paid on the same conditions. On the 15th guns and equipments were supplied; and this was the day when, according to rumor, the Fourteenth was to leave the State: but rumor then, as generally in a military camp, was entirely at fault; for a third of a month elapsed before the order came. On the urgent recommendation of Peter Sanborn, State treasurer, the allotment system was adopted by a large proportion of the men, whereby from eight to ten dollars a month were reserved from their wages by the paymaster, and paid to the friends at home to whom the allotment was made. This plan resulted in a considerable check on the reckless expenditure of many in the army. After arms were issued, drilling in both the manual and movements was carried on with more of vigor and interest; Lieut.-Col. Barker being generally in command when the battalion was in line.

Thursday, October 16, was a red-letter day in the organization of the Fourteenth. A regiment without colors is a mere double string of armed men arranged by companies. The moment a battalion-line is formed, there is an instinctive demand for the colors; and, after an experience in the greatest war in history, every veteran will affirm, that the most vivid of the descriptions of a soldier's devotion to the flag, to the colors of his regiment, is no poetic fiction, but is quite within the truth. With full ranks the regiment marched to the city, to engage in the crowning ceremony of its organization. Marshalled in front of the State House, at parade-rest, the regiment stood, and listened to the presentation speech of Treasurer Sanborn. The colors were received for the regiment by Col. Wilson, without remarks. The command was then prepared for inspection, in State-house Square, and was carefully inspected by Capt. Holmes of the regular army. The Fourteenth was now as fully prepared for active service as it could be, save in the somewhat important matter of arms. In response to an inquiry, Col. Wilson remarked of them, "They are about as efficient as pitchforks."

At seven o'clock, on the morning of Saturday, October 18, the last line was formed in Camp Cheshire. The great battalion stretched out, in a magnificent formation; and "by the right flank, file right," the column moved out to the music, first of drum-corps, then of the band. It was an interesting spectacle, — to see a thousand soldiers, but yesterday in civil life, marching away from their homes and the dearest objects of existence, to venture every hardship that a colossal struggle, covering a thousand battle-fields, involved, with a risk of life that amounted to a certainty of death for a large number.

The men were loaded, some of them until they staggered; and the mile and a half of march to the railroad station was a fatiguing exercise. At 8.20 the train left Concord, reaching Worcester at noon, where a brief halt was made. Passing through Norwich, Conn., the train reached Allyn's Point, on the Thames, at 5.30 o'clock; and two hours later the regiment embarked on the Sound steamer, "City of New York," from which it landed in Jersey City Sunday morning. Philadelphia was reached at three P.M. of that day; and the regiment marched through the city, taking another train at six o'clock, which arrived in Baltimore early in the morning, on Monday, the 20th. Leaving Baltimore at nine o'clock, Washington was reached at five P.M.

The strength of the regiment when it entered the service was about 970, officers and men: A, 95; B, 97; D, 96; I, 80; C, 100; F, 85; H, 80; K, 85; E, 96; G, 94. Twenty men were detailed for the band, under a citizen leader. His salary was made up by the officers of the regiment. The drum-corps consisted of ten fifers and ten drummers. The pioneer-corps consisted of details of members from the different companies.

TO THE SEAT OF WAR.

There was no demonstration of patriotism more flattering to the Union soldier of the East than the ovations which awaited him at every step throughout New England, extending, at first, even to New York and Philadelphia, as, by train, steamer, and

brief marches, his regiment moved from the home-camp to the seat of war. In spontaneity and enthusiasm those tributes were magnificent; and the cheers of men, the glee of children, with the smiles and handkerchief-salutes of earnest women, followed their country's defenders to lonely beat, weary march, and hospital cot, — an inspiration whose impulse was not lost until the lurid fires of war were quenched. It could not have been the novelty of the spectacle which prompted such overflows of loyal sentiment, so gratifying to those whose minds were alert and eager for the active duties of the field, but whose hearts were heavy over separations which stirred a keener anguish than they ever knew before. This festive greeting and Godsend was one of the most exhilarating novelties of an experience that was novel in all its phases until the dread monotonies of war brought too many organizations into a routine where even death ceased to attract attention. The ovations we mention were worthy of the great people whose national future was to be determined by the glistening bayonets gathering from State-camps, and converging on the great salient lines of conflict. They were on a scale commensurate with the resources and patriotism of the country; and they engendered a grateful sentiment among the troops, not dissipated while the forces of the Rebellion stood in wicked array against government and right.

Loaded to the last limit of endurance, knapsacks and other trappings weighing nearly, or quite, fifty pounds, the men marched from the home-camp to the station, and embarked in good passenger-coaches. The train was no lightning-express, — nothing more than a respectable freight for speed, — a fact quite agreeable to the soldier-boy who was never before fifty miles from his native hearth, and who now got an idea of the home circle which never occurred to him before. The more venturesome among the men soon perched themselves on top of the cars, where, with song and jest, and a general, sometimes roistering, jollity, they saluted or bantered everybody within reach of their voices.

On these expeditions, as in all movements of volunteer troops, there were those who always stood out prominently as spokes-

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LIEUT. W. H. SARGENT

LIEUT. STARR FELLOWS

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men, representing, or oftener misrepresenting, the better element, unobtrusive character, and sentiment of the great body of the regiment. But all rudeness and uncouth manners were overlooked by good-natured and sympathetic crowds in a mood to forgive any thing but the colossal treason behind the war, which, in the same breath, welcomed for the first and bid adieu for the last time, greeting men they never saw before and would never see again. During the first year of the war, liberal and choice refreshments were dispensed wherever the volunteers stopped *en route* for the front: but the drains were so heavy, the calls so varied and frequent, that somewhere the lavish outgo must be curtailed; and the regiments entering service in 1862 were not feasted so generously on their outward passage as were their predecessors.

It was the good fortune of many new regiments to have their transportation varied by a steamer passage for a portion of the distance. Many a full battalion marched upon the decks of some magnificent sound, lake, or river boat, not one-quarter of whose membership had ever previously seen a steamboat of any size. The revelations, the surprises, the lessons treasured forever, of such a trip, in the case of a susceptible youth, cannot be pictured, nor even imagined. The night voyage over Long-Island Sound; the meeting with other steamers; the passing of sailing craft of all kinds; distant lighthouses and ships; a light-spangled city on a distant shore, round which the fertile imagination clustered all sorts of romantic situations and incidents; the broad, far-stretching shimmer of the full moon, transforming the wonderful sheet of rippling water into a fairy sea, glorious and unreal; the strange, phosphorescent wake of the great, throbbing palace, which went skimming along into the dim, silent, mysterious distance; away to the right the six masts of the "Great Eastern," revealing the fact that a glimpse had been secured of that wonder of navigation, — all this without, and the mechanical and architectural wonders within, filled the mental stomach of the unsophisticated volunteer with a mass of nourishment, which, in all probability, is not yet fully digested.

It always happened that orderly-sergeants were obliged to

revise and shorten their rolls after leaving New York, although Baltimore was indisputably the banner city for desertions from loyal regiments passing through. The only loss was in substitutes and bounty-jumpers, who hurried back to serve their country, briefly, in another regiment, for another bounty. The cause really gained by such desertions, for any thing was preferable to the presence of such worthless material in a respectable military organization.

Transportation from Jersey City was again secured to the eager troops in good passenger-coaches; and the trip, *via* the Camden and Amboy Railroad, was quick and pleasant. Leaving the cars at Camden, opposite Philadelphia, the regiment crossed the Delaware, in better shape than did Washington in 1777, according to the historic picture. But there was one point of similarity between the followers of the Father of his Country, and a Union regiment making an uninterrupted passage from New England to the front, — they were both "powerful hungry." There is something appalling in the appetite of a thousand men after they have taken the longest ride of their lives; and there is also that about such a migration prompting the unoccupied soldier to eat all the time, with no satiety. A battalion just hungry enough is the most tractable body of men imaginable; a little beyond that point the colonel will do well to tighten his grip and keep them moving; but, when the stomach begins to clamor loudly, patriotism is but a stammering whisperer in competition. The reader is respectfully referred to the article on foraging for more light on this point.

From Camden into Philadelphia was crossing the Rubicon; and if it be true that —

> "Hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
> And wretches hang that jurymen may dine,"

surely the amiable ferocity of a well-nigh famished regiment is not to be wondered at, even if it be deplored. But Philadelphia! long may the aroma of her unexampled refreshment rise to stir grateful memories in "thousands of thousands, and ten times of thousands," of veterans' breasts! Philadelphia, the

peerless city, shut off all opportunity for any demonstration of the possibilities residing in a hungry legion. On arriving in the City of Brotherly Love, a council of war revealed a monotonous unanimity of empty haversacks all along the line. Even the Aunt Betties had devoured the last slice of frosted cake, reserved for the dreadful emergency of this journey; and the last mouthful of canned crab-apple had followed: the last dollar of young Live-while-you-have-it had been left in a sand-bank grocery of "Jarsey," and he stood beside them fumbling his empty pockets. A general assault on all cheap eating-houses in the vicinity was just planned when the regiment was ordered to move, and in five minutes was marched into that grandly historic "cooper-shop," which has rung with the grateful comments of more than a quarter of a million of the country's defenders, who therein feasted, to the fill of satisfaction, upon the most liberal spread laid for volunteers in all the land throughout the war, with a bountiful overflow with which to replenish forlorn haversacks. The effect was more than electrical. That immense building, resounding to the tramp of a great battalion, and full of the rich odor of steaming coffee, was a shrine where homage and gratitude were evoked in sincerity and plenitude.

The founders of this noble benefaction deserve, jointly and in severalty, a superlative monumental shaft. The unique and heartfelt expressions of appreciation uttered between the big and rapid mouthfuls would amuse and touch all who should read them could they be gathered up. A pint of excellent coffee, plenty of nice bread and butter, boiled ham and beef, crackers, cheese, and often pickles, constituted a truly royal bill of fare for clamorous soldier stomachs. Strong men cried like children as they enjoyed a hospitality which reminded them, that, though far from home, they were not beyond the friendly care and consideration of those whose loyalty was thoughtful, kind, and exceeding tender.

With a cheery swing and merry march, the regiment crossed the city, and took another train for Baltimore. The City of Brotherly Love received an emphatic, if not a purely religious, benediction from the well-fed, high-spirited troop as it left the

station; and sincere vows were made that Philadelphia should never suffer the spoliation of Rebel marauders.

The movement of a regiment from its camp of organization to the theatre of military operations was tediously slow, unless one of the periodic panics of "Washington threatened" pressed every railroad into exclusively military transportation, and sent every available fragment of troops flying pell-mell to "save the capital;" and it appeared that there was a siding for every half-mile of main track, and at least one train to be waited for at each siding. After leaving New Jersey, the enthusiastic crowds, speeding the nascent champions of the flag on their way to Yorktown trenches, Chickahominy swamps, Potomac vigils, or coast expeditions, dwindled down to corner crowds of small but boisterous boys and professional loafers. Whether passed at midnight, as in the case of the Fourteenth, or at mid-day, the mouth of the Susquehanna furnished an episode fruitful of comment long afterward to those who were awake to witness an entire long train of cars run on a monster ferry-boat at once. The crossing at Havre-de-Grâce, the train being broken into three sections, was a marvel to the entire command.

The approach to Baltimore was an event memorable in the history of every regiment during the first two years of the war. The heroic tragedy of the Sixth Mass. was brought to mind in every case. But it was a curious phenomenon, that, when each regiment passed through that suspected city, a riot was just then peculiarly imminent. At any rate, the Fourteenth, running into Baltimore at four o'clock in the morning, was all on the *qui vive*, apprehensive of an attack by the desperate plug-uglies, so notorious in the early days of the great Rebellion.

Some miles outside the city the train was stopped, and each man was supplied with two rounds of ball-cartridge, together with a good deal of official advice from certain line-officers, which must have come quite directly from the nozzle of a canteen. Loud was the defiance to all Baltimore if any demonstration was threatened; and there was considerable argument as to the propriety of leaving any thing at all standing in the

Monumental City, should audacity culminate in any overt act. Never did two ounces of spherical lead and one hundred grains of gunpowder per man prove such a comforting opiate to fear and a corresponding incentive to bravery. There were more Hectors and Nestors in the smoky cars on that dark morning than ever rallied on the plains of Troy. And it was one of the pre-eminently brilliant exploits of our history — only equalled by the brave stand of the picket-post on the Potomac, gallantly quaking at midnight to repulse an uncommonly large covey of ducks in its essay to cross the river.

The regiment was armed, and every man was supplied with ammunition. It was true that the guns were old, third-hand, condemned smooth-bores; it was true that the battalion had never been taught to load and fire; it was true that not half the men knew how to load with ball-cartridge; it was more than probable, that, in case any firing was indulged in, ten men would be struck by their comrades where one was hit by a rioter. All this was reasonably certain. It was a little matter of no consequence, hardly worth mentioning, — no caps were issued with the ammunition, and not a gun could have been fired in any emergency. Nevertheless, the command was panoplied for the onset; and there was an invincible host ready to hurl the gage of battle at the feet of all Baltimore. And those sanguinary preparations and heroic defiances were ever after remembered with pride; for when the train drew into the dreadful Baltimore station, and arms were grasped for the fray, there were discovered surrounding the train three negroes, two drunken sailors, a policeman, and two newsboys prematurely out of bed.

What a tempest of wrath and unspeakable indignation! The regiment had seen the last of commodious passenger-coaches, and was unceremoniously hustled into a train of baggage-cars. "Are we cattle, to be used in this way?" "Do they think, because we are so far from home, they can use us like hogs?" The mood and the comment seem ineffably silly to a veteran soldier; for a clean box-car was a luxury which any weary, foot-sore sick, ay, even sorely-wounded, volunteer would thank God

for amid the death-throbbings of the great struggle at the front. But the first essential in the discipline of a new regiment was a "good taking-down," and it was sure to come. We gladly forget the storm of anathemas hurled at Uncle Sam's officials for transporting a regiment from Baltimore to Washington in baggage-cars. Government-troops in general never suffered very keenly nor extensively by transportation in box-cars.

We made a day of it. All day long that wheezy, most outrageous piece of mechanism that ever dazed the eye of man, a Baltimore and Ohio freight-engine, puffed, snorted, backed, filled, and stopped as the snail-train crawled toward the capital of a country with a doubtful area. It was on this stretch between Baltimore and Washington that the subtle and deceptive persimmon stole a place in this regimental chronicle. The persimmon is a fair snare, a treacherous luxury. The train made a long halt in the middle of that October afternoon beyond the Relay Station, crowned by Gen. Butler's frowning fort; and it inscrutably happened, that on each side of the track stood half a dozen strange trees with stranger fruit. In fact, no home-bred Yankee had ever seen the like among his granite hills.

It was noticed that our Bull-Run veteran valiant — he was the man who, when a three-months' volunteer, boasted that if a fight came on he would be found where the bullets were thickest: and his prediction was literally verified; for his comrades found him well to the rear, hid under an ammunition-wagon — this highly respected oracle in *res rebellionæ* chuckled knowingly over the rush for persimmons. He had been there before; and he was persistent in urging all the men to secure the largest and fairest of the fruit, "for," said he, "there's nothing nicer than persimmons." But never before or afterward was he known to manifest such unselfishness; for he contented himself with shrivelled and frost-bitten persimmons, generously passing on the unscathed, blushing fruit to his neighbors. In this way he was noticed to have gathered a quantity of what appeared to be a worthless article. All along the line, from groups on top and groups within the cars, as well

as among the crowd lining the track, arose yells of disgust, and somewhere near a thousand mouths were screwed into the vilest of puckers; for what can twist and snarl up the mucous membrane like a persimmon before the frost has hugged it. The men soon learned that those persimmons which they had despised and trod upon were the only ones fit to eat, and that those were delicious.

Never a more charming autumn afternoon than that on which the Fourteenth entered the national-capital city environed by its defensive fortresses and beleaguered by a desperate foe. Washington was not besieged, but a guerilla band of not more than one hundred sabres pouncing down on the Maryland side would create a panic and compass a general demoralization. The great forts crowned by tall flag-staffs, bearing the stars and stripes, extending completely about the city, on the surrounding heights in an imposing circle, presented a spectacle calculated to impress most effectively the minds of those now encountering for the first time the real "pomp and circumstance of war."

With straining eyes each observer on the car-tops — for every square foot of the roofs was covered — eagerly endeavored to descry the dome of the Capitol, which our re-enlisted oracles declared would be the first landmark discerned in Washington. The sun was so low that the looming forts on Arlington Heights, away over the pathetically historic river, rose to an imposing prominence when, rounding a lazy curve, there stood forth in the distance against the glowing sky what appeared to be an inverted two-bushel basket, badly stove up in the bottom. The reader will remember that the dome of the Capitol was, at this time, but fairly begun; the upper portion existing only in skeleton, with immense cranes and other hoisting mechanisms surmounting the structure in grotesque outline.

Nearing the city, extensive earthworks were passed, and novel spectacles multiplied. Imagination was quite as busy as the eye, and romance cut all sorts of fantastic garments with which to clothe with exaggerated interest every object and incident of the expanding situation. The excitement increased, for an

actual glimpse of the Potomac River had been obtained. One man with a long-range vision was sure that he saw the White House. The Company C "Truthful James," who never intended to be distanced when the matter of statements was prominent, declared that the White-House story was most likely true, because he could see squads of Rebel cavalry riding along on the other side of the river beyond the forts. Negro cabins, an army of aimless curly-heads, long winding trains of army-wagons, big warehouses of quartermasters' stores, immense stacks of commissary supplies, strolling soldiers, a provost-guard, groups of furloughed officers, barracks, camps, hospitals, parks of artillery, all the varied and indescribable paraphernalia of war, — we are in Washington: we feel the heart-beat of the nation's life in this unparalleled struggle of the later ages.

At half-past five o'clock the excruciating locomotive uttered its final wheeze, and another Union regiment was ready to grapple the "backbone of the Rebellion." It was marched into great barracks without bunks, and had the privilege of reclining, during its first night in the sunny South, on the soft side of a plank floor.

The advent in Washington set one matter outside the schedule of anxieties. Before muster, and while awaiting orders to the front, even while *en route*, a large number of the men expressed the unwilling opinion that the regiment would never have the opportunity of reaching the theatre of active operations. It was freely wagered that "The war will be over before we can get there." Of course they were glad to have the war end; but they thought it would be a pity, after all the trouble and expense incurred, if the Fourteenth should be ordered home without even seeing any thing of the Rebellion. The arrival in Washington quieted these apprehensions; and, before the regiment was mustered out of service, very few cherished any notion that the Fourteenth had been cheated out of its share of the experiences of war.

II.

SERVICE.

THE Fourteenth arrived at the theatre of war just too late to participate in the remarkable campaign initiated by Lee's invasion of Maryland. It was undoubtedly intended for the Army of the Potomac; and the two preceding regiments from New Hampshire, after remaining on Arlington Heights for a few weeks, were incorporated into that army at Falmouth. When the Fourteenth arrived in Washington, the peculiar fighting which culminated in Antietam had just been finished: Lee was retiring up the Valley with an army almost intact when it ought to have been destroyed; McClellan was preparing to return to the Rappahannock, moving along the east side of the Blue Ridge. It was evident that the active campaign of 1862 in Virginia was ended; and hence the Fourteenth was not called upon to swell the historic army immediately confronting the Army of Northern Virginia under Gen. R. E. Lee.

Pending a decision as to its destination, the regiment, on the morning of October 21, was marched to East Capitol Hill, where it encamped in A tents in a level sand-bank about one mile east of the Capitol, for three days. The stay there, enlivened by a brisk wind filtering the atoms of sand into every recess of the men's outfit, was long enough to disgust every one with the national city; and it was the unanimous conclusion that an experiment with Virginia mud would be far preferable.

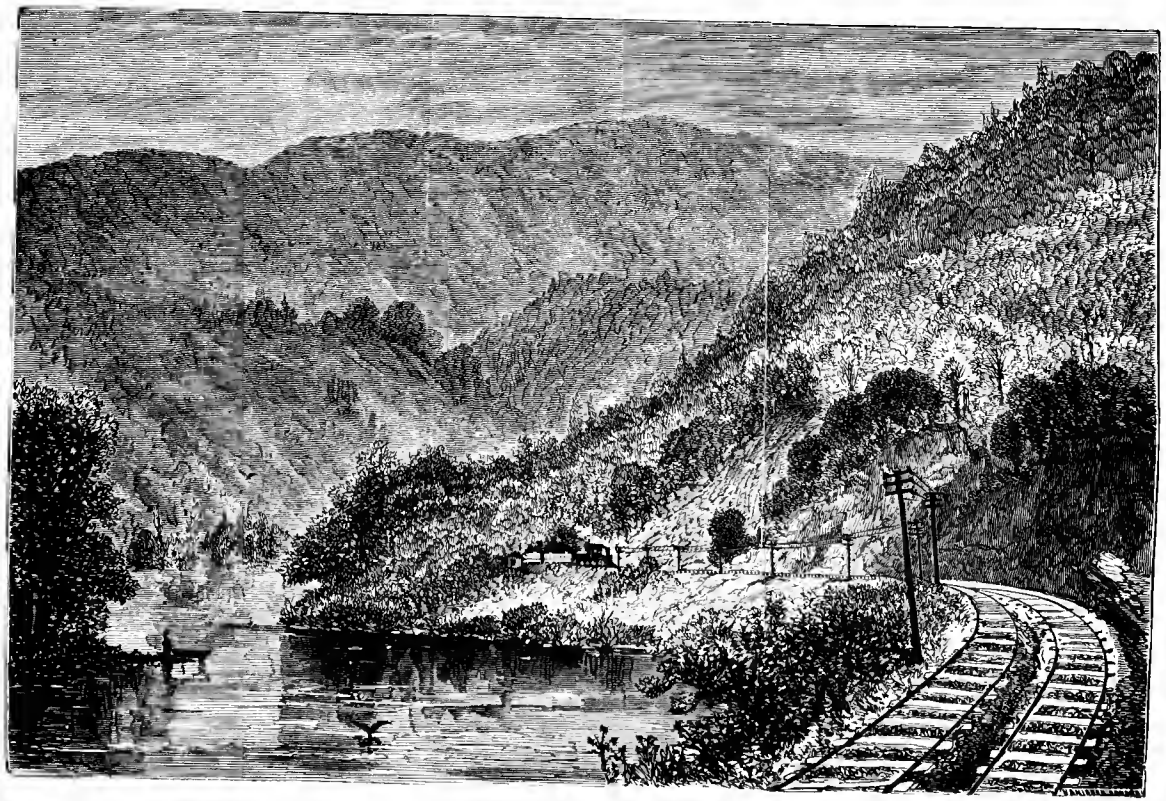
We were probably indebted to the dashing Jeb. Stuart for our winter's destination. While the regiment was shrinking from sand-cyclones in Washington, the country was startled and thoroughly scared by the audacious raid of the said Stuart with

eighteen hundred Rebel cavalry, as he rode entirely around our main army, penetrating to Chambersburg, Penn., there inflicting considerable damage and more terror, retiring in safety across the Potomac at White's Ford.

McClellan had employed a considerable portion of his cavalry in picketing the Potomac while his army occupied the Maryland side; and when he moved southward into Virginia, it was necessary, in view of a possible repetition of Stuart's antics, and the unremitting maliciousness of Moseby's guerilla excursions, to provide for a permanent patrol and picket of the upper Potomac. The Fourteenth Regiment was designated for this service: and on the morning of October 24 the sand-drift camp was broken, a good deal of dust was shaken from the feet of a gratified battalion; and it merrily swung off by the right flank, with band playing and colors spread. The route lay down Pennsylvania Avenue, passing the White House, and striking the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal at the Aqueduct Bridge, Georgetown.

That day's march, began in glee, ended ingloriously. The Fourteenth was never a regiment of heavy artillery; but it was, on the day mentioned, a very heavy infantry regiment. Each knapsack was a bureau of knick-knack curiosities, absurd comforts, and impossible luxuries. Not a mile of ground had been traversed before a general murmur expressed the condition of things. The iron-clad-vested men were the first and loudest in their complaints. The lagging, fagged-out, green volunteers, panting over a two-mile march, must have been objects of ridicule to a veteran of the Army of the Potomac. At any rate, the time came afterwards when we poured contempt upon other organizations, fresh from home, which were surely not more foolish than we had been.

The first halt was made in front of the White House, and at least one-third of the battalion took a vigorous account of stock. The men with bullet-proof vests — their hope and pride — in Concord — vowed that they would prefer to risk Rebel bullets rather than carry so much old iron any farther. Steel breastplates sufficient to coat a small gunboat were hurled into the



ON THE POTOMAC.

gutter in front of Father Abraham's marble cottage. The members of Company G were wiser in their generation. They hired a job-team to carry their knapsacks, the driver realizing about ten dollars for the trip.

A large quantity of superfluous articles was thrown away at this first halt, while the greater portion of the men tenaciously clung to the numerous items of overloaded packs. They had to dispense with them all eventually, but it was a sore trial. It was the fashion to ridicule new regiments for providing so extensive outfits of little notions as most of the knapsacks would have revealed. A second thought would have fully justified such action, and it was no doubt a wise expedient. There was need of a gradual diminution of enjoyments. The most abrupt transition from the unnumbered comforts of home to the utter paucity of camp-life was deplorable, and in most cases unnecessary. The gradual curtailment was best: so that those who started to serve their country with fifty-pound knapsacks, and tapered off to a rolled blanket over the shoulder, were philosophical in their military development; and a comb, bit of looking-glass, and portfolio, were not essential foes of loyalty, discipline, and bravery.

That night the regiment camped in the woods above Chain Bridge, nine miles from Washington. The next day's march was up the tow-path; the knapsacks being piled upon a canal-boat, together with all members of the regiment who were smart enough to suffer with a sudden infliction, rendering them incapable of marching, and whose countenances were adorned with sufficient agony to secure a surgeon's certificate. We continued on until about the middle of the afternoon, when orders to countermarch were given; and the column returned five miles to Lock No. 21, where an open-air bivouac was the only night resort, no place having been selected for a camp, and no tents being available had a camp been laid out. Sleeping under an open sky at the last of October was a severe exposure for troops not inured to campaign hardships, nor accustomed to timely precautions.

The next day, October 26, was Sunday; and tents were

pitched on Adder Hill, a bluff directly above the lock. The shelter was timely; for, before the tent-stakes were half driven, a heavy rain began, rendering the first sabbath of army life in the South chiefly memorable for its dreariness and discomfort. The proper apportionment of duty was manifestly not then understood, as men stood five-hour reliefs on picket that day and night. The surroundings were dismal, and such an introduction to active service was not inspiriting.

The Fourteenth became a part of an independent brigade, consisting of the Thirty-ninth Mass., Fourteenth New Hampshire, Tenth Vt., and Twenty-third Me., with the Tenth Mass. Light Battery, Capt. Sleeper, and, a little later, Scott's Nine Hundred, N. Y Cavalry. Brigadier-Gen. Cuvier Grover was assigned to this command. He did not long retain the position, as the government required his services elsewhere; and Col. P. S. Davis, supposed to be the ranking colonel, assumed command. The service required of this brigade was more arduous and involved a greater exposure than was demanded of any troops in the army of the Potomac during the same season. The green regiments enjoyed no boys' play.

The incidents and surroundings of the first forty-eight hours of actual service on the banks of the Potomac could hardly have been more depressing. The camp was on the dubious slope of a gullied bluff; the tents poor, and severely tested at once by a drenching rain; and seven men in a tent. That single trial was a crucial test; for as the men met the discomforts and hardships of the two first days at Adder Hill, so they endured to the end of their connection with the regiment. Those who sputtered and growled the worst, together with those who were jolly, taking the mud, storm, and drenched blankets as good jokes, — those were good for every strain and hardship as a general rule. But the quietly despondent ones, the homesick boys, — and there were many such on that chilly, rainy Sunday, — were enrolled, inevitably, for early death or speedy discharge.

The discomforts of those first days at Lock 21 culminated in a tragedy which mantled the camp in mourning. Corpl.

George Norwood, one of the best members of Company F, went on duty at one o'clock Monday morning. He was very low-spirited during Sunday, and spent most of the day in looking at the portraits of friends at home, and in talking of his family. The night was fearful, and almost utterly dark. Corpl. Norwood was last seen on the stone-work of the lock by Sergt. A. B. Colburn, at two o'clock. A sharp cry was heard soon afterward, and that is all that discloses any trace of the cause of the first death in the regiment. Search was instituted, but nothing could be accomplished before morning. The colonel and other officers personally assisted in dragging the canal, and were indefatigable until his body was found in the bottom of the lock, with his equipments upon him. His body was sent home at the expense of his comrades.

On Saturday, October 30, the regiment held its first dress-parade on Southern soil. Considering the rough experiences of the preceding days, the men made a good appearance; and there was an improvement in steadiness. November was ushered in by the quartermaster in the issuing of shelter-tents, almost the last article that a soldier would think of drawing with winter coming on. The sheets with buttons and holes were utilized by the men as sheets or spreads for their bunks. On November 4 Gen. Grover inspected the regiment, and condemned the guns, much to everybody's satisfaction. This was the first glimpse of a live general which most of the Fourteenth had caught, and Gen. Grover was made of that stern military stuff well calculated to duly impress the raw recruit. It was innocently supposed that we should immediately be supplied with suitable arms, but — an old soldier knows more than a fresh one.

There were fellows who were always fixing up their tents, and they began operations at Adder Hill. They were very complacent over their A's changed into wall-tents by three and four feet of board sides, the boards having been begged, bought, and — the tents looked much better: but the possessors of such rank-and-file mansions were, within a day or two, the maddest men we had yet seen; for on Thursday, the 13th, orders came to move, and the regiment unceremoniously decamped, moving

some distance from the river, and nearer to Washington, it being about sixteen miles away. The new camp, named Grover, was at Offutt's Cross Roads, on the road between Great Falls and Rockville. The men were not then accustomed to such abrupt removals, and there was a great deal of nonsensical grumbling. Some of the tent-crews got their betterments moved to the new camp, a circumstance not enhancing the pleasure of those less fortunate.

There was some target practice had at Adder Hill, and it may be reckoned as among the wonderful events of the great Rebellion. The old smooth-bores were possibly more dangerous at the breech than at the muzzle; for from the latter nothing was found to be hit, while from the former a victim cringed at every shot. Quite a number of the men had never fired a gun in their lives; and several of them, when commanded to fire, would shut their eyes, turn their heads in the opposite direction, and blaze away. In later months the Johnnies ascertained that the Fourteenth had greatly improved in the item of firing. It was about this time that Company F earned the reputation of running the guard-house. Certainly on one Sunday eight or ten of her best men were incarcerated at one time. They did not turn out to a company drill ordered by the captain, and were thereby taught not to have any particular religious scruples. For some reason that Sunday drill was abolished. The guard-house was a flourishing institution in the early days of the regiment's existence; and, while it created a good deal of indignation, there was a comical side to the picture which was not overlooked and will not be forgotten.

ON PICKET.

To inexperienced troops picket-duty furnished the most trying ordeal. It called for physical endurance beyond any other draft of military service, unless it was that of rapid and prolonged marches; and when it is considered that the result of a campaign, the fate of a great army, and even the future of a government, may depend upon the alertness of a solitary picket-

post, and turn upon the faithfulness of a single private soldier, the strain upon officers and men must be regarded as severe in every respect. The Union volunteer when about half-seasoned, that is, midway between the recruit of 1861–62 and the veteran of '65, was glib in his denunciation of "red-tape nonsense," especially as applied to picket regulations; but the importance of this outlying precaution for the safety of an army justified the strictest discipline, and was illustrated in scores of instances during the late war, notably at Cedar Creek, where a great disaster was inflicted upon Sheridan's army through a surprise of the picket-line, a *ruse de guerre* which barely failed of immeasurably aiding the Rebel cause. It is quite possible that all has never been told concerning the opening of that day's drama, nor has it been fully explained why it was that the first Rebel-shot could have been fired inside the breastworks of our sleeping army.

But no suspicion of carelessness can attach to the novice on picket-duty. He may not know what he is to do nor how to do it, but he will do something all the time. He will see every thing there is about him, hear a good deal that isn't, and try to halt every thing that moves. In the presence of an active enemy, the fresh and the seasoned soldier are equally vigilant, but in different ways. It is undoubtedly true, that for the most part our troops performed faithful and efficient picket-service during the later campaigns of the war; and the veteran volunteer brought to this arduous service an intelligence and self-reliance which greatly re-enforced the regulation precautions, and contributed materially to the triumph of our arms. But he dispensed with all superfluities, and was perhaps too much inclined to depend upon himself rather than upon rules and orders. Newly mustered troops on picket were not only wide awake, but decidedly nervous. They literally followed instructions, though their interpretations of orders were often amazing, even to absurdity; and on occasion they could easily multiply every order by ten, and the product was sometimes curses and confusion.

Among the vivid pictures which memory retains of scenes

and incidents in that memorable period, few will stand out so prominent and lasting as our picketing on the Potomac, with Moseby's guerillas harassing every detachment and threatening every ford. The Fourteenth Regiment was introduced to this service directly upon its arrival at the seat of war, and through all that first winter the metal of the men was well tried: and, while it was subsequently ascertained that no force of the enemy had then seriously manœuvred in our front, the regiment acted in constant anticipation of an immediate demonstration; and the details for outpost duty acquitted themselves with zeal from the first, and with discretion as soon as it could be acquired. There were blunders of that period which still cause the ears of their perpetrators to tingle as they are remembered, and there were some fortunate escapes from tragic consequences.

The first picket-detail from the Fourteenth Regiment came near being the last which the major of the Thirty-ninth Mass. ever inspected. One of the guards, a strapping boy yet in his teens, was posted in a lonely thicket traversed by a winding road, just the spot for a surprise; and one was apprehended, for Moseby was spreading terror by his ubiquitous antics and exaggerated force: and green troops in that region verily believed he would shoot or hang every captive. When that boy was left by the sergeant in the desolate swamp, being charged by the latter with innumerable instructions which neither sergeant nor sentry comprehended, he felt, as he shouldered his musket and measured off his beat, that the fate, not only of Grover's brigade, but of all the Union armies, hung upon his own vigilance. He canvassed the probabilities of being hung or shot in case the guerillas trapped him, and couldn't settle upon the preferable method of sacrifice by bushwhackers. Now, a loaded rifle in such hands was a weapon dangerous to all comers, provided the possessor took no aim before firing.

One order rung in the tyro picket's ears, — "Halt every man you see, and, if he don't stop, shoot him!" and he was determined that he would prove himself worthy to defend the country, and vindicate the enormous trust which hung, as it were, on the point of his own bayonet. He thought of almost every

thing in that first hour of his first tread of an outpost beat. He did not expect the officer of the day,—he did not know what an officer of the day was: he had never heard of such a character. But the dashing major of the Thirty-ninth was officer of the day on this eventful morning, and was leisurely making the rounds, attended by his orderly, when he encountered this verdant *vedette*, who heard him long before sight served, and was all on the *qui vive*, thinking the dreaded guerillas might be stealing in to annihilate the camp. It was nothing to a nervous sentry that the officer wore a blue uniform: was not that one of Moseby's pet tricks? The broad red sash, crossing the breast from right shoulder to scabbard, gave no hint to our raw recruit. He should have announced the approach of the officer to the picket-post by, "Officer of the day! Turn out the guard!" But in this instance there was no leaving of coffee to boil over between crackling rails; no hasty scramble, snatching of accoutrements, tumbling for guns, and falling into line to present arms to the brigade outpost supervisor.

For about a minute our hero thought he had behaved like a veteran; for about twenty years he has known that he acted like a fool. Ten rods away, "Halt! who goes there?" bringing musket to a "ready." The major jogs right on serenely. The challenge is repeated with more emphasis. Still the officer impudently aims straight for the alarmed picket. The latter begins to suspect that after all the officer may have some legitimate business in that locality; but perish the thought! he recalls his instructions. In desperation he again commands "Halt!" cocking his musket, and in a moment more he fires. But no! the major does halt, and thus prevents an unpleasant *dénoûment*, and perhaps a court-martial. "Call your officer!" and the thoroughly scared private is glad to get out of the scrape by calling "Sergeant of the guard!" said pompous but thick-headed dignitary appearing in fear to respond to the official reprimand for the sentinel's obtuseness with, "He is a green hand, and don't know his business." Now, in spite of this ready and apt military explanation, it is to be observed, that he of the chevrons who commanded the said post did not himself

know an officer of the day from a provost-marshal; and he was obliged to turn his detail into a debating society, in order to determine how to receive the "grand rounds," coming to plague him about midnight.

Sometimes an officer got outgeneralled on the picket-line by a private. The Fourteenth furnished an officer, and the Thirty-ninth Mass. a private, to illustrate this. The captain was officer of the day, and the broad sash and other inspiring influences wrought him up to the mood of a strict disciplinarian. In making his morning inspection, he found one of the pickets not walking his beat. The reprimand was severe, and not couched in terms known to a pious vocabulary. The private devised a method of balancing the account. When the officer of the day made his "grand rounds" at midnight, he found the aforesaid picket faithfully walking his beat; but the beat was on a small island in the midst of a considerable pond of surface water. The sentry declared it was the identical beat upon which he was stationed in the morning. With an accompaniment of a tide of blasphemy easily heard half a mile, the exasperated officer was obliged to dismount, wade out to the isolated picket, and receive the countersign.

Throughout the war the picket-line furnished some of the most dramatic and amusing episodes in the soldier's life. At Lock 21, where Rebels were stealthily creeping along our front just across the river, and where the first man perished mysteriously in the howling storm and Stygian night blackness; at Edward's Ferry and White's Ford, really dangerous, and where coveys of ducks on the Potomac at night sounded like Rebels crossing to attack; the more stern, earnest, and deadly watch and guard of the valley campaign, on hill and pike, in treacherous copse, and by winding stream, with the stimulus of constant and imminent danger, — these exploits will ever thrill the veteran's soul, and stir the sluggish memory, so long as a boy in blue remains among the living to ruminate upon the Potomac and the Shenandoah.

There is another page of picket history which we do not turn in this volume, although it is perhaps the most romantic, if not

the most thrilling. The boys of the Fourteenth did not chance to camp in intrenched lines for months, over against and near to the enemy, with opposing pickets less than half a musket-shot apart, and where, while cannon were silent and the great hosts rested in a practical truce, these jolly picket-guards fraternized so far that all the rules of cautionary warfare were stretched to their utmost limit, and there was a great deal of swapping and promiscuous dicker between "Yank" and "Johnny." For twenty years the newspapers have teemed with stirring and laughable incidents of this close, foe-fraternal relation; and we may presume that the subject is yet fruitful. The picketing of the Fourteenth Regiment was of a sterner, more deadly quality. We leave the chronicles of the pleasanter sort to those who were fortunate enough to fight a Johnny Reb between the lines, hitting him with a bag of coffee, and receiving the return blow from a plug of old Virginia tobacco.

It was authoritatively announced that the regiment was to go into winter quarters; and the tents were raised upon stockade and board walls, and put into comfortable shape for the inclement season. Red cedar was abundant in that region, and was cleverly utilized for tent-finishing; the slender poles furnishing as near an approach to spring-beds as the soldier can hope to make. Cedar was presumed to be a remedy for body-lice, which even then began to infest the clothing of the men. The utter disgust and loathing evinced by the neatest among them, and measurably experienced by all, were natural. A philosophic attitude toward vermin, which is one of the shining qualities of the veteran, had not then imbued the members of the Fourteenth. No matter how neat a soldier kept himself, it was of no avail. He must suffer for the filth of those who had tenanted his picket-post, or guard, bunk, or barrack quarters before him, leaving a crawling leaven that always leavened the whole lump. The red-cedar panacea was too mild a remedy for the lice epidemic, and it ran a course which only ended when white shirts were donned after the Rebellion had collapsed.

The 15th of November the regiment was marched back to Lock 21, with the expectation of exchanging the old smooth-bores for the modern Springfield or Enfield pattern of muskets; those being the best arms in the service during the Rebellion. Breech-loaders were entirely unknown for infantry, only some of the cavalry commands having breech-loading carbines. It was just as the war was closing that breech-loading fire-arms came into deserved prominence. When it was ascertained that only the flanking companies were to receive the new muskets at that time, there ensued such a flow of comment as soldiers can indulge in on occasion. All but Companies A and G felt, when marching back to camp with the ridiculed smooth-bores still on their shoulders, much like the king of France, who marched up the hill and then marched down again.

Systematic battalion drilling was begun at Offutt's Cross Roads, and the regiment was settling down to a profitable winter's work. That it is the uncertain which always occurs was exemplified in the occupation of Camp Grover by the Fourteenth. The camp was brought into excellent trim; the picket and drill duty was arduous, but not really severe; and while there was considerable sickness, owing to so complete a change of life, to which the men were not yet inured, — two men dying on the night of December 9, — still the location was desirable, and acclimation would speedily have done its essential work.

Saturday night, December 20, the regiment received orders to be ready to move at nine o'clock the next morning. The brigade was to occupy a strategic position farther up the Potomac, commanding important fords liable to be threatened by heavy detachments of cavalry from the army of northern Virginia, or by guerilla-bands, which did some damage and created a thousand times as much alarm. The men imagined that it was a dreadfully sore trial to be ordered away, and the usual amount of ignorant comment and criticism was indulged in. It was a safety-valve, and did no harm. Then, as generally, the rank and file, and most of the line-officers, were ignorant of even the immediate destination of the regiment. It was with sincere regret that the Fourteenth Regiment filed out

CAPT. IRA BERRY JR

CAPT WM. E. BUNTEN

LIEUT. E. D. HADLEY.

LIEUT M. M. H[illegible]

LIEUT. WM. H. [illegible]

COMPANY H OFFICERS.

of Camp Grover on that cool and beautiful Sabbath morning in December. The more thoughtful ones were pained, in view of a march on Sunday; while all clung so tenaciously to the idea of home, that even a banked-up tent or a rude stockade, when dedicated as a habitation, became invested with a worth whose loss seemed serious.

That day's march was a severe test of the regiment's stamina and powers of endurance, and the ordeal was passed quite creditably to the command as a whole. The march was to Poolesville, a distance of twenty miles. The regiment was burdened beyond all reason for a march, and the six wagons were loaded to their utmost capacity. Twenty miles between 9.30 and dark, carrying elephantine knapsacks, with all sorts of possible utensils strung to their belts, was a record not to be ashamed of for the men of a green regiment. Footsore and all fagged out, the men marched, staggered, and straggled into the pretty village of Poolesville that Sunday night. No tents were pitched; the men taking possession of churches, halls, etc.

Poolesville was lively that night, as may be seen from a perusal of one of the special articles of this volume. Sergt. Sturtevant of Company G had an experience which came as near making his hair stand on end as he desired up to that period in his experience. Some time during the night it was reported that human forms were seen moving about the outskirts of the town in unpleasant numbers. The sergeant and two men — Corpl. Kehue and Private Frost — were ordered out to reconnoitre; and soon the startling discovery was made, that these obvious enemies were mounted men, and had bivouacked within half a mile of the sleeping Union regiment. The dismayed sergeant with his support was about to retreat, arouse the regiment, and save it if possible from the threatened disaster, when a figure was observed advancing rapidly toward them. Approaching near enough, he was halted, and was, if possible, more astonished than the sergeant had been previously. To the challenge he responded that he was a member of Scott's Nine Hundred Cavalry; and it was soon explained that two

companies of the troop had just arrived from down the river, were now bivouacked in the near field, and had no conception of any Union troops being in the place. The alert sergeant experienced a sort of revulsion of feeling, and midnight deeds of prowess were necessarily postponed.

The next forenoon the regiment proceeded to Edward's Ferry, four miles, as orders had been issued for a thorough system of picketing and patrolling the river; the former to be done by the infantry, the latter by cavalry squads. Most of the right wing remained at Poolesville. Another scare made things lively before the column reached the ferry. While some distance away, heavy firing was heard; and word was passed along the line, that a conflict was imminent. Reaching the bluff, it was reported that the enemy were throwing up intrenchments on the opposite side of the river. It was evident that the main body of the Johnnies were in hiding, as only one or two scouts were in sight. The troops were hurried up, every officer who had a glass anxiously surveyed the situation, and a general plan of attack was discussed. The position was approached with great caution, and the men wondered how many would be likely to get hit in crossing to the assault.

After a long delay, it was decided to send a reconnoitring party over to investigate. The forlorn hope was generally commiserated, and little hope was expressed of seeing them again alive. Yet they did return unharmed, and reported that the dangerous spade had been doing its work on the Rebel side of the Potomac; but the fact was, that two colored individuals had come down to the shore with the dead body of a friend, and the excavations so much dreaded were strictly confined to legitimate grave-digging. The first shell of the bombardment had scattered the formidable party of two, they unceremoniously dumping the corpse on the ground in their flight. For something more than a week the regiment manned the picket-posts along the river; the season being delightful, and camping in shelter-tents quite tolerable.

The headquarters of the regiment was established at Edward's Ferry, with picket-posts up and down the tow-path of the canal.

It was supposed to be hazardous duty; and certainly never were troops more alert, nor was there ever a more faithful watch kept upon a picket-line. The portion of the regiment on duty at the ferry was not located there long. The beginning of the new year, 1863 found the Fourteenth in camp at Poolesville, the picketing arrangement having been somewhat modified. Squads of wood-choppers were detailed; and long oak-stockade material was hauled to camp, split in planks, set firmly in the ground, and on top were pitched the A tents. Each cabin was covered by two of the tents, the stockade extending in a continuous line the length of a company street. The Poolesville camp of the Fourteenth is well represented elsewhere. The Thirty-ninth Mass. was camped near by, and occupied Sibley tents. There was just enough of rivalry between the two regiments to relieve any possible monotony; and, beyond that, things must be lively anywhere with two such organizations in camp as Scott's Nine Hundred and Sleeper's Battery.

The great rolling plain east of Poolesville was used as a parade-ground; and frequent were the magnificent spectacles presented of sham contests between the cavalry and the infantry, and between the former and the light battery. The boys will recall the exciting scenes of Scott's dare-devil squadrons riding down at full gallop on the waiting battery still as death, the yells of the cavalrymen, and the flash of their sabres, urging their horses to such a fury of onslaught that it seemed as though they must sweep away guns, caissons, horses, and all. Not an order was given in the battery, nor a lanyard pulled, until the attacking party had almost reached the muzzles, when, with a terrific roar and flash, the mock combatants were hid in smoke, and the struggle for the guns began in close conflict.

Some of the companies, in order to improve their culinary facilities, built ovens. Capt. Hodgdon of Company D was fortunate enough to find some iron-arched oven-tops, and with a wagon and detail fetched them into camp. Col. Wilson was much interested in the erection of the improved oven, and intently watched the proceeding. The work not going on just to suit him, he began showing the correct process, and presently

threw off blouse and vest, and went at the stone trimming and setting himself. In the familiar skull-cap, which became him about as well as a plug hat would a marble Venus, he presented any thing but an imposing and West-Point appearance. Absorbed in mud, stone-work, and the prospective oven, the colonel of the Fourteenth did not observe the approach in state of Col. Davis of the Thirty-ninth coming to pay him a formal visit. Being made aware of the presence of an officer in full-dress uniform, attended by an orderly, he turned, and simply said, "How are you, colonel? We're building an oven: walk up to my quarters!" The formality of the occasion was a good deal toned down by the democracy of official shirt-sleeves.

While a portion of the right wing occupied the Episcopal church, previous to the establishment of the permanent camp, several amusing incidents occurred. One night the men stole a bee-hive, and, placing it over a hole dug in the ground, ignited a quantity of matches to suffocate the bees. Having succeeded, as they thought, the hive was smuggled into the church, when it was discovered that some of the bees were still in fighting trim, as several men found to their cost. The hive was hastily wrapped in the first blanket that came to hand, and put out of the window; the blanket being returned to its place. At night, when Capt. Johnson of Company B stretched himself out on that blanket, he laid his head directly into about a teacupful of honey which had drained from the hive. His remarks need not be repeated, but they were forcible and pointed.

Chaplain Rowe was invited to hold services in the church on Sunday, and some of the citizens were invited to attend. One old lady refused, saying, "Why, you can't hold services in our church." She was asked, "Why not?" and replied, "Because it is Episcopal, and the canons of the church don't permit it."—"Well," said the officer to whom she spoke, "I can't say about the canons of the church; but I know the cannons of the army will. Services will commence at 10.30 sharp." And they did. A choir was formed, and led by G. W Hodgdon, leader of the regimental band. The Episcopal clergyman opened the services with prayer, making not the slightest allusion to na-

tional affairs; and Chaplain Rowe preached a good sermon, "proclaiming liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof."

BOXES FROM HOME.

As soon as it was tolerably certain that a regiment had settled down in winter quarters, a wide-spread epidemic could be safely predicted. There was nothing chronic in the affliction, — that was the worst of it, — but it was intensely acute, as were some of the consequences to the victims. We do not go to the surgeon, but to the teamster, for a diagnosis of the malady; for to the lord of the mules it was experimentally a malady. It was the epidemic of "boxes." Every regiment accessible to the base of supplies showed a bad breaking-out. New regiments manifested a malignant type, and those within a mule's journey of Washington were turned into a genuine hospital of — "boxes." Shoe-boxes, soap-boxes, starch-boxes, clothes-pin boxes, even dry-goods boxes, thronged along from every quarter in a tumultuous, tumbling procession. Occasionally it was a barrel, often a cask; but they were all "boxes." Boxes tied, nailed, screwed, strapped, hinged, withed, and not fastened at all.

The first recipient of a box was a prince; the next half-dozen constituted a select aristocracy; after that, it was pure democracy, with a small, unhappy coterie which had no home, no friends, to send its members a box. The man who did not get a box from home was a singular and much-pitied individual. But generally such a one was, in a real sense, admitted to the cheer of other homes, whose hearthstones were broad enough for generous hospitality; and the "boys" were so appreciative of that strange, tenacious community of interest binding men of a common aim in a common privation and danger, that they opened their hearts, their hands, and their boxes to those who had no Northern pantries and sweetmeat-closets so full and so crowded open by zeal and love that they overflowed to Southern camp and hospital.

The coveted boxes were generally expected, being heralded

by letter; but were often a complete surprise. In the former case the teamster was besieged and interviewed every time he showed his head in camp: and after he had been examined and cross-examined for a week or even a fortnight by the anxious comrade, whose precious box had been whirled into some tantalizing eddy of detention in the vast deluge of quartermasters' stores rushing to every military department and army corps, said teamster was known to use a good deal of language for which he ought to have visited the chaplain; and, had his imprecations been fulfilled, they would have very nearly filled the Chesapeake Bay with the boxes that did and didn't arrive.

But the teamster occasionally got even with the importunate expectants, and sweet was his revenge. When an irascible little warrior had waited three weeks for his box, had thumbed the letter announcing its departure from home into tatters, had worked himself into a fever of anxiety, and had desperately prophesied twenty times a day that every thing in the box was spoiled, and, if it ever did arrive, it would be worthless, then it happened, in more than one instance, that just as the victim of the box-fever was marching out of camp for twenty-four hours' picket-duty, or on a more extended expedition, the harried driver would announce, in sweetest modulations, "There is a box come for you." What was previous pain was subsequent torment. The twenty-four hours were considerably more than a week in getting out of sight; and the anxious recipient ate up at least a dozen boxes in anticipation, and vowed terrible vengeance on any man in the regiment who should meddle with that box. When he did march back to camp, he spent two perspiring hours getting into the box; for the folks at home had built it after the pattern of a burglar-proof safe, fitted to run the gantlet of all hungry Rebeldom: and he had no hatchet, and couldn't borrow one, although there were a dozen about only yesterday.

It was safe to presume that no man was fit for duty who had an attack of the box. He talked box, ate box, fixed his box in twenty different locations; and his every look was a pine cube packed with goodies. If anybody imagines that this conduct

borders on the puerile, let him enlist for three years, build his winter stockade in Virginia mud, and feel reminded every few hours that the pressure of a Rebel bullet is much more imminent than the pressure of mother's hand again; that the caress of a screeching shell is likely to greet him sooner than the kiss of his wife and the exquisite clasp of his child's arms, — then, if he has the heart of a man, he will cease to wonder at the desperate, childish eagerness with which our volunteer soldiers waited for and welcomed a box from home.

If any venture, small in bulk and trivial compared with the great events among which it nestled, was ever invested with so much of consequence — excepting, always, that initial "episode" of the generations, the family baby — as the soldier's box; if there was ever so much compressed worry-yeast buried in such a limited measure of patriotic meal as in the subject we consider, — then no Congressional investigating committee has yet discovered it. We imagine the fond assiduity, the sweet self-denial, the glad mixture of family love and a broad patriotism, which crystallized about that box as it was being filled in the far-away New-England home. The best sentiments of the grandest nation on the earth twined themselves, in the grace of love, into that little four-square receptacle, built in some instances from pine-tree or hemlock grown on the native hills of the soldier-boy, and which he had blazed, perchance, in earlier years. In these delicacies, so deftly tucked away as to occupy every available inch of space, were incarnated a devotion as lofty as that of the Spartan mothers; an affection whose tenderness of deed was the truest expression of the finest age of genuine humanity; and we may suggest, without presumption or overstatement, that those impulses which centred in the more than three hundred thousand boxes sent from Northern homes during the war to individual loved ones in the army, were the same for love, heroism, and loyalty, which, expanded into the majesty of an irresistible tidal wave, gathered up the power of the homes of a great people, and buried the Rebellion hopelessly. In another figure it may be said that the black fortress of Secession was not only breached, but levelled, under the bombardment of — boxes.

There was little inclination or opportunity for insubordination or discouragement in a regiment through the weary months of winter quarters, rain, mud, or a masterly inactivity, when every incoming baggage-train brought from ten to twenty boxes from those who loved the cause even as much as the never-forgotten husbands, sons, or brothers who fought and might have to die for it.

And the packing of that box. Friends came in with their little remembrances. For months the precious store had been gathering, and much was the study over the tender words which should accompany the offerings. Things useful, and as ornamental as the circumstances of a soldier's life would justify; articles far more valuable to the man in the moon than to a boy in blue; boots, mittens, socks, havelocks, (who ever saw a havelock south of the Potomac?) shirts, drawers, housewives, diaries, pins, needles, buttons, — in fact, a whole Yankee-notion store in epitome went into that box.

The society for sending a red-flannel shirt and a fine-tooth comb to every African baby, or the English association for providing the inhabitants of the Fiji Islands with plug hats and high-top boots, were eminent for sagacity in comparison with some of the organizers of boxes for friends in the army. A dozen rich mince-pies, a peck of doughnuts, and two gallons of strong pickles, always put to shame any malaria or noisome water, in their power to hopelessly demoralize a poor fellow just out of hospital, half cured of dysentery, and with an appetite ready to tackle his father's grindstone if he only knew that it was direct from home. Let us recall the pastry, the sweets, the tarts, concentrated essence of all niceties stowed away in that box. A boot-leg protected a jelly-jar, pickles were padded with socks, while each mitten was plump with choice confections. The whole arrangement was planned with a view to constant surprises, as the eager subject of this bounty, unprecedented in all the histories of campaigns, disembowelled his goose of goodies, — a well-stuffed bird, that came near to laying golden eggs. Perhaps the box wrought as good results where it was filled as where it was emptied. Certainly the hands were

readier for the doing, and the hearts were larger for the giving.

But come to us in our stockades on the Potomac, the Rappahannock, the inlets of the coast-line, or even to the more open tents on the bayous of Louisiana. Especially on the northern belt of belligerent ground, in midwinter, we shall be found hovering about a small camp-stove in one of the cabins of a continuous line of stockades, covered by two A tents joined. One of the eight inmates has received a box from home, another has just emptied one, while a third is dwelling in the happy realm of anticipation. The hero of the hour begins his explorations: and as reminder, memento, and token from those whom he at times despairs of seeing again on earth appear one by one, labelled so tenderly, his comrades suddenly busy themselves over their bunks, guns, or accoutrements; and they don't see his tears, for if they did their own eyes would be dim. He gladly exhibits the articles of clothing and some of his trinkets, but the prudent Yankee never exposes to his comrades all there is in that box. He is doubtless a generous fellow; but, while every inmate of that tent gets many a relish for slab bacon and hard bread eaten during the week or fortnight of delicacies from that rare store, still there are choice depths in that box which no stranger and hardly the bunk-chum may fathom, and whose treasures are too precious to be shared, save — were it possible — with one whose touch was felt in every apple or slice of cake; and when he puts that box-cover on his knees, and spreads the table of a temporary prince, he sups with those who, a thousand miles away, keep his plate and chair waiting about the family board.

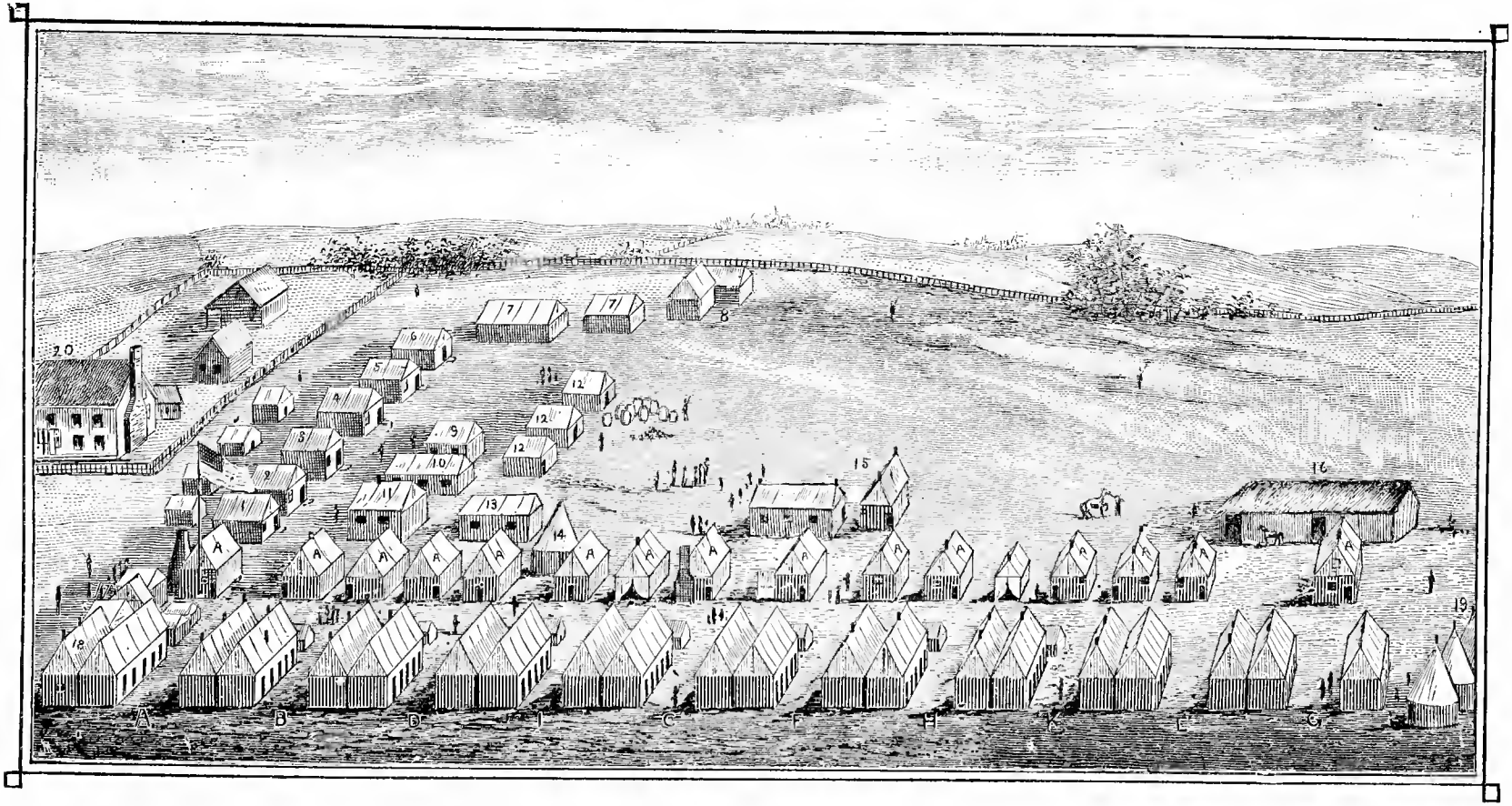
In these later days, and amid prosaic routine or superficial enjoyments, when the comforts and even luxuries of life can be obtained with little exertion and less emotion, such sensitive tenderness and exquisite sentiment as is here wreathed about trivialities may appear strained and wholly artificial. No soldier of the Rebellion, however, will question the faithfulness of the picture. The great war touched chords which lesser strokes would have left smothered forever, and developed an inner life

of devotion to home, and affection for loved ones, which all the common-places of peaceful industry and an unruffled social life could never rouse.

But our box has many sides; and it is impossible, with due regard for a truthful picture, to invest all of this multitude of boxes with such an ornate drapery of sentiment as may justly ornament the actual cases referred to. As there was not, in the enlistment or service of some men, one elevating thought or ennobling impulse; so you might have searched every incident and act in their soldier-life without finding any thing which they would hallow, or the observer could eulogize. One jovial, heedless fellow opened his box, and sent the carefully prepared goodies flying among his too willing comrades as though the precious consignment was but a magazine of pyrotechnics which it was his cheerful duty to light off. For forty-eight hours rations were spurned with contempt, and the palate was toned up to an epicurean level. But the inevitable tumble to army fare again, brought a compensation which made the actual benefit of the delicious intrusion a matter of doubt.

Another recipient took his box and all the adjuncts as a matter of course. There was nothing unusual about a box: it ought to come; and it would be very strange if the folks at home, who slept in a bed every night, had a clean shirt once a week, and ate bread and butter every day, did not send along something to make a fellow comfortable.

A third hungry champion of an indivisible Union, enlarged, expanded the principles of the last-named appreciative hero; and he went at his box much as a hog goes to his trough. He tackled that box, he invested it, besieged it, and, before he could be induced to quit, carried every redoubt and bastion. He ate up every thing in it that could be eaten, as soon as it could be crowded into his stomach, and then diversified the monotony of his after-existence by taking his home-made, home-blessed mittens, socks, shirts, handkerchiefs, and every thing wearable, and swapping them for sutler's checks, or trading them for hoe-cake or a chicken with some of the enterprising darkies hanging like a cloud on the outskirts of the camp. It would be difficult to



CAMP AT POOLESVILLE, MD., WINTER, 1862–63. LOOKING WEST.

1 Adjutant.
2 Colonel.
3 Surgeon.
4 Ass't Surgeon.
5 Major.
6 Hospital Steward.
7 Hospital.
8 Hospital Cook-house.
9 Chaplain.
10 Quartermaster.
11 Lieut.-Colonel.
12 Commissary.
13 Photograph-Saloon.
14 Pioneers.
15 Sutler.
16 Stables.
17 Drum-Corps.
18 Band.
19 Guard Tents.
20 Gott's House.
A A Line-Officers' Quarters.

select a better criterion of the man, in what are often counted as the trivial elements of character, than the box under consideration. The generous, the profligate, the stolid, and the selfish soldier, — all received their boxes; and their names on the covers were not plainer of discernment than the analysis of their inner selves which they inscribed in tell-tale characters all over those interesting boxes.

To some of the men a box really seemed a source of unending torment. They never appeared to take a moment's comfort with the delectations sent them. They were evidently in great dread of the sin of covetousness on the part of their comrades. They were afraid they would have to give away a bite of some delicacy, and every such morsel actually extorted came like a tooth from a sound jaw. Such a one always managed to eat alone while the miserly hoarded contents lasted, and he would make a small box last ten times as long as the ordinary soldier would a big one. He isolated himself, contrived to get his rations when his tent-mates were out: he never allowed himself a generous taste of his own good things, but endeavored to extend them, like his own enlistment, "for three years, or during the war." He looked mean, and he must have felt mean, whenever he approached that box, which he secured by every imaginable device; and still he carried a burden heavier than musket, accoutrements, and rations combined, whenever he left camp on duty: he was anxious for his box, he worried about that box; and he was only relieved from misery when he had reluctantly swallowed the last ounce of butter, the final bit of cheese, or the bottom spoonful of honey. That which so ennobled the many, both in the sending and the receiving; which voiced the freest generosity and proclaimed the prodigal resources of the land for whose integrity he fought — all this, by a patent and painful contrast, only served to belittle such a man until he shrank so small among his fellows that one of his own well-guarded fruit-jars seemed of ample dimensions in which to preserve him as an abiding curiosity, — a rare evolution of the war. A curiosity, for he was neither a representative nor a common character. There were but few like him in any com-

pany, and in some companies possibly there were none. But he was to be found in every battalion, more or less, and helped to round out the multifarious phases of humanity aggregated, and to some extent harmonized, in a volunteer regiment. He must have been the man who used, at home, to stop his clock at night so that it would not wear out so fast, — said they "didn't want to know the time nights, and it would save the works."

Among all the turmoils and consternations incident to a sudden and unexpected move, the box was no insignificant element in the general perplexity. When a regiment has settled itself in winter quarters, has built and furnished its stockades, and in a thousand neat and soldierly ways put the stamp of cosiness and homeliness upon its rude but really comfortable tent-roofed cabins, it is hard indeed to have the orderly poke his head inside the doors after nine o'clock at night, and simply announce, "Be ready to march to-morrow morning at nine o'clock." It was enough. First, silence; then a storm of indignation, followed soon by a roaring tide of jollity; for the reserve thought and force of the Union volunteers were always exercised to make the best of all adverse situations. In ten minutes the entire camp was ablaze with bonfires; being fed with floors, uncouth tables, all sorts of improvised camp-furniture and fixtures, and indeed by every available bit of wood. Articles which half an hour earlier were hoarded with jealous care are now tossed to the flames with glee and shouts.

An army about to break camp after a long stay presents, especially at night, a spectacle weird and grand. A tumult of most orderly confusion surges from headquarters to wagon-park and mule-corral. There is a general tearing up and stowing of all that is to go, and a general destruction of all that must be left behind. Friendly negroes in the vicinity "tote" off miscellaneous property to their full gorging: sly importunings and slyer trades are negotiated with avaricious teamsters in order to assure the transportation of cherished adjuncts of camp-life. But, even when the Fourteenth had six wagons all to itself, there was a limit to transportation capacities. What was to

become of the box? Our narrow-gauge comrade had now reached the acme of his suffering, and he was surrounded by the culminating circumstances of his box torment. No teamster would look at his precious box, for he never dreamed of the liberality of a twenty-five-cent bribe; and, when he did realize the Archimedean idea of a proper leverage, it was too late to get it under that box.

Throughout the camp there is a general feasting; and a jolly great repast it is, segregated banqueters in every mess preparing and consuming every nice tidbit which cannot be carried. The hum of busy preparation; the running to and fro; the crash of deserted and doomed edifices; the song, the shout, the merry challenge, — all mingled in a welling though not boisterous uproar, forming a unique and fitting orchestral accompaniment to that night banquet of December 20, 1862, at Offutt's Cross Roads. It was a scene never to be obliterated from the picture-gallery of the veteran's memory. Yet our anxious friend is all out of place, and out of joint mentally. His box is the biggest sort of an elephant on his hands. He at length plunges into it, and for two hours eats all he can; but his stomach plays him a mean trick, and soon refuses to act as a general provision warehouse. He cautiously doles out some of the commonest articles to his near comrades, who, realizing the situation, are not demonstrative at his generosity. But the time for departure nears rapidly; and in sheer desperation he throws open to all about him his precious box, after carefully cramming his knapsack and haversack beyond any intention of the maker. Not five miles does he proceed on the march, before he utterly breaks down under his extra load; and he has the satisfaction of getting thoroughly fagged out in order to supply a lunch at a wayside halt for a dozen of his companions in line. However, through all that winter in Poolesville, he never forgot his unparalleled hospitality, nor did he permit the recipients to forget it, and eagerly did he strive to build upon it a reputation for liberality; but they remembered what he ignored, that every mouthful he dispensed was extorted by an inevitable necessity. His one enforced beneficence could not save him.

"The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole
Can never be a mouse of any soul."

In this reference to boxes from home, no mention is made of the magnificent charity and noble Christian philanthropy touching the suffering soldiers at every point, so constantly and efficiently, by the boxes coming through the sanitary and Christian commissions, as they are fittingly recognized under another title.

January 6, 1863, it was ascertained that acting brigadier-general, Col. P. S. Davis of the Thirty-ninth Mass., was outranked by Col. Jewett of the Tenth Vt.; and the latter assumed command of the brigade. Col. Jewett was a genial, popular officer; and the change was welcomed. Thursday, the 8th, was a holiday in the Fourteenth; for the greenbacks fell gently as snow-flakes, and the paymaster was the most popular official in the country. It was the first pay-day; and there were lively, jolly times in Poolesville for a few days. Sutler Farr held an "opening," and opened almost every thing in the edible line that his tent contained. Then the sutler-checks came in to plague their lavish purchasers, and great was the astonishment among those who had kept no account of the dollars' worth they had ordered the sutler to deduct from their monthly pay.

On the 13th and 14th of January there seemed to be a conjunction of bounty-jumpers' planets over Poolesville. They had waited to draw their first pay; they had seen enough of the Fourteenth; had more than used up their stock of patriotism, and — they deserted. Five men from E, H, and K; while C, in order to stand unrivalled, sent five from itself, all Frenchmen: they probably went home to get ready for Sedan.

For the next six weeks camp-life at Poolesville moved on in a monotonous routine of drilling, camp-guard, picket-duty, with daily details for wood-chopping. The men were not really overworked; but the exposure was severe, and its results were sadly apparent. The Fourteenth suffered more than the Thirty-ninth,

camped near by, but on higher ground. There was a good deal of sickness and several deaths. The weeding-out process began, the weaker ones going to hospital or receiving discharges. Each company had its impostors, who began a systematic "playing off" in order to get home. There were many cases of measles, most of them taking a favorable turn. Happily, nearly all of the private medicine-chests were exhausted; the self-doctoring patients taking homœopathic remedies in allopathic doses. Battalion drills were in order every week-day, with company drills in the morning and dress-parade at night.

March 2 the regiment began the exercise of firing, drawing its first blank cartridges that day. At this season the men were making rapid progress and showing creditable proficiency in drill, both in movement and manual. Some of the companies lacked thoroughness of training, and did not improve so rapidly as was necessary to high excellence in the exercises with the musket, and to perfection in marching; but the men only required intelligent and appreciative handling for the attainment of a rank above the average of the crack regiments in the volunteer forces.

There occurred at this time, March 9, one of those incidents which, in such a body of men, acts very much as a firebrand may in a powder magazine. It showed, that, under certain conditions, a military camp is a very inflammable and dangerous establishment. Members of the regiment had been in the habit of "drawing" straw for camp-purposes from surrounding farm-stacks, and doubtless the practice had considerably exasperated the constant losers. On the day in question, a musician of Company K, John L. Smith, went outside the lines to replenish his supply of straw. He returned with one bullet-hole through his hand, and another in the leg, reporting that he had been fired upon by some unknown enemy while coming into camp with his straw. Within ten minutes, more than that number of inflammatory and contradictory rumors were galloping through the company streets; and each retailer felt bound to embellish his story sufficiently to gain it a hearing. It was confidently asserted and generally believed that the act was that of a Rebel

bushwhacker, who shot the musician because he was a Union soldier. There seemed to be no doubt that the owner of the plundered straw had something to do with the attempted assassination. Excitement grew to anger, and anger changed to fury. The men gathered in groups, and it was understood that plans of revenge were formed. It was evident that some rash work was contemplated, and the colonel doubled the guards. As night came on, special precautions were taken, and peremptory orders issued to shoot every man who attempted to forcibly cross the line. The officers were so firm, that the violent element was overawed; and, while nearly one-half of the Fourteenth assembled about eight o'clock, the demonstration was utterly quelled, as no venturesome leader appeared to take the risk of leading and directing the sortie.

The retaliatory programme included the burning of every building of the offending owner of the straw, and it is quite possible that the enterprise might have gone farther and been more disastrous. Indeed, it afterward transpired that an organized plan had been laid to make a raid on Poolesville; and, had the project been carried out, a foul stain must have sullied the fame of the Fourteenth, which never in the whole course of its history was disgraced by any conspicuous act of lawlessness. The sally mentioned was frustrated in this wise: when the rush was made after dark, one of the guards fired his piece, which called out the colonel; and the facts were reported to him. He at once ordered every orderly-sergeant to fall his men in for roll-call. All who could, of those outside, rushed back to answer to their names. Officious friends responded for many of the absentees; and so anxious were they that all should be accounted for, that, when the name of a man who had been dead two months was called by mistake, "here!" was promptly returned from the ranks. The prompt vigilance of Col. Wilson saved the regiment from a gross act of outlawry. Every effort was made to discover the one who did the shooting, but not even threatened hanging succeeded in disclosing the offender.

It was a long winter at Poolesville, much longer than any subsequent winter could have seemed to the regiment under

similar circumstances. It was seen that the war was likely to continue beyond all of the expectations entertained when the regiment entered the service. There was a general dissatisfaction with the management of the armies, a fact not less potent because the prevalent opinion was not an intelligent one. Among soldiers a rumor is often accepted as a fact, and a prejudice does duty for a correct judgment. In this respect a soldier differs from the generality of mankind only in this, that his sources of information are more limited, save when stationed on routes of communication or at some great centre. The members of the Fourteenth were decided and outspoken in their opinions upon all the questions raised by the war; and partisan politics found able and earnest debaters, some of the companies being quite evenly divided at this period of the regiment's history Later in the war the prevailing sentiment was so nearly unanimous that there was no interest manifested in any purely political discussion.

Some of the officers procured furloughs and went home. In a few cases of peculiar family affliction, enlisted men went home for ten days. These exceptional amenities only intensified the tedium of those who could not go. Every case of sickness was a reminder of possibilities in the future. The above are some of the considerations which drew out the winter of 1862-63 to a weary length. Yet the discipline of that winter was invaluable; for the Fourteenth attained a homogeneity so strikingly manifested in later and crucial hours of trial, and which it could not have secured in its broken and detached duties in Washington, nor in any of its subsequent campaign experiences. The consolidating influences so effectually exerted at Poolesville upon the regiment to a great extent account for the brilliant record which it wrung out from circumstances and conditions so adverse that its inherent superiority was eminently conspicuous.

The regiment was in the habit, on battalion drill, of forming a hollow square against cavalry, and returning to line of battle while on the double-quick. Capt. Hyatt, an experienced cavalry officer, declared that he never saw a regiment of infantry perform the manœuvre with such celerity.

There was much to relieve the monotony of winter quarters in that old, staid Maryland town, still under the domination of the slave-holders' *régime*. Provisions could be obtained from neighboring plantations, the charges not being exorbitant; the slaves in the vicinity were ready to assist the Yankees so far as prudence allowed; the various episodes which soldiers can create and enjoy were frequent and spicy enough to furnish zest for idle hours; the drills, details, parades, sly foraging escapades, and the thousand and one events of military life, — these were alleviating elements which recur to our veterans, and which cause Poolesville to be remembered pleasantly among the stations occupied during the war.

Peter would have his little jokes; and his ingenuity in devising, and patience in execution, always made them a success. Among his tent-mates at Poolesville was a corporal, who, as Orderly L—— used to say, was "liable" to practical jokes. One evening, when the corporal was on duty with the first relief of camp-guard, he had arranged with the lieutenant of the guard, as was customary, to go to his company quarters from eleven o'clock to three for a four-hours' sleep in his own bunk. Peter, having a knowledge of this fact, was observed by his tent-mates, as they looked up from their reading and euchre during the evening, to be busy whittling: after eight o'clock roll-call at tattoo, some one asked Peter what he had been up to. "I've been making a 'Quaker candle' and some matches for the corporal to light when he comes in." An examination of his work showed it to be a perfect reproduction in wood of the candle that always stood in the candlestick on the shelf behind the little sheet-iron stove. In place of the wick was a long opening filled with powder, in which was inserted a fuse made of paper and colored black with ink, a perfect imitation of a burnt wick; two or three cards of bogus matches had been also manufactured: and, when the three taps of the drum in the company street proclaimed "lights out," the candle and matches were in their accustomed place on the shelf; and the seven occupants of the tent were patiently waiting for the second relief to go on guard.

Soon after eleven the door opened, the corporal stepped in, took off his equipments, hung them on the peg, put his gun in the rack at the foot of the bunks, and started along carefully to light the candle. Scratch went the match down the stove-pipe, but no light; then another, and another, with equally unsatisfactory results; with a smothered imprecation on the matches, he tried half a card at a time until they were all gone. Remembering that one of the boys was a smoker, and invariably had a supply of matches in his vest-pocket, he reached for the vest, and obtained a match. As the flame increased in size, seven pairs of half-closed eyes were watching the corporal as he took the candlestick in his left hand, and, with the lighted match in his right, carried it to the wick. Fizz-z-z-z went the candle; back jumped the corporal, striking the stove, over which he fell into one of the bunks; while such a chorus of shouts went up from the four bunks as aroused the whole company, and called from the officer of the day threats to put all the occupants of the tent in the guard-house, should such a disturbance be again repeated.

Spring had come, and the kaleidoscope was ready for another turn and combination. April 3 the winter status was disturbed, the right wing being ordered to picket-duty on the Potomac between Seneca and Great Falls. Lieut.-Col. Barker went in command of the detachment. This move presaged a complete disruption of the Poolesville camp.

Just before starting, an incident occurred of some interest to those concerned in the affair. A fine turkey, which had been provided for an approaching wedding, was "confiscated" by some of the boys, who anticipated a feast. But their expectations were rudely shattered; for Lieut.-Col. Barker, hearing of their performance, obliged them to return it to the mourning owners.

A certain Mr. Poole, living opposite the church in Poolesville, in which a part of the regiment was quartered, had about sixty hens and chickens when the boys entered the place; but, when they left for other scenes, the only representative of his large flock was one old setting hen, who was too thin to present any attractions to the eager foragers.

The detachment was broken up at Seneca Falls; Capt. Hodgdon, in command of Companies D and B, being ordered to encamp there; while Lieut.-Col. Barker, with the remainder, proceeded about two miles farther down the river. The companies which were relieved at Seneca Falls had not kept as strict a watch for contraband goods as was required. Previous Union officers in command had been somewhat blinded to their duty by the hospitalities which they accepted from those planters who were engaged in smuggling, and quantities of goods had crossed the river without restraint. But the change that took place when the detachment of the Fourteenth occupied this position was interesting, though not altogether agreeable to the aforesaid planters. The slaves, seeing that their confidence was sought, and the society of the wealthy owners avoided, became communicative, revealing to the soldiers the secret work going on around them.

The first night in camp here was thoroughly uncomfortable, a severe snow-storm setting in before the tents were all up. The former camp here had been on low ground, and the men had suffered much from sickness. A new location was selected on high ground, overlooking the river for some distance in both directions; and, as the air was excellent, the health of the men was good.

One evening a slave from the plantation on which the men were encamped brought information to Capt. Hodgdon that he had seen a wagon, which he suspected to contain goods, enter the forest about two miles away. The next morning he led a party to the spot designated, where a close search revealed from three to four thousand dollars' worth of goods secreted in a ravine, to wait for a suitable opportunity to cross the river. At night the command was separated into small detachments, and a simultaneous descent made upon every house in the vicinity. Two owners were arrested, and sent to the Old-Capitol Prison in Washington. Information was received of other goods; but the regiment was ordered to Washington, preventing further search. The owner of the plantation left the morning after the search, and did not return until after the regiment had left for

CAPT. JNO. W. STEPHENSON

LIEUT. S. L. [illegible]

CAPT. S[illegible] A. C[illegible]

LIEUT. E. B. H[illegible]D.

LIEUT. [illegible] H. H[illegible]

Washington, which gave rise to the suspicion that he was also concerned in smuggling.

Lieut. Ira Berry took command of Company C, *vice* Capt. Coombs discharged.

Capt. Chaffin of Company I, stationed at Great Falls, received word soon after his arrival, April 9, that the Rebels were suspected of having a line of communication across the river about a mile below the camp. An incident which befell Sergt. Stowell, acting as officer of the guard, served to strengthen this suspicion. During the night, which was very dark, the sergeant set out alone to visit the outer post by the river. This could only be reached, after leaving the canal, by a long and crooked path through the woods. When about half a mile from camp, he heard the sound of horses' feet, and, hurrying forward, saw two mounted men coming out of the path, and turning down by the canal. An order to halt only caused them to spur their horses forward, and the sergeant's instant discharge of his rifle accelerated their speed. On reaching the post, the men stationed there were found on the alert, having been aroused by a peculiar whistle from across the river. They had put out their fire, and were so eagerly on the watch for enemies, that Sergt. Stowell was nearly fired upon before he was recognized. Investigation showed that the horsemen had approached near enough to see the reflection of light from the fire, and had then hastily retreated. The next morning blood was found for some distance along the tow-path, showing that the ball fired had taken effect.

April 13 the left wing received marching orders, destination unknown. The surmises and predictions which were ventured, in the light of history three months later, seemed wonderful and amusing. Two days after the Thirty-ninth struck its tents, marched for Washington, joined the Army of the Potomac three months later, just after Gettysburg; and the Fourteenth never met it again. Three days afterward, on the 18th, the Fourteenth broke camp. As heretofore, the regiment, although the right wing had gone, and left desolation brooding over a large part of the camp, contemplated an abandonment of its winter

home with sincere regret. There was now no effort made to transform every soldier into a pack-horse, and the marching order on this day indicated the regiment's rapid advance toward campaign efficiency.

A surprise awaited the men, as the regiment was marched but one and a half miles, when a halt was sounded; and it went into camp, being joined there by a portion of the Tenth Vt. Forcibly expressed was the disgust over camp-furniture, which had disappeared in smoke, and which might have now been utilized, but for a premature exuberance of pyrotechnic playfulness, which always possesses a body of troops when they are about to leave a locality, and can find any thing to burn. It seemed that it was intended as a position of some permanence; as four companies of the Twenty-Third Me., Sleeper's Battery, and Company I of the Sixth Mich. Cavalry joined, on the 19th, the force already there. Yet here again the rank-and-file expectation was entirely at fault, so far as the Fourteenth was concerned; for the next morning line was formed at 7.30 o'clock, and the march for Washington, *via* Edward's Ferry, was begun. At the ferry the men were relieved of their knapsacks, which were piled on a canal-boat, together with such of the men as were really ailing, or smart enough to make the officers believe they were. A good march — twenty-one miles — was made that day; the several picket detachments of the right wing falling into line as they were reached on the tow-path of the canal.

The bivouac that night was at Great Falls, a place of considerable importance as a point of distribution of goods for the inland trade, but at the time mentioned was much abandoned and more dilapidated on account of a prejudice entertained by the former inhabitants against frequent interviews with both Union and Rebel shells, which had got into a habit of almost periodically screeching over and into the little hamlet with a sort of triple location on river, canal, and gorge. The last part of the march that day was made in a cold rain; and when the inevitable delay followed the halt at night while quarters were being allotted, — deserted buildings were occupied, — the limbs of the men so stiffened that they were moved with difficulty.

The writer, after standing for a few minutes in an immense windowless warehouse, became so much like a ramrod that neither back nor legs would bend at all; so that four comrades more supple took him and laid him like a statue on his blankets. The officers were fortunate in securing a deserted dwelling, which the occupants had vacated so abruptly that one room was still carpeted; so that the officers luxuriated upon that carpet as a downy bed.

Great Falls was the theatre of a ludicrous spectacle the next morning when the line was formed and the march resumed. A tidal wave of ephemeral rheumatism had swept over the entire command. An extra cup of coffee was needed all round: while those who made every military move pivot on a pint of commissary whiskey, did a great deal of lively limbering up; but, while their tongues were unusually lithe, their marching qualities were in no wise superior to those who depended on tea and coffee. The Fourteenth was well represented on canal-boats that day: but, as the day advanced under a genial sun, the men recovered; and by the time Georgetown was reached, at four P.M., nearly all of the disabled ones were able to fall in and pursue the march through Georgetown and Washington. The route lay up New-York Avenue to the north-easterly outskirts of the city in Gale's Woods, below the eminence on which then stood Finley Hospital. Here, in Camp Adirondack, at 7.30 in the evening of April 21, the Fourteenth went into quarters which it was to occupy for three-fourths of a year. This camp was delightfully, though rather unhealthily, located in an oak-grove on undulating ground. The quarters consisted of A tents on four-foot board walls. The line-officers' tents were located on a terrace across a gully from the company streets, while the field officers' and headquarters' tents were still more elevated farther to the rear. In front of, and sloping down from, the parade-ground in front of the camp, was the line of cook-houses, with a sizable brook running near by. In many respects Camp Adirondack was a model.

THE COOK-HOUSE.

Among the impenetrable mysteries of camp-life, the company cook-house was chiefest. It is to be understood, that when a regiment had become well mellowed, trimmed of superfluities, and disciplined down to hard knocks, swift motions, and the bottom realities of actual service in the field, cook-houses were abolished, cooks relegated to the ranks, and all their utensils and privileges stored and forgotten. But in the palmy, nascent era, when a regiment had more baggage-wagons than were accorded to a division in the field, then it was that the cook shone in his glory; and the cook-house was his citadel and sinecure. "For ways that are dark, and for tricks that are vain," the average company cook would put to shame all the heathen Chinese on the Pacific coast. The portal of this culinary temple of Janus, contradicting tradition, was barred to the common herd: its precinct was sacred, and its contents — dubious. It was generally suspected that it contained something much nicer than was ever dealt out to the men through the narrow ration window, which somehow reminded the timid recruit of a port-hole, with the irate autocrat inside training a ten-pounder on all intruders.

It was a mystery to the common soldier how it chanced that some were so favored as to be admitted to the frying-pan sanctum, using it as a dining-room, while others were rigorously excluded. It was averred that second and third rations were not impartially distributed. It was strongly suspected that the choicest bits of meat and the occasional dainties purchased, or extras issued, never got outside of a select ring, which glorified the cook and absorbed the cream of the *commissariat*. Doubtless our friend, the grumbler, instigated all this malevolent criticism. The cook-house proved an interminable worry to all the sensitive ones, who would have rested as quiet and complaisant as the cook himself had they been admitted to the ring. But the complaints were as persistent as they were useless. The cook held his position by favor of the captain; and no army-corps commander was ever more independent in his realm than

were those cooks, all subservient as Uriah Heep on one side and as inexorable as Shylock on the other. Many and wrathful were the inferences drawn from the fact that some cooks were in the habit of scrutinizing the next applicant in the line before preparing the ration, and it was doubted that all the inequalities were accidental.

The company officers, in many cases, messed from the company stores; and here again there arose a great source of anxiety. The suspicious warriors declared that the officers got all the best of the rations, and that they did not pay their full share; and it was alleged that some paid nothing at all. The cook was as mum as a sphinx. But there was a more serious grievance. With some regiments the commutation system was practised for a time. The governmental allowance was so generous that there was often a superfluity of many articles of diet. Regiments and companies might refrain from drawing their full allowance of any article issued, and the same was commuted in cash. In this way some companies saved a large sum, which was generally expended in purchasing delicacies and fresh edibles not drawn from the commissary. The money was drawn for the company by its commanding officer, and there were entire companies uncharitable enough to believe that their captains never remembered to pay over or expend for their men the full amount due. But let us defend the cook-house and its sovereign; for, while the picture we have drawn is absolutely true, we believe it is representative of the minority, while the great majority were just, and genuine good fellows.

Just relieved from twenty-four hours of arduous service, our detachment files into camp. Accoutrements are hung on the tent-pole; blankets unrolled and piled on the bunk; chum or bunk-mate pours what water remains in the canteen on our head and hands, developing a clean bit of skin here and there; a flourish and a roll from our little, gray-headed, pleasant-faced old drummer, and, with shrill fife-screeches leading the brusque rolls of the drum, the dinner-call is sounded. We seize plate, cup, and iron spoon; and before the orderly-sergeant can give the order, "Company F, fall in for rations," each man of seventy

or eighty makes a dive for a position as near the right of the line as possible; as the orderly, for all "grub" purposes, ignores the usual formation, and it is a go-as-you-please race for the best place.

Who forgets the "right face," the single-file tramp to rations under the oaks of Camp Adirondack, or on the rolling plain of the winter's camp in Poolesville? In the gray of dawn and the twilight of evening we made our doughty tin-plate assault upon that stronghold of an ungarnished *cuisine*. And such appetites! Say what you will, Uncle Sam was "a good provider." The coffee and tea were excellent generally: so was the sugar and the meat. The range of supplies included all that could be reasonably expected. Never since battles were set on the earth was there such a *commissariat* for such an unparalleled host. Never were soldiers so well and so bountifully fed as were the Union troops in the war of the great Rebellion. There were cases of severe and perhaps unnecessary hardship, where hard service and inadequate rations were joined in one experience; but it was either an inevitable calamity of war, or the fault of a single officer. The government did all and more than could have been expected, and let him stand in deserved contempt who arraigns her for any neglect in the general *commissariat*.

The veterans of the Fourteenth Regiment will unite in according to guerilla Moseby the credit of being an extraordinary meddler in the commissary department. One of his pleasant pranks was observed near Berryville, in the Valley, where he cut forty wagons out of a supply-train one night, and got safely off with them; the drivers of the front and rear being entirely ignorant of the *rencontre*, as elsewhere mentioned. A history of the wagon-train experiences of Sheridan's campaign in the Shenandoah Valley would form a romantic story. On one occasion the Rebs got so much of the Union "salt horse" and "trimmings" that the men had to stretch two days' rations into three; and at another time, when hard marching was in order, three days' provisions were eked out to meet five days' hunger. Then dawned the palmy era of graters made from split canteens; meal grated out of corn in the milk, with mar-

vellous dishes consequent. Instead of "two women grinding at the mill," one blue blouse held the punched-canteen moiety while another grated the corn, cob, and — his knuckles; the savory viands being relished with preparations of apples just set from the blossom.

If baked beans are an exponent of culture at the Hub of the Universe, stewed beans were the concomitant of patriotism and the physical basis of bravery. Beans were a strong point in the valley *commissariat*, and the men clung to their stews with touching tenacity. At the battle of Fisher's Hill the dish of culture and commons was intimately connected with the honor of the flag. The color-sergeant of the Fourteenth was devoted to two objects, — his country and his beans. Added to a native courage, he brought to the support of the stars and stripes that acquired, invincible steadiness always secured by a generous diet of stewed beans garnished by a sufficiency of vitriol vinegar. During the entire afternoon, while the preparations were going on for the brilliant *coup d'état* in which the battle culminated, our hero of the colors was cooking his ration of beans, and had just set him down to his most elegant stew, when "Fall in!" — "Forward!" were the commands which dissipated his anticipations. He weighed his duty against his beans, and was in doubt. It was the best quart stew he had cooked for a month. He would not desert his flag: he could not abandon his beans. As a *dernier ressort*, he tied his steaming, soot-black pail to his belt: the regiment filed out of the woods, formed line of battle, and advanced to the charge. The color-sergeant was observed to keep his eyes on the enemy and — that dangling pail; and the track of the Fourteenth was strewn and marked, not so much by corpses as by beans. Fisher's Hill was won, but an excellent bean-stew was lost.

Long live, in memory, Virginia rails! Thou little miracle of tin cup, kettle, oven, stewpan, teakettle, coffee-pot, drinking-cup, bean-pot, and sauce-dish, — all in one, — we would immortalize thee in verse. In one day we have used thee to boil and drink our coffee, stew sauce, cook beans, boil beef, soak hardtack, and heat water. Thou hast taught us that living may be greatly

simplified. We see thee now, between the snapping rails of a glorious camp-fire under the stars, which seem to be signalling our thoughts home to the friends who, perchance, are watching them too. Our supper is in that grimy tin kettle, and some clumsy foot has tilted the precious dish until the whole satisfaction of the evening is jeopardized. We arrange the cup and disarrange the heedless lout. In the fragrant bubbling of that insignificant quart cup is to be seen the salvation of the Union.

Camp Adirondack had just been vacated by the One Hundred and Eighteenth N.Y., and that organization evidently had not been governed by the ideas of neatness and of sanitary regulation prevalent in the Fourteenth. At any rate, a vigorous policing was at once entered upon with manifest results. In spite of every precaution, there was a general appearance of chills; and, later, typhoid swept through the camp, and made victims of some of the finest soldierly material of which the regiment could boast.

The duty of the Fourteenth in the city of Washington was more onerous than that of any previous or subsequent period in its term of service. When the regiment first arrived in the city, some opportunity was afforded for company drill; but the details soon grew so heavy that there were never enough men in camp liable for drill, to make out of a company a decent squad; and but twice during the entire stay in Washington was there a battalion drill. The men were being trained in the most delicate and responsible duties and trusts ever devolved upon the most trusted troops.

Sunday afternoon, the 26th, dress-parade was held in the presence of a throng of visitors. Several prominent army officers were present, and scores of the staffs of the military and civil departments of government. Such a gathering of spectators was a surprise and a novelty to the Fourteenth, and, in its results, produced a marked effect upon the *morale* of the regiment. A new pride was aroused; and officers and men per-

ceived, that, as representatives of the Granite State in the capital of the nation, the Fourteenth must rise to the dignity of its opportunity. And here began what may be termed the white-glove era in the history of the organization. Henceforth, while in Washington, the men were never to appear on parade, nor on several posts of regular duty, minus white gloves. Now, the dirty, war-worn veterans of the Army of the Potomac joined hands with Sherman's bummers in not only condemning, but ridiculing, white gloves. Denunciation, sarcasm, and every epithet of contempt, were employed against bandbox heroes, parlor cadets, Lincoln's pets, etc. No exclamations of derision appeared to be quite equal to their feeling for those who had "soft places" in the allotment of duty. A regiment arriving at the front in a field campaign, fully equipped and uniformed according to regulations, was frequently hooted and jeered unmercifully by the tatterdemalion warriors, who were so far removed from the refined amenities of home-life, that they seemed to have almost forgotten that soldiers are not incapacitated for efficient service by reason of wearing clean uniforms, and performing their duty according to regulations. There was often a reasonable pretext for the ridicule referred to. Commanding officers of regiments, who were devoid of both common sense and kindness toward the men, played the martinet in such a manner as to disgust even those who could not join in the clamor against neatness and strict discipline. The Fourteenth was happy in never being commanded by any officer who was a mere martinet.

The state of opinion above delineated was partly to be accounted for in the jealousy felt by troops at the front toward those organizations somewhat permanently located in or near some city or military station. Particularly was this true concerning the regiments of infantry and heavy artillery stationed in and about Washington. It is to be observed, however, that contempt gave place to complacency whenever the complainants themselves secured a desirable assignment. The jealousy was natural, but the contempt and opprobrium unjust and unworthy of a Union soldier.

A slur upon a soldier, because he was enabled and ordered to dress somewhat like a gentleman, should never come from a comrade, even if the latter must lie in mud with only a shelter-tent to cover him. Some troops must perform such service, and the best troops were needed in Washington as well as at the front. Further, no regiment or number of regiments monopolized this preferred duty. In Washington, there was quite as much rotation as was consistent with efficient service. The Fourteenth did spend nine months in the capital; but its duty was much more severe, and its losses by death far greater, than on an active campaign. One fact should be remembered, a fact conspicuously illustrated by the Fourteenth. The white-glove regiments, those which marched with exactness rather than as a strung-out mob, those which for shorter or longer periods performed guard or special duty in Washington or elsewhere, regiments which were most self-respecting in all details of appearance, — these invariably made a record, when sent to the front and into battle, as brilliant for steadiness, gallantry, and reliability, as that of any which boasted of its freedom from red tape, strict discipline, and conformity to prescribed details. Neat uniforms, polished brasses, and white gloves were necessary in Washington. In the trenches around Petersburg, or on the march to the sea, they would have been an absurdity.

The location of the Fourteenth in Camp Adirondack afforded a training which admirably rounded out its military discipline, prepared it for subsequent fighting, and wonderfully enlarged its military experience. The latter consideration cannot be overestimated. Many a Union regiment served its country faithfully, heroically, but in a narrow channel of training, observation, and general martial experience. The army experience of the Fourteenth was so varied, covered so much territory, embraced so many conditions, relationships with prominent men and events, that the three years of its existence was an education for its members of inestimable value, and gave it high vantage ground for observation and comprehension of war.

On the 3d of May, while the Army of the Potomac was

CAPT. T. A. RIFLEY.

CAPT. N. L. CHANDLER.

LIEUT. COL. O. H. MORTON.

CAPT. W. E. COBLEIGH.

LIEUT. A. F. HUSSEY.

LIEUT. D. H. PILLSBURY.

LIEUT. H. P. PAGE.

wrestling with treason on the Rappahannock, in the dreadful and disastrous throes of Chancellorsville, the Fourteenth took a step forward in its preparation for conflict efficiency by exchanging its old smooth-bores for a good pattern of arms, the Springfield rifle. The next day the regiment performed escort duty at the obsequies of Brigadier-Gen. Plummer, a service further referred to in the article "Music in the Army."

May 7 the Fourteenth, or rather seven companies of it, — Companies K, E, and G remaining in the city, — went on a genuine picnic excursion; and both officers and men entered thoroughly into the spirit of the occasion, and made the most of the opportunity. Orders came to march with three-days' rations; and the march was soon found to mean a most agreeable railway and steamboat excursion to Fort Delaware, *via* Baltimore, Philadelphia, and the Delaware River, for the purpose of escorting one thousand two hundred and sixty Rebel prisoners, officers and men, to snug quarters in the stone mansion — Uncle Sam's seaside resort — in Delaware Bay.

On the way, guards and prisoners fraternized without restraint or the least manifestation of animosity. The Union guards struck up some plantation melody; and the Johnnies joined heartily in the chorus, to the astonishment of most of the regiment, who had entertained no such conceptions of the possible relations of antagonistic parties engaged in a terrific struggle. Capt. Hodgdon, sitting down by a Rebel captain, remarked, "This does not look much like war!" — "No!" the captive officer replied. "And there is really no ill feeling between the men. The trouble was brought on by men in higher stations, and these poor fellows must shed their blood to settle it."

The above must not be taken as the prevailing sentiment among the rank and file of the Rebel army. A large proportion were desperately in earnest, and were animated by a spirit of indescribable bitterness toward the North. It is an undeserved slur upon the Rebel troops to intimate, as has been so frequently done since the war, that they were not devoted to their Confederacy. A heavy percentage of the soldiers of the

South was just as sincere, in its support of the Lost Cause, as were the defenders of the Union; and we may truthfully concede, that, while they were less intelligent in their devotion, their zeal in the maintenance of the Rebellion was more intense than was the loyalty of the average Union soldier. It was fanaticism matched with a cool, educated, and unswerving national patriotism. It was at last only a question of filling mouths at the front and stopping mouths at the rear. It was, too, in the beginning, a question of flags. Could the Rebellion have been fought under the stars and stripes, it might have succeeded.

The prisoners under escort were captured at Chancellorsville, were largely conscripted, and although under the redoubtable Lee, and terrible fighters, were probably as little in sympathy with the continuance of the war as any troops throughout the South. The expedition arrived in Baltimore at midnight and remained until morning, leaving for Philadelphia, which was reached at eleven o'clock A.M. Again the Fourteenth enjoyed the remarkable hospitality of the centre of Brotherly Love; and the renowned cooper-shop Soldier's Refreshment Saloon, resounded to the valiant play of the regiment's weapons of — gastronomics. The regiment, with those under its care, took boat, and sailed down the Delaware to the fort.

At six P.M. of the 8th, the Fourteenth safely landed its charge in Fort Delaware, and at midnight re-embarked, arriving in Philadelphia at daylight, where breakfast was taken. That evening at seven o'clock the regiment was at home in Camp Adirondack, having completed one of the pleasantest trips in its history.

Immediately after its arrival in Washington, the Fourteenth was assigned to duty at the Old-Capitol Prison, a notorious place of confinement for prominent Rebel officers and prisoners of state. On the very spot where a Fourteenth sentinel often trod his day and midnight beat, Mrs. Surratt, one of the conspirators in the assassination of President Lincoln, was afterward hung. The guard-duty at the Old-Capitol Prison was done by detail and not by detachment; and such was the bur-

den laid upon the men, that often the same guards were on duty every other day in addition to a march of three miles.

The writer was fortunate or unfortunate enough to be numbered in the first detail which relieved the previous guard. That guard was from the One Hundred and Seventy-eighth N. Y., a Dutch regiment, and the most utterly worthless and contemptible military crowd that ever huddled into the ranks of a battalion. The detail from the Fourteenth reached the prison on the evening of April 22. The guard was halted in the street in front of the prison, to await the exit of the old guard, in order that the new detail might occupy the guard-room. The waiting was greatly prolonged. The officer from the Fourteenth went inside to learn the reason for the delay; and soon there streamed forth, heavy on the air, a volume of cursing entirely eclipsing the historic achievements of the army in Flanders. It was out-Dutching the Dutch in a manner that would have astounded Miles Standish. There being no indication of any marshalling of the Dutchmen, the detail of the Fourteenth was ordered inside; and the men began to look about for bunking-places. The officers of the One Hundred and Seventy-eighth grew desperate, and tried again to get their men into line. Most of them were asleep on the string of benches running round the guard-room. No command or threat produced the least effect. At last the officers went about rolling the men off the benches as though they were logs. They were slapped, kicked, and pricked out of the prison, and tumbled off to camp. At other points in the city that regiment was relieved by the Fourteenth, and something of such a ridiculous programme was re-enacted.

One incident well illustrates the character of this volunteer buttress of the Union. On a certain day the morning report showed over three hundred men fit for duty. From the district headquarters a requisition was sent for a detail of a hundred men. The colonel at once replied that he could not furnish so many. His attention was called to his morning report; to which he responded by inviting some officer to ride over to the regiment, and ascertain the cause. Lieut. C. D. Wright of the Fourteenth, on Gen. Martindale's staff, did visit the camp of

the One Hundred and Seventy-eighth; and the spectacle presented perfectly satisfied him that the colonel was correct. One-third of all the men fit for duty were standing about the camp on barrels and boxes as a punishment for drunkenness and insubordination. Most of the remaining force was required to guard the offenders, while the officers were all needed to watch the guards.

The Rebel prisoners in the Old Capitol were among the most intelligent of the Southern captives; and many and sharp were the tilts between the best debaters in the Fourteenth, and the Johnny officers. The captives in this prison were as well fed as the Union guards; and yet a majority grumbled at their treatment, at the time when Yankee soldiers were being starved and murdered in Southern prison-pens. The Fourteenth performed guard-duty at this prison until toward the close of its stay in the city, when it was relieved by the Veteran Reserve Corps. Among the officers on duty there were Capt. Hodgdon, Capt. Barker, Lieut. Hall.

On the 9th of May, 1863, an order came to the regiment for a detail of one officer, two sergeants, five corporals, and forty men to report to Capt. Robinson, A.Q.M., at Sixth-street Wharf. The detail was similar to many which had previously been made, and was supposed to be for guarding Rebel prisoners, arriving from the front by steamer, from the wharf to Old-Capitol Prison. The detail was in command of Lieut. Sturtevant, and was composed of men from nearly every company in the regiment. On arriving at the wharf, its duty was found to be of a permanent character, relieving a similar detachment of the Ninth N. J Regiment, which had been stationed there for several months. The command was quartered in barracks on Sixth Street, near the wharf, the commander having a little cottage just above them.

The duties of the detachment were guarding the quartermaster's stores, and, with the assistance of Baker's detectives, the examination of passes and baggage of all persons going to or returning from the Army of the Potomac, which was then stationed at Falmouth: daily communication was maintained by

the steamer "John Brooks," which left the wharf every morning at seven o'clock for Aquia Creek, and returned in the afternoon at six o'clock. Vast amounts of sutler's supplies were daily brought to the wharf for shipment to the front, all of which had to be inspected, and checked off from invoices, before they could be passed by the guard to the pier where the steamer took on freight. Lieut. Mahaffy, of the staff of Gen. Patrick, provost-marshal of the Army of the Potomac, had charge of this inspection, being assisted by details from the detachment. The regular duties of the post were not severe; but so many extra demands were made on the detachment, not only for guard-duty, but also for manual labor, that the detail was not, as many supposed, a "soft thing." Arrivals of steamers with prisoners, hospital-boats loaded with wounded and sick men from the front, arrived almost daily; and the entire detachment was often on duty without relief for days in succession.

The smuggling of liquor to Alexandria and Giesborough Point, to be sold to men in the camps at those places, was so profitable as to tempt many to engage in it, requiring the continued vigilance of all on duty. Among the devices detected for this smuggling was one practised by the apple and pie women, who were accustomed to go down on the Alexandria boat to sell their wares to the soldiers in camp and hospital. Among their goodies were invariably the long black bologna sausages, always at the bottom of the basket. One day a closer examination of the basket than usual disclosed a row of genuine bolognas on top, and underneath six or eight skins filled with whiskey. For a long time a richly dressed lady was noticed coming from Alexandria two or three times a week on the government boat. She always came to take the return boat in a hack; and the sergeant on duty observed that the driver, in helping her from the carriage, was exceedingly careful, and that her walk to the boat was slow and labored. After close watching for several trips, it was decided to arrest the woman, and search her. The result was, the finding of eleven canteens of whiskey suspended from a belt about her waist, concealed beneath the skirts of her dress.

At the lower pier of the wharf lay the President's steamer, the "Carrie Martin," constantly under steam, and ready to start at a moment's notice; although she left her dock but four times during the whole summer, — three times with the President and friends, and once with the Secretary of War. Nearly every officer of distinction in the Army of the Potomac passed the guard during the summer; and the sentinel's cry, "Turn out the guard — general officer!" was an almost daily occurrence. The character of the duty required of the guard, and the distinguished military and civil officers that frequently visited and passed them, compelled neatness in personal appearance on their part, and a prompt and intelligent performance of the service required of them. The arms and equipments of the guard were in perfect condition, and were their pride throughout their entire term of service.

On the 27th of June the detail at the wharf was changed, and from that date, until relieved in February, 1864, was composed entirely of members of Company G. Lieut. Sturtevant was relieved on the 7th of November, 1863, by Lieut. Tolman of the same company. The detachment remained until the departure of the regiment from the city.

During the war the military authorities made use of two prisons in the city of Washington, — the Old-Capitol Prison, east of the Capitol; and the Central Guard-House, situated at the junction of Louisiana Avenue and Tenth Street, near Pennsylvania Avenue. The Fourteenth furnished guards for both prisons during its eleven-months' duty in Washington; but a portion of the regiment were more familiar with the Central Guard-House than with the Old Capitol, not because they were often, or ever if I remember rightly, inmates of the prison, but because nearly every man in the regiment was brought in contact with the prison by being on duty there. The Central Guard-House had been used as the common city-jail before the war. It was not a very strong prison, nor was it well constructed as to convenience or sanitary advantages. It was small, and looked more like the engine-house of some New-

England fire-company than a jail. It was built of brick with stone floors, and consisted of a main building some forty feet square and two stories high, with an L extending forty or fifty feet to the rear from the centre of the building. This L was two stories high, and was divided into cells on each floor, located on each side of an alley down the centre. In the main building, on the first floor, were rooms used as offices for reception and trial or examination of prisoners, property-room, and guard-rooms. The second floor consisted of one large room, No. 1, into which most of the prisoners were sent at first, especially if citizens. There were usually from fifty to one hundred prisoners in this room. All kinds and grades of people, from the soldier found drunk on the streets, to men arrested for murder, and even what would now be termed "suspects," found their way to the Central Guard-House.

When the Fourteenth went to Washington from Poolesville in the spring of 1863, it was put upon duty as patrols, guards at bridges and ferries, military headquarters, storehouses, prisons, etc. Capt. J. S. Cooper of the Tenth N. J. was in charge of the Central Guard-House, having under him two officers, taking twenty-four-hour tours, alternately, from noon to noon; and an ample guard, with sergeants and other subalterns. The judge-advocate was Major J. P Cilley of the First Me. cavalry. Capt. C. M. Merritt of the Twentieth Mass. soon relieved Major Cilley. When the Fourteenth was drawn upon to guard the prison, Sergt. Paul was made prison-sergeant. May 26 Lieuts. Stark Fellows and Carroll D. Wright were detached from the Fourteenth by order of Gen. Martindale, commander military district of Washington, and detailed for duty at Central Guard-House. Lieut. Ira Berry, jun., afterwards relieved Lieut. Fellows; and Lieut. Solomon of the One Hundred and Seventy-eighth N. Y. relieved Lieut. Wright the last of June. Lieut. Berry relieved Capt. Cooper, and was placed in charge of the prison. Other officers of the Fourteenth, among them Lieut. George F. Blanchard, were subsequently on duty at the Central Guard-House. During this summer of 1863 the property-clerk was Sergt. F. C. Horner of the Seventy-sixth N. Y.,

and the clerks were R. N. Washburn of Thirty-ninth Mass., J. P Cherry of Seventy-sixth N. Y., and J. B. Davenport of Twentieth Mass.

As above mentioned, the high and the low found quarters in this prison, or rather quarters were found here for them. The persons arrested by the patrols or the guards at bridges and ferries were sent here for temporary confinement. In the morning all parties, unless held on the orders of the war department, by Col. Baker's detective force, or by special order, were examined by the judge-advocate, and either returned to their regiments, if soldiers, or over to the civil authorities if the offence for which they were arrested was against the civil law, or were held for disposition by orders.

Sometimes political prisoners were confined here; and the boys will well remember four or five nice old farmers from Virginia, who were kept in a cell for several weeks, without charges being prepared, or any action taken in the matter, until one morning they were released. Honest old souls they were, and they never knew why they were made to pass three or four weeks in the vile vermin-lined cells of the Central Guard-House.

One day as a colored regiment, one of the first organized, was passing up the avenue in front of the treasury, a well-known restaurant-keeper, who was looking on from the door of his elegant saloon, made some remark concerning colored troops, which was overheard by one of Baker's men, who at once arrested Mr. H., and brought him to the Central Guard-House. The high-toned prisoner was allowed the sumptuous plank seat and bed of the property-clerk's room, and was fed from his own kitchens. The officers of the Guard-House considered him to be there unjustly, as he was known to be a loyal man, and a personal friend of President Lincoln. Little Teddy Lincoln came to the prison several times to console Mr. H. In a day or two an order came down from the Secretary of War for the release of Mr. H., for which the boys were very sorry, as his kitchen furnished much better rations than did Uncle Sam.

The Island, especially that portion known as "Murder Bay," kept the prison well supplied with tenants. Scarcely a night passed that some serious assault, if not murder, did not occur in this quarter, and many a bloody and broken head was brought in by the patrols. The city police and the patrols were not on the best of terms; and the patrols were obliged to preserve the peace, as well as see that soldiers were not abroad without passes.

The guard-house was an uncomfortable place for a drunken man, especially if fighting drunk. A good dose of Potomac water, applied through a hose upon the naked person of a drunken man, had a most beneficial effect. It not only took out all soreness resulting from exposure to the night air, but it took out all conceit. A man full of rum, after this invigorating and healthful treatment, was a soberer and a cleaner man, and, if not tractable, was willing, after the second or third treatment, to tell where he obtained his liquor; and the party supplying the prisoner was generally as much astonished at the results of the bath as was the soldier taking it. When sober the man was sent to his regiment, under guard, with a letter from the officer on duty stating all the circumstances.

No. 1, the general reception-room, presented an exceedingly cosmopolitan appearance at all times, with its hundred or so cut-throats, thieves, and other ruffians. The calling of the roll in this room on a hot summer morning was not a very pleasant duty. At the door were two sentinels, with loaded pieces and bayonets fixed. The officer on duty, with the clerk, would go into the room, have all the prisoners arranged on one side of the room; and then, as the clerk called the roll, the officer would see that each man, on answering to his name, stepped out, and passed to the other side. The ugly glances, the character of the prisoners, the slight guard, were circumstances which did not tend to heighten the pleasure of roll-call in this department. Many will remember one man, held for murder, Giacomi Antonelli, who made three attempts to take the lives of prisoners. Such desperadoes served to keep the officers and men on the alert. The Central Guard-House being only a prison for deten-

tion of arrested parties, we did not, except by accident or neglect, have prisoners with us for a long time; hence attempts to escape were not very frequent, or very desperate, although some were made.

Room No. 1 looked out on the avenue: and friends of parties confined would sometimes, although warned to keep away, make signs to those inside; this usually resulted in the outside man or woman taking a day or two inside, a proceeding which taught them the foolishness of disobeying orders.

Lieut. Berry was in command at the Central Guard-House some six months, and, while there, was commissioned captain of Company H.

A single incident in connection with the Central Guard-House well illustrates the quality of the service rendered by the Fourteenth in Washington. One morning, when the general arraignment took place of all the prisoners captured by the patrols during the preceding twenty-four hours, the long list was smoothly disposed of until an "ugly drunk" was reached, a vicious specimen of a boy in blue. Sergt. A. B. Colburn of Company F was in charge of the squad of prisoners. When he reached the one in question, he ordered him to give up his valuables for record and safe-keeping. The prisoner insolently refused. After a second command and a more emphatic defiance, the sergeant reached down into the culprit's pockets, when he struck the sergeant a smart blow. Without uttering a word, Sergt. Colburn seized the fellow by the collar with one hand, and dashed him to the floor, jerking him upon his feet again before he could know what the performance meant. This sudden discipline was so effective as to largely neutralize the "commissary whiskey," and he became at once as docile as a lamb. While the duty performed at the Central Guard-House does not constitute a very bright spot in the experience of the Fourteenth, it was certainly an interesting experience. When ordered to active service, the prison was left without regret.

One of the stations occupied by the Fourteenth was that at Benning's Bridge over the Eastern Branch, near the Navy Yard.

CAPT. D. A. MACURDY.

CAPT. J. N. BRUCE.

CAPT. F. M. RHODES.

LIEUT. J. W. RUSSELL.

LIEUT. G. D. RICHARDSON.

LIEUT. F. WHEELER.

It was an important post, holding the key to communication with south-eastern Maryland, one of the most pestiferous and rampant sections of virtual Rebeldom, though nominally in the Union. Capt. Hodgdon, Lieut. Hall, and other officers of the regiment, commanded the detachment.

A sharp lookout was kept here for contraband goods, especially liquors; as a cavalry-camp on the other side of the river offered a ready market for whiskey, and the prices paid rendered the trade profitable. All sorts of stratagems were resorted to by the smugglers. Loaves of bread were hollowed to contain canteens, and demijohns were frequently concealed in loads of stable manure: these were detected by means of a long sword, used as a probe. One Irish woman was captured with about five gallons of whiskey suspended in canteens from her belt, and in bottles in a number of pockets. Her load was so heavy that her walk led to her detection. One sergeant of Company B became so expert in searching for liquor, that it was a shrewd smuggler who could pass him with even a pint bottle. No one was allowed to cross the bridge without passes. This is the bridge crossed by Booth after his assassination of President Lincoln.

May 27 a detachment from Companies C and F, under command of Lieut. Fosgate, entered upon guard-duty at G-street Wharf, at the west side of the city, directly opposite the grounds of the celebrated Arlington House. This wharf was the northerly government landing, about one mile above Long Bridge, and was used by the commissary department. The quarters of the men were in a low, long building at the water's edge; and such quarters! Immense wharf-rats and every breed and style of rats, also all imaginable species of active vermin, enlivened the tedium of guarding great warehouses of hard-tack, beef, and pork. When the quarters were measurably cleaned and made tolerable, the little detachment at G-street Wharf settled down to a rather enjoyable service, the commander being genial and accommodating, so that the men, while held strictly to the performance of duty, were granted many pleasant favors. Sergt. A. B. Colburn of Company F was,

during a portion of the time, sergeant of the guard at that post. The detachment performed duty at this wharf until fall.

June 7 Lieut. Berry and Sergt. S. L. Gerould, with the necessary guard, made a trip to Philadelphia, guarding twenty prisoners, and delivering them safely, beside making of it an agreeable excursion.

It was observed by the Washington authorities, that provost guard-duty was being done by the Fourteenth in a manner not previously witnessed; and the reliability of the men was highly appreciated. Smuggling was almost wholly stopped; and, when ten picked men from the regiment were put into citizen's clothes as special detectives, the results they attained were entirely satisfactory. One notable feature of the regiment's life in Washington was the entire absence of any camp-guard, save that in front of headquarters and over the commissary stores, throughout the entire term of its service in that city. There was every temptation, in such a city at such a period, to the men; but the officers had very little trouble with unauthorized absences from camp.

Passes were granted as freely as the necessities of the service would permit, each soldier being required to report at headquarters on his return. Who can forget the drunken gravity and remarkable erectness and assumed steadiness of a few familiar characters as they marched up to the colonel's tent to report? They had very inartistically mixed Loeffler's lager and commissary whiskey; but they wanted the colonel to understand that they had returned sober, and fit for duty.

The Fourteenth was drawn into the outer circle of the great maelstrom of 1863, whose centre was set to seething by the Rebel commander in his northward movement for one grand ingulfment of the Union cause. He made no failure in the perfecting of his whirlpool, but the ship which finally plunged into it was not the one he planned for.

Early in June, Gen. Lee organized his celebrated invasion of the free States. On the 13th Ewell's and Longstreet's corps were well into the Shenandoah Valley, moving from Warrenton Junction through Manassas Gap. In fact, the entire Rebel

army of Northern Virginia, consisting of ninety-one thousand infantry, twelve thousand cavalry, and the finest complement of field-artillery that was ever mustered by any army during the war. Gen. Hooker, with the Army of the Potomac, moved northward, east of the Blue Ridge, keeping his army between Lee and the city of Washington; but he was nearly a week behind his wily foe.

To confront Lee, Hooker, after drawing from Gen. Heintzelman, in the defences of Washington, all but eleven thousand efficient men, had barely a hundred thousand fit for duty. The cause of the Union and the faith of the people touched nearer down to utter hopelessness during the week preceding the 4th of July, 1863, than at any other period of the war. The heroic but oft-beaten Army of the Potomac was being led on a wild-goose chase by Lee, and was exerting its supreme energy to cover Washington and Baltimore; Milroy, annihilated at Winchester, put the climax upon the defeats of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville; Hooker displaced by Meade in the hour of a fearful emergency; Grant in the toils of Pemberton and the treacherous bayous at Vicksburg; Banks helpless before Port Hudson; and Rosecrans idle for six months in Middle Tennessee, — such was the military position which pressed on the anxious heart of President Lincoln and upon a despondent North throughout that dreadful week.

Hooker crossed the Potomac near Edward's Ferry, and, when he could not induce Halleck to give him the eleven thousand men on Maryland Heights, resigned his command; Gen. Meade succeeding him. J. E. B. Stuart, whose audacity was his chief element of success, crossed the Potomac, northward, at Seneca, the 28th, thus putting his small cavalry force between the Union army and Washington, building his camp-fires within sight of that city.

A little after midnight, on the 29th, the Fourteenth was hurried up to Fort Stevens, north of the city, to repel the threatened raid on Washington; but, if such a move was ever seriously contemplated, it was quickly abandoned. The Fourteenth lay in line of battle until daylight, and was then marched back to

camp. Before the regiment started upon its return, Capt. Hodgdon accosted the colonel, inquiring how he had rested the preceding night. The colonel replied, "Not very well: I had to sleep in a dry-goods box, and it was about four inches too short."

Since the war, reports have appeared in the newspapers of a conspiracy to capture Washington about this time. The story was sensational in some of its particulars, positively false in others, and altogether improbable as told. The statement, that Secretary Stanton was entirely ignorant of the plot, accompanied by the admission that Baker's detectives — Baker was but Stanton's secret agent — exposed the conspiracy, brings suspicion upon the entire account.

In the latter part of June, Lieut. C. P Hall was detailed in charge of one division of the Invalid Detachment, and Lieut. Holbrook of Company B in charge of another. The soldiers in the hospitals were assigned to these detachments as soon as they were able to do light duty, — nursing, guarding around hospitals, driving ambulances, etc., and remained in them until ready to enter the field again. Lieut. Hall's division, numbering from four hundred to six hundred and fifty, included five hospitals. His duties comprised the making-out of daily reports from all the hospitals under his charge, issuing of passes to the city, clothing, etc. Some of the men in this detachment had not been with their regiments for months, and there were long arrears of pay due them. Although it was not a part of his work, Lieut. Hall performed a great deal of arduous labor in looking up the pay-rolls, etc., and getting the pay for the men, — a service which was none the less valuable because it was unrecognized and unrewarded.

July 2 Lieut. Tolman, with twenty-five men, started down the Potomac on the steamer "Diamond State," with a squad of deserters in irons. These men, recreant members of various Union regiments, had been court-martialled and sentenced, mostly to hard labor in the Rip-Raps, then the common prison of Union soldier criminals. The weather was fine, the escape from the city heat refreshing, and every point of interest was

viewed with zest and enjoyment. To every boy in blue, save those in irons between decks, this trip down the historic Potomac was one of the most delicious expeditions of their lives. Past Alexandria, where the gallant Ellsworth was shot by a cowardly Southern traitor; sweeping round the bend at Fort Washington; then, with solemn toll of bell, sailing by Mount Vernon and the tomb of Washington; meeting government vessels of every style and lading; to and away from Aquia Creek, the great base of supplies for the Army of the Potomac while feeling after the back-bone of the Rebellion; leaving Point Lookout well on the port-bow — the celebrated camp for Rebel prisoners of war, and the point where the Potomac empties into the Chesapeake, — every bend and fresh phase of landscape was a revelation of some striking scene in the sublime panorama of the civil war, which never ceased to fill with wonder the minds of those who were most intimately connected with its active operations.

Late in the evening of the 3d, the dark walls of Fortress Monroe loomed up; but it was too late to gain admission to the fort that night, so the steamer anchored in the offing. On the morning of July 4 the detachment of the Fourteenth entered the celebrated fortress, and delivered up its manacled charge. It was the first anniversary of American independence which those volunteers had passed in the service of their country, and it was one of the most impressive they had ever experienced. The thunder-peals of the great cannon at noon, as the national salute was fired; the parade of the exquisitely dressed and accoutred regulars; the ponderous casemates; the monster guns mounted *en barbette;* the massive walls of this noted monument of the Old Dominion, — every feature of the military and naval landscape, spread out from Capes Charles and Henry to Hampton Roads, Newport News, and Norfolk, was calculated to impress and thrill the patriotic soldier.

The luxuries of life were indulged in that day, surf-bathing of the rarest quality being among the reminiscences of the Independence Day cherished by the members of the expedition. Their pleasure would have been enhanced to the level of

ecstasy could they have heard the booming of the guns at Vicksburg, — surrendered that day, — and the wild shouts resounding over Cemetery Hill in Gettysburg, where the three-days' desperate conflict was at that very hour culminating in a triumph which was a blow at treason as significant of final doom as it was of immediate disaster.

At five o'clock that evening the detachment went on board an elegant and fast steamer for Baltimore; the boat arriving in the Monumental City early Sunday morning, July 5. There the detachment remained all day, a portion of the men attending church, while the remainder occupied the railroad station. At six o'clock P.M. the train was boarded; and the forty-mile run was made in two hours, the men arriving in camp in season for the melodies of tattoo.

In July, Capt. Hodgdon was detailed with a guard of about thirty men to take a number of prisoners, — Union soldiers, — mostly deserters, to their regiments at the front. They were confined at Georgetown. One man, a large, powerful fellow, was pointed out to the captain as having been sent to the front three times, but always managing to make his escape. He was called out, and informed that he had better be prepared for death, as his time would be short if he attempted to leave the ranks. Orders were given to shoot him if he attempted to desert. He was delivered safely at Brandy Station.

Arriving at Alexandria about three o'clock in the morning on the return trip, application was made at the quartermaster's department for transportation to Washington. Being offered some "box-cars" standing on the track, in a filthy condition, having been used to transport cattle, the captain indignantly replied, "Perhaps you did not fully comprehend my order. These are not cattle, but men, and must have transportation as such." He was finally provided with platform-cars; and, as the night was warm and the distance short, the ride was not uncomfortable.

The duty of the Fourteenth, while in Washington, was not only varied, but widely extended. Different detachments were sent to New Hampshire on recruiting-duty, having charge there

of enlisted recruits as well as conscripts and substitutes for nearly all of the New-Hampshire regiments. The emergencies of a protracted struggle had necessitated a draft: and a reckless, almost worthless, element was being enlisted into the Union army, known as bounty-jumpers; the substitutes for drafted men being largely of the same character. July 20 Lieut. Fosgate of F, and Sergt. Stowell of I, with five or six men, proceeded to Concord, to the military rendezvous. The *personnel* of the detachment was changed at different times during its service; Lieut. Sargent relieving Lieut. Fosgate, and Sergt. Martin of F being also detailed for that duty. This detail was considered especially fortunate, as the detachment was in its native State, and short furloughs for visiting home were granted. This detail not only had general charge of the recruiting rendezvous, but proceeded to different parts of the country in charge of squads of recruits for nearly all of the New-Hampshire regiments in the field.

August 26 the first squad of conscripts arrived in Concord. September 9 Sergt. Stowell took the first detachment of these recruits to Boston, *en route* for the front. Of course the men entered the service, many of them, with the intention of deserting. Of the first two who attempted it by jumping from the train, one was shot and the other escaped. During one trip on the "Forest City" to Morris Island with nine hundred recruits on board, a desperate attempt was made to burn the steamer. December 14 a large squad was taken to Covington, Ky. When the recruits were sent to the front in charge of these picked guards, the loss from desertion was comparatively small: it was under escort of the Invalid Corps that the wholesale stampedes occurred. January 1, 1864, another detachment went to Kentucky, in charge of Fourteenth men, but with Invalid-Corps guards. The next morning after the arrival, more than one hundred had decamped, to earn another substitute bounty. Other trips were made to Boston, New York, Fortress Monroe, and Paris, Ky. January 26 the rendezvous was broken up, and on February 1 the Fourteenth detachment reported in camp.

One of the most pretentious expeditions undertaken by the

Fourteenth while in Washington was that to the Rebel prisoners' camp on Johnson's Island in the harbor of Sandusky, O., on Lake Erie. Major Duncan, with a detail of two hundred men from the regiment, started from Washington on July 31, 1863, with a hundred and ten Rebel officers, captured at Gettysburg and adjacent points of conflict. The expedition proceeded *via* Baltimore; and at midnight of the first day, near York, Penn., an accident occurred, which came alarmingly near to an escapade of all the prisoners, and a serious catastrophe to all on board the train. Soon after leaving a station, the train left the track because of a turned switch: and but for the fact that it had not attained full headway, a frightful accident must have resulted, as the locomotive was stopped on the verge of a high embankment with a rocky stream-bed below. The writer was aroused by being unceremoniously hurled head first against the saloon partition; and, with several thumps and more shakes, the train came to a halt. In the confusion of the moment half of the prisoners might have escaped into the darkness; but, by appearances, few had any inclinations in that direction: and Pennsylvania was a poor State for escaped Rebel officers. Had the affair been located back in Maryland, a goodly number of those leaders of Southern chivalry would never have seen Sandusky in that party. The derailed train lay helpless until morning, the guards having been promptly formed in a cordon about the cars.

The valley of the Susquehanna roused the enthusiasm of guards and captives. Harrisburg and contiguous scenery, with all the celebrated landscapes throughout the length of the Keystone State, were passed and admired in turn. The famous horse-shoe bend among the mountains furnished all the excitement which could be desired; and it was the general opinion, that an experience of twenty-seven miles in thirty-one minutes, whirling round bends with chasms hundreds of feet deep gaping in awful precipices at their feet, is something never to be *encored*. Saturday night, the 1st of August, the expedition plunged into a hill-walled basin, and a dense bank of smoke and soot, — called Pittsburg. A pleasant feature of our visit to that

city was the immediate departure. On the afternoon of the 2d the ultimate destination was reached: and, with an improvised escort and local music, the line was formed; the column marched to the boat plying to the island, with all Sandusky crowding the streets to enjoy the great show.

The briefest sort of a stop was made on the island; the prisoners were turned over; and the detachment at once started on its return trip, which was accomplished with speed and safety; Camp Adirondack being reached late Monday night, August 3. The commander complimented the men on the excellent discipline maintained throughout the journey.

The months of July and August told severely on the health of the regiment; two of the best men in Company F — D. T. Swan and H. J. McClenning — dying in one week of typhoid fever; and other companies suffered as severely. The remarkable cleanliness maintained throughout the camp and by the men personally went far to secure the general health, and render possible the uniform good showing of the morning reports.

There were volunteer organizations which boasted of their "daughter of the regiment." In some regiments there were pet drummer-boys; others had dogs; some cherished cats, and even squirrels. The most famous regimental pet, probably, was "Old Abe," the celebrated eagle of the Eighth Wis. Unabashed by the illustrious array, the Fourteenth boldly asserts its pre-eminence. What one among the grand enumeration of Union battalions can boast of its "Cozzens"?

Cozzens was a character. Not simply singular, but *sui generis*. And still we feel that the Latin, and, in fact, all dead and live languages, are inadequate to locate Cozzens. His appearance would not indicate ability sufficient to tell the difference between hard-tack and soft bread, but appearances were never more radically at fault. This Cozzens was smart enough to fool the colonel, dupe the lieutenant-colonel, delude the major, and completely obfuscate the adjutant; and, as though that was not a circumstance in his line, he succeeded in cheating the whole regiment by his adroit and original tactics.

Cozzens carried his greatness in the seed, so to speak, for some time after the Fourteenth entered the service. We can now discern that he was waiting for the precise fructifying soil essential to such a germination. He got along as far as the plant stage in Poolesville, but his audacious rascality never found an atmosphere for full bloom until Washington was reached. That highly moral city, abounding in masculine temperance and female virtue, was a very garden of Eden to Cozzens; but he entered a good while after the fall, and the number of flaming swords was not of the slightest consequence to Cozzens. If he had any brass in his constitution, — and his manœuvres were the brassiest of all brassy, — it was somehow precipitated internally; as that metal, which is supposed to appertain chiefly to insurance agents and drummers, was, in his case, so deftly overlaid with a human-clay coating of insignificant modesty, that no one could suspect such a characterless exterior of being the clothing of so fertile an imagination and the disguise of such disorderly purposes.

One of Dickens's characters, Joey Bagstock, in delineating himself to Mrs. Skewton, exactly describes the character hero of the Fourteenth Regiment. "He's tough, ma'am, tough, is J. B. Tough, and de-vil-ish sly." There was nothing so irksome to Cozzens as the limitations of a regimental camp. He appeared to delight in a wide range of thought, observation, and — creature comforts.

The heroic qualities in Cozzens's organization always shone forth outside of military rules, regulations, and duties. He was an active man, but never active in the ranks. If a detail for severe duty was being made, Cozzens was never to be found. He early learned that the sick dodge was unreliable, and entirely unworthy of the Cozzen genius. He had a very simple method of dodging the official lightning, — he wasn't there when it struck. Probably, however, he was able to recall one notable exception to the above statement. We do not affirm that Cozzens was specially the pet, or in any sense the hero, of the regiment; yet he was more conspicuous than the Fourteenth's bravest ones, and he received more extraordinary attentions from the principal officers than any universal pet could even aspire to.

There was an air of mystery around much of Cozzens's manœuvring; and he never rose to the level of doing a brilliant act, save as the brilliancy consisted wholly in the admirable secrecy of a move which would have been of no account whatever if another had done it openly. Before the regiment came to Washington, Cozzens had found it positively necessary to be absent from camp with suspicious frequency; and he curiously enough often remained away over night. At one time he was supposed to have either deserted, or been murdered by bushwhackers; and there was enough of mild interest in his fate to occasion some little discussion as to the alternative probabilities. But Cozzens turned up safely — that was one of his tricks; and to curious inquiries he always replied, "None of your business." He was no blabber, — revealed no secrets. To the ordinary official investigator he was ready with, "I was out on private business." While that was indisputably true, it was not entirely satisfactory to the relentless powers supreme. When Cozzens got really down to hard pan, and turned his innermost heart inside out before his captain, the whole affair was stripped of mystery, and reduced to the tamest commonplace. He had merely absented himself from camp to see his cousin. It was a singular circumstance, perhaps, that his cousin should have resided just where he was handiest to the Poolesville camp; but every thing was explained, and Cozzens was no longer a sphinx. And yet one side of his genius lay in his secretiveness.

In contemplating this character of the regiment, it may be inferred from previous statements that Cozzens had his weaknesses. Indeed, an unbiassed judgment might lean toward the theory that he was a very vulgar fraction, and always engaged in reducing himself to his lowest terms without once making an error in his calculations. Yes, Cozzens may have had his weaknesses; but no one can justly charge him with any vices, for how can that be termed a vice which is in perfect harmony with one's moral nature?

Cozzens was fond of the flowing bowl; but he always deferred to morality in the matter of example, and invariably absented himself from his comrades, and rejoiced in solitary conviviality.

He had haunts of his own; and, if he mated at all in his peculiar glee, that mate was no comrade in arms. Cozzens never seemed happy when in camp. An exception must be noted to the statements in this paragraph. Cozzens did have a companion, and a most congenial one. It was Kamet. Now, Kamet was sent to watch Cozzens; and their spirits so flowed together — there were after-evidences of a remarkable flow of spirit — that Kamet returned to camp, and reported that his friend was all right.

He was the recognized butt and universal target all along the line, from A to G; and the gravest member of the Fourteenth, who frowned upon all levity, would venture to poke fun at Cozzens. He was easily angered, and his puerile sputterings and dwarfed profanity only made more apparent his comical littleness. Soon after the regiment arrived in Washington, Cozzens began to develop his remarkable strategy. He was arraigned for absence without leave. He persisted. He was put upon extra duty. To teach an army mule melody would have been as profitable as the imposition of double duty upon Cozzens. He was taken to the Central Guard-House, and given one of those cooling baths with the hydrant at full head. He yelled like a man in death agony, and — sneaked out of camp the next night.

Shakspeare makes Hamlet affirm his willingness to swallow a crocodile in proof of his love for Ophelia. This extraordinary test is equalled, if not surpassed, by the feats which Cozzens would perform in order to get drunk in his own unique way. The time soon came when by no common artifice or trick could he get down to the city. But he was equal to the emergency. The startling news flew through the camp that Cozzens was married, and his wife was in the city. The rumor did not, apparently, originate with our hero. Yet he soon secured a pass to visit his wife. Said pass was given on condition that he should return on time and sober. Of course he did neither, though it was greatly to his credit that he usually was in the *diminuendo* of a carousal when he appeared before the colonel's tent.

Having a wife soon ceased to be a trump-card with Cozzens. To change the figure, he advanced his second line; aud the assault was successful. He must go to the city, for his wife was sick, and had sent for him. In tears and piteous pleading he stood before the colonel, and begged for leave to go. Col. Wilson was not a hard-hearted man, and he would not separate husband and wife in a time of such affliction. Cozzens got his pass; and he got a good many of them for the next month, for his wife grew no better: and his prolonged absences were somewhat pardonable under the circumstances. From a host of sympathizing comrades he was met at every turn with inquiries as to his wife's condition. But there is a limit to a wife's allowable illness in time of war; at least, that was the conclusion of the officers of the Fourteenth. Cozzens's devoted ministrations to his sick wife were summarily stopped.

Now came the crucial hour in Cozzens's military career. Would he succumb? Not a bit of it! He ordered up his reserves, and triumphed. Once more he stood before headquarters, and asked for a pass. It was peremptorily refused. His countenance was solemn. It was manifest that he was in deep grief. He informed the colonel in broken sentences that his poor wife was dead, and her funeral was set for that afternoon; and he thought it rather hard not to be able to pay the last sad honors to her. The colonel felt so too, and Cozzens marched out of camp. It took him three days to bury his wife; and he had evidently struggled hard to bury or drown his grief, and he looked as though he had taken poor whiskey enough to drown himself. Cozzens was arrested, and an investigation followed. It was ascertained, first, that Cozzens did not attend his wife's funeral at all; second, his wife was not dead; third, she was not even sick; fourth, he had no wife in the city or anywhere else.

And still, as a funeral had been planned for, Adjùtant Gardiner thought there should be one, and Cozzens should be chief mourner. A procession was organized; the dejected widower was trimmed with crape; the scraggiest mule in the corral was brought out, and bedecked in the same mourning symbols; Coz-

zens, with hands pinioned behind, was tied on the mule's bare back, his face toward the animal's tail; a suitable placard covered the mourner's back. Behind him was a corporal's guard marching at reverse arms, while the fife and drum sounded out the significant melody of the Rogue's March. Through the camp for an hour this strangest of all absurd processions paraded, the conspicuous mourner receiving many tender tributes of the popular regard. Cozzens's spirit was not broken, but his stock in trade was greatly diminished. He had reached the zenith of his glory, and thenceforth sunk toward the level of the commonplace.

September 12 a change occurred in the field and staff of the regiment: Major Duncan having resigned, Adjutant Gardiner was promoted to be major; while the position of adjutant was for some time vacant.

On the 17th of October the troops about Washington, and of course throughout the country, were thrilled by the call of President Lincoln for three hundred thousand more men to swell the armies of the Union. It was an evidence of the unbending determination of the government to crush the power which called itself a Confederacy. The next day the regiment was inspected by Col. Wilson, and the day closed with a fine dress-parade.

DRESS-PARADE.

A dress-parade is the culminating military spectacle. It is the poetry of tactics, the mathematical perfection of soldierly display. There is nothing of the imposing grandeur of an army-corps review: the sublime inspiration of the battle-field, with its crashing tumults and heroic struggles, is not even hinted at, save as the portentous steadiness and terrible reserve power, masked in the quietness of a battalion at parade-rest, may suggest the lion crouching for a spring, — a prophecy of invincible energy yet under the potent check of discipline. But there is a rounded completeness in the spectacle as a whole,

a charm and beauty in every tributary movement and motion, which is surpassingly attractive.

This parade harmonizes with the most peaceful rural landscape, and is inspiring on the tented field. It is the most critical test of military efficiency and thorough drill: it is the finest illustration of the accuracy of tactical results, and the unity of a military organization. For those in command it is a practical inspection; and for all, field and line officers, rank and file, it is, if properly conducted, a welcome vesper festival, fittingly rounding out the duties of the day.

But there are elements outside the regiment itself essential to the ideal parade. The parade-ground must not be sandwiched between cramped and disagreeable environments. A pack of stray dogs and half a dozen woolly-headed urchins are not spectators of an inspiring sort. Nor can an ideal parade be formed on the finest square or park of a great city with thousands of observers crowding the color-line, pressing the flanks, and generally obstructing the formation and the view. No! the veteran in blue beholds the brilliant evolutions, beautiful marching, and admirable steadiness of crack regiments among the militia resulting from the war; but his mind reverts to camps and campaigns of that terribly glorious era of the Rebellion, and the grandest pageants of later times lack the genuine flavor of those inspiring lines of battle in open order, when grasp of musket muzzle and immobility of pose brought an entire battalion into a magnificent and ominous oneness. There is a fascination in every stage of the parade we describe, from the first note of preparation to the closing tableaux.

The drummers beat first the musician's call, then the assembly on the color-line; and the stereotyped warning of the orderly-sergeant follows, "Company A fall in for dress-parade!" Then there are brought forth the white gloves and the brightened brasses of accoutrements; boots are polished; and the doughty warrior issues from his stockade or tent, cleaned up, and respectable in attire for half an hour in the day, if no more. There is always some laggard who cannot find his gun or belt or some other item of equipment; then there is the inevitable

dispute for position on the left; and it required exactly "three years or during the war" to convince certain of our country's defenders that somebody must stand at the foot and in the rear rank. From our own and adjacent companies come the "One, two, one, two," of the "count twos," the growling bass and piping falsetto, together with the comic emphasis of some odd genius, varying the monotony of the proceeding.

With a "present arms!" the orderly receives the captain, loses his temporary importance, and steps into the ranks.

And just at this point and time the company commander vindicates himself as a man, a martinet, or an imbecile in uniform; and the men will very quickly and accurately place him. The men in the ranks almost invariably desired to be proud of their officers, especially their company captains; and those officers who generously appreciated their men, and who understood that the superior rank was a military necessity, and not indicative of essential and permanent distinctions of worth, — such leaders were held in all honor by their rank and file.

There was no better occasion for taking the accurate gauge of a company officer than the few minutes elapsing between the adjutant's call at dress-parade and the call to form on the colors. In each company street the commander and lieutenants appeared before their men in full dress.

The self-poise and easy carriage of the gentleman were not more manifest than the conscious inferiority, awkwardness, and even vulgarity of him who had more sash than sense, and who was often either an official harlequin, a mediocre puppet, or a shrewd, characterless owner of a pair of shoulder-straps. One officer, while waiting for the signal, would browbeat his company, pay off a score or two on an old or new grudge with some private or non-commissioned officer. He would put the company through a rapid execution of the manual, face them more ways than he did himself when seeking his commission, striving to catch some blunderer in a mistake, and evidently enjoying the consequent mortification. He delivered stern lectures to his men when, perhaps, he would have done well to listen to a total-abstinence address; and, in general, he conducted himself

in such a way as to degrade his sword, and inspire an almost universal hatred, not contempt, for a smart officer never engendered that sentiment in the army; and most of this class of imperious disciplinarians were smart, — a little too smart.

Another style of officer strove to be popular in his company, and he — didn't know how. He condescended to his men; he patronized them; told them stories in line; dropped honey from his lips upon every file; sometimes played the buffoon, — always with success; professed to despise red tape, and certainly taught the best of his men to despise him as an officer; while the remainder voted him, not much of a military man, but a jolly good fellow.

In another company we find the officers well balanced, dignified, full of suavity, appreciating good discipline, ever kind to the men, maintaining the proper reserve, and winning the respect, even love, of their command.

All of these diversities of volunteer official character shone out in the company streets for the brief interval alluded to, as the sun lent its last rays to enhance the closing pageant of the day.

This occasion was the best for the company commander's show of power; and as he used his opportunity, so was his military stature and personal worth recorded by a body of men too intelligent and discriminating to allow of their judgments being ignored with impunity. As the band strikes up on the right, and the colors, with their guard, march to the line of parade, the spectacle is sufficiently stirring to move the dullest observer. It is just before sunset; the music is both martial and patriotic; two or three other regiments in the brigade are also in line for the evening dress-parade; the near and distant drum-corps; the far-off bugle-call of some cavalry squadron; the rumbling of a light battery galloping into camp from an afternoon's target practice; while on the regimental parade-ground the companies are being put through some preliminary evolutions; the marching and counter-marching, converging and unfolding, of companies marching in line, or by either flank, — every particular, and the grand aggregate, of this expanded view enliven and make brilliant the occasion.

A good adjutant and a stylish sergeant-major always made a noticeable impression on dress-parade. In this respect the Fourteenth Regiment was fortunate throughout its history. Who will ever forget the shrill tenor commands, "Attention, battalion!" "Prepare to open ranks!" "To the rear — open order — march!" as we listened to them at Offutt's Cross Roads, Poolesville, and Camp Adirondack?

But the surpassing charm of those parades early in our three years of service lay in the drum-corps and band-music of the hour. We were proud of that band. It was not a first-class musical organization, but it was the best we knew of then; and its playing was excellent. We were fond of the burly, whole-souled leader; and we became attached to the physiognomy of every member. Yes, the high private who tailed the bass drum, and boasted (when away) that he played in the band; his ram-rod erectness and solemn tread, — became a cherished feature of the programme.

The entire regiment heartily enjoyed the slow-time music of the band passing down the front, and the quick measures of the return march. The parade formed, the drill in the manual, the marshalling of the first sergeants to report, the march of the line-officers to receive the colonel's instruction, the dismissal of the parade, and the eager marching into camp, breaking ranks, throwing off of equipments, and falling into line for rations, — these incidents, following each other in a panorama most impressive to the young soldier, come to mind vividly after the lapse of years.

Long Bridge, crossing the Potomac at the foot of Maryland Avenue, was the great outlet from Washington into Virginia, and toward the Army of the Potomac when it was in the vicinity of the capital. To and from Alexandria, Camp Distribution, and the great forts constituting the south-western defences of Washington, there flowed a constant tide of officers, detachments, ambulance and wagon trains, besides recruits,

stragglers, and nondescript civilians. It was found necessary, in the autumn of 1863, to station a more efficient guard at the south or Virginia end of the bridge. On the evening of October 19, Capt. Ripley, with some seventy men, beside Lieut. Fosgate and Sergts. Holmes, Colburn, Morrill, and Martin, marched to relieve the detachment on duty at that post.

The incidents of that march are, doubtless, forcibly impressed upon the memories of the squad. The passage across Long Bridge, at night, was calculated to impress the imagination; but there was nothing poetical in what transpired after the destination was reached, at eleven o'clock at night. Again the Fourteenth encountered the imbecile One Hundred and Seventy-eighth N. Y., and the same performance was begun which has been previously described of the Old-Capitol Prison relief.

But Capt. Ripley was not exactly in a mood to be trifled with, and the officer of the One Hundred and Seventy-eighth found his match in every respect. For a few minutes there was a wide margin for an ugly encounter, and the temper of the Fourteenth boys was in no wise averse to it; but, after a great deal of boisterous cursing, the Dutchmen were got out of doors, most of them being good-natured, but contemptible, soldiers.

The attempt to right dress them before starting rounded off the absurdities of the situation; and the incoming squad, with the exception of the first detail, turned in.

And such a turning in! The writer picked his bunk, but was no sooner into it than a big rat burrowed in one of his trousers' legs. His bunk-mate was worse off; for, before he got fairly settled to rest, two of the lusty, long-tailed vermin raced down his back inside his shirt. That pastime was speedily tabooed. The detachment settled down to a four and a half months' service at this post, — a service relieved of monotony by the ever varying crowds surging along that great thoroughfare of war. The discipline maintained by Capt. Ripley was of the strictest sort, the off reliefs of the guard being required to sleep in the guard-room with accoutrements always on.

When a general officer approached, the guard was nearly always turned out, aligned, and standing at present arms when

the cavalcade passed. However distasteful and burdensome these *minutiæ* of service seemed to the men, it must be conceded that one advantage resulted; i.e., the alertness, readiness, and efficiency of the men were remarkably developed.

Fort Albany lay just beyond; trains to and from Alexandria were continually passing, as Long Bridge is used for railroad and vehicle communication; the music of drum-corps and bands from the line of fortifications crowning Arlington Heights; the gay kaleidoscope of vessels crowding into Washington with the munitions of war; the tread of the Union legions pressing to the strife, — these elements of the great conflict-picture presented themselves constantly to the guards at the south end of Long Bridge.

Every phase of army character presented itself at that gate, through which no officer below a brigadier could pass without a written leave, and where no person could escape without giving an account of himself.

Bribes were frequently offered. We have seen a captain, a staff-officer, offer a hundred and twenty-five dollars in greenbacks to be allowed to pass into Washington unmolested. It was in the night, and he was anxious. It was a good deal of money for a poor soldier to handle; but the soldier never handled it, and the captain failed in his purpose.

The smuggling of whiskey was specially guarded against, and there was many an amusing search for the contraband.

Among all the general officers who passed over Long Bridge, none were received with more pleasure than the venerable Major-Gen. Silas Casey, who always appeared with a large retinue, himself riding at a sharp trot, while his staff followed on the gallop. It was the peculiarity of his return salute that always amused the guard. He would grasp his military cap by the crown disk, and thrust it vertically into the air with a curious vim.

A singular feature of the duty here was the dress-parades held by command of Capt. Ripley. Each company detail stood for a company in this unique tactical performance; the captain appeared as colonel; the lieutenant was adjutant, and the non-

coms. were company commanders. The music consisted of a single fife and drum. Those dress-parades were solemn affairs, — on the surface; and our "colonel" was reserved and dignified in his military pose. Those queer parades! They served to keep the men on the alert, for every detail was most punctiliously scrutinized; and they served as a diversion too. Probably at no other post of duty in the entire field of war was there any thing similar to the dress-parades at the south end of Long Bridge.

One of the recreations at Long Bridge was found in a debating society, organized by ten or a dozen members of the detachment. Sergt. Holmes was a leading spirit in that little society, meeting in a little upper room; and Sergt. Colburn, Corpl. Howard, together with a few privates, were among the regular attendants. December 15 Capt. Ripley relinquished the command of the post.

December 25 Sergt. Colburn, one of the best non-commissioned officers in the regiment, left this post, being attacked, as was supposed, with varioloid.

The winter of 1863-64 was severe in Washington, and the post at the south end of Long Bridge was peculiarly exposed to harsh winds: the guards suffered considerably.

February 1, soon after midnight, the detachment of the Fourteenth was relieved by the Veteran Reserve Corps, and marched into camp; and it was reported that there was much satisfaction expressed at the departure of our men by those who had felt the effects of a guard-duty performed with a strictness exactly according to orders.

November 7 Lieut. C. D. Wright was appointed acting adjutant of the regiment.

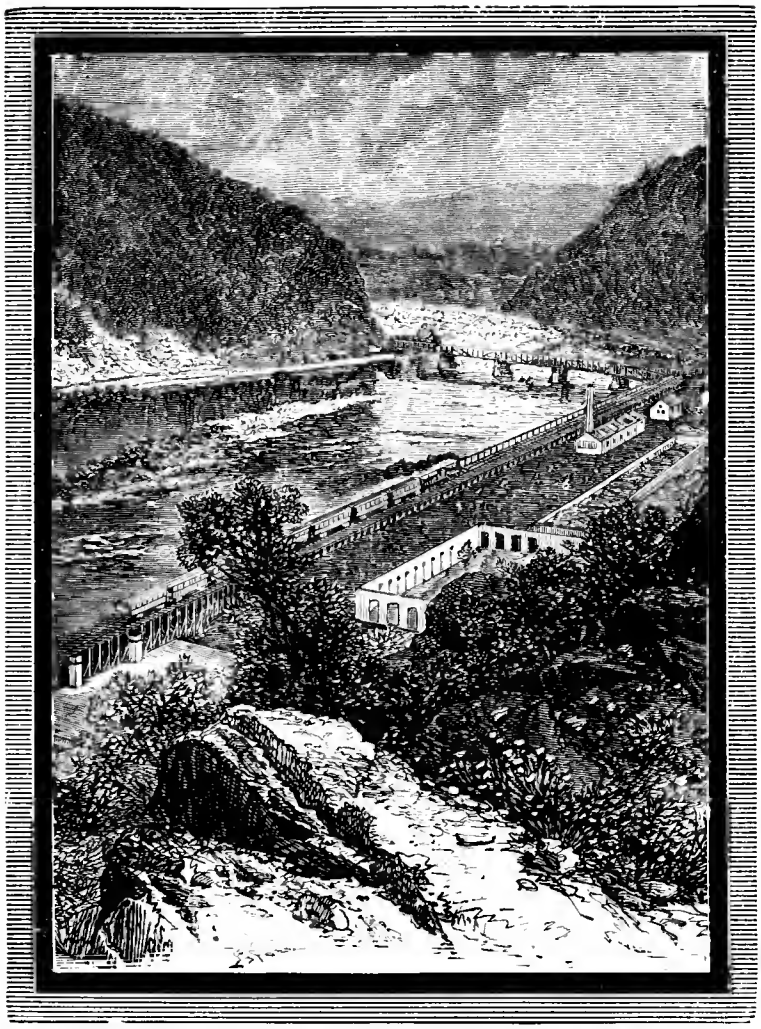
On Wednesday, December 2, the members of the Fourteenth witnessed the finishing touches to the exterior of the grand dome of the Capitol. The work of years was complete, and the familiar but unsightly stagings and hoisting-rigging soon came down.

December 4 Acting Adjutant C. D. Wright was commissioned, and was mustered the 8th.

According to the highest testimony, the military guard and special duty in the city of Washington had never been performed so satisfactorily as it was by the Fourteenth. The line-officers in command of posts and detachments had shown conspicuous ability and integrity, while the rank and file were notably reliable and intelligent. Every indication pointed to the permanent retention of so valuable a body of men in the capital city. But there were two influences at work to disturb the tranquillity of the arrangement and the permanency of the service. One was the Veteran Reserve Corps, which was a body of men organized from the partially disabled troops not discharged, and able to do guard-duty. These were supplanting efficient troops wherever practicable. This organization, however, except for pressing exigencies of the situation, could not have taken the place of the Fourteenth in Washington. There was an exigency which demanded precisely such a large and well-disciplined regiment as "Lincoln's Pets."

Ulysses S. Grant was appointed lieutenant-general of the army and commander-in chief of the Union forces March 1, 1864. Before his appointment there were several annoying Rebel raids on the upper Potomac. The first was made at the extreme westerly point of Old Virginia, where Major Beers with three hundred Illinoisans and three guns were surrounded, January 1, by the Rebel Sam Jones. Fitz-Hugh Lee tried his hand at it; and again, January 30, Jubal Early sent his cavalry leader, Rosser, into West Virginia, where he captured two hundred and seventy prisoners, ninety-three mule-wagons, twelve hundred cattle, and five hundred sheep, all without the loss of a man. February 2, and again on the 12th, other raids were attempted with partial success. Rosser's raid was potent in shaping the destiny of the Fourteenth.

The next day, January 31, every detachment was hastily ordered into camp, being relieved in most cases by the Veteran Reserve Corps; and February 1 the regiment left Washington on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad *via* the Relay Station for the purpose of repelling the rampant raiders on the upper Potomac. The command proceeded as far as the junction of the north



A VIEW OF HARPER'S FERRY.

and south branches of the river, the latter part of the way moving with great caution. It was understood that one sound of the whistle meant that a line of battle was to be instantly formed on the right of the train, while two sounds rallied the men to the left. Arriving at the junction before mentioned, the bridge was found burned, the expedition could proceed no farther; and the regiment went into camp in shelter-tents, with orders to be ready constantly to march at fifteen-minutes' notice. The men slept with their accoutrements belted on.

The discomforts of this bivouac were great, a heavy rain falling during the night, and in many instances streams of water ran down the slope beneath the sleeping men.

On the morning of February 7 the regiment embarked on the train and returned to Harper's Ferry, arriving there at eight P.M. The men esteemed it a special favor to be allowed to sleep in the box-cars of the transportation train.

The next morning a camp was established on Cemetery Hill, above the village called Camp Hill, which consisted of shelter-tents; the officers occupying an adjacent house.

Orders were issued on the 9th incorporating the Fourteenth in the third brigade, third division, Sixth Army Corps, Gen. Sedgwick's. This connection was destined to be of short duration. A picket-line, eight or ten miles long, was established from the Potomac to the Shenandoah. On this line the Fourteenth performed picket-duty. While stationed at Harper's Ferry, a good many subaltern promotions were made, and some of the insubordinate members were court-martialled. On the 11th of the month the regiment was relieved by the One Hundred and Second Penn., the former removing half a mile to Camp Sherborn, on Hall's Island in the Shenandoah.

While encamped here, Lieut. Tolman was promoted to the captaincy of Company E.

A detail of the regiment was posted in Loudon Valley, where Moseby, three weeks previously, had surprised a Union cavalry station in the night. It may be accounted certain, that, had Cole's cavalry been as vigilant as were the pickets of the Fourteenth, they could never have been surprised. Moseby was a

great instructor in the virtue and the art of Union alertness. The weather was intensely cold, and the camp was in no sense winter quarters. The men suffered severely, and could not keep warm.

Never was an order more rapturously applauded than that which came on February 24, for the regiment to return to Washington. Transportation was furnished that afternoon.

The regiment found itself again in Washington on the morning of the 25th, and the men felt as though they had come home from a strange country. They fondly speculated upon the return to the old haunts of duty, which had in a measure become endeared by association. They did not appreciate the fact that the death-rate in the regiment would be lowered by leaving the city; although the subsequent destination in the far South resulted, not in a diminution, but an alarming increase, of losses by disease. As the Fourteenth marched up New-Jersey Avenue, it was seen that Camp Adirondack was not to be re-occupied. Instead, the line of march led to the new and admirable barracks situated on the corner of Sixth and O Streets, recently constructed especially for the Fourteenth, and which it would have occupied in a few days had not the fright on the upper Potomac upset the expected arrangements. The commanding-officer knew, while at Harper's Ferry, that the guard-duty of the regiment in Washington was ended, and that it was intended for other service. The occupancy of the Sixth-street barracks was but temporary; and the men made the most of their brief stop in a city they had come to know well and to love, and which many of them were never to see again.

On the 26th Lieut. C. P Hall took command of Company C.

ARMY DISCIPLINE.

The Northern soldier was no minion or serf. He fully believed in the Declaration of Independence, and considered that every principle of American freedom was illustrated in his own personality. He could cheerfully endure unwonted privations and most arduous service; but would he, all unaccustomed to

the inexorable rigor of military law, submit to the discipline of an organized armed force? The traditions of war had faded from the American mind. The militia was an ancient joke, and "trainins" were obsolete; the only reminiscences of them cherished by the fighting generation of 1861 being those of bear-skin caps, burlesque soldiering, pandemonium of drums, gingerbread, and beer.

One of the most interesting studies in connection with our civil war was the incidents and effects of discipline, as the civilian was being transformed to the experienced soldier. And we may here affirm that the process was inevitably a slow one. Nothing, unless it might be an unusual soldierly instinct or genius occasionally possessing a man, could obviate the necessity of prolonged training, and submission to rigorous codes, in order to economize life and effort, and to develop the highest efficiency. A battalion is eminently a machine; and its parts must be nicely adjusted by long use together, and made to run in prescribed grooves, if the intricate mechanism is to serve its end and turn out anticipated results. But observe the application of this principle to the formative processes of a regiment preparing for the crucial ordeal of deadly conflict.

The awful death-roll of the Union armies was lengthened at least one-fourth, probably one-third, by the want of wholesome though irksome discipline during the first months of service, in many cases continuing throughout the entire term. The task was little short of herculean, to bring a million self-centred human wills, most of them panoplied in an intelligence which no troops in all history had before attained, into implicit and unswerving obedience to one central and many subordinate commanders. We do not intimate that this was ever realized, except measurably; but the extent of failure was the measure of calamities to armies, disasters to the cause, and slaughters and hospital morgues for men who, brave, loyal, and noble, were yet restive under a discipline which might, if enforced and submitted to, have turned defeats into victories, and saved their lives.

A sort of trained consolidation, valuable surely, resulted from

merely a continued organization, isolated from old connections; and so far as troops were drilled and developed into a homogeneous unity, were they efficient and reliable. Several battles in that war were lost, which might have been won had certain brigades and even divisions never been marched on to the field. This is illustrated in the well-known fact, that, in a severe contest, a battalion of five hundred veterans was worth more than a fresh regiment of a thousand men; and most of the Union regiments won their greenest laurels after they were reduced to less than four hundred. The regiments subjected to the strictest discipline lost fewest men from disease, and secured the most brilliant record. But the enunciation of such a doctrine in the average company street of a Union camp, prior to 1863, would have roused a perfect tempest of opprobrium.

Our loyal trooper was jealous of his rights, hated red tape, — calling every thing red tape that did not suit him, — and didn't propose to be bullied by "shoulder-straps." When it came to the last analysis he never explained just how much he meant, nor how he would manage an army, nor how he could help himself; and, if he went "fooling round" the limits of insubordination, he had a quiet and more or less prolonged opportunity for study among the natural scenery of the Rip-Raps or Dry Tortugas. But laxity of discipline was not so much indicated by mutinies or court-martials, as by a low *morale* throughout the line; a mild but dangerous defiance of, or contempt for, those wholesome rules which a long experience had approved.

Among volunteer troops there is certain to be a jealous watchfulness of all official prerogatives; and it was the severest trial to which the loyal forces in the war of the Rebellion were subjected, that of bringing themselves to a prompt and implicit obedience to constituted military authority. And a civilian cannot appreciate the extent of this subordination nor the personal sacrifices it demanded. If every officer had been superior to the rank and file, fitted for command, endowed with the proud and recognized attributes of leadership, — "One that could rule and dared not lie," — even then, who can adequately appreciate the fealty to law, and the patient bending of the neck

to such an inexorable yoke as despotic martial regulations require from those who had been taught by political constitutions, patriotic orators, and a long experience, that they were the ultimate sovereigns of the mightest government in the world? But the veteran boys in blue have not forgotten that some of their officers were not Agamemnons, nor ideals of any distinguished genus.

There were three sorts of officers which held the comfort and even the lives of a million of men, to a dreadful degree, subject to their wills. The first were able, honorable, accomplished men, animated by the highest motives, and governed by a generous solicitude for the welfare of their men. Certainly, no army that ever shook the earth, and changed the current of the world's destiny, was adorned with such a proportion of this class of officers as were the legions of Father Abraham, twice six hundred thousand strong; and the Fourteenth Regiment was certainly favored with a large number of leaders who will be honored while a single veteran remains to transmit the traditions of a noble organization and its worthy achievements.

The second sort was made up of equally brilliant men, but selfish, unscrupulous, tyrannical. Taking the loyal forces together, there was a grim, portentous array of these official miscreants, who trod upon the rights, and coarsely abraded the sensitive natures, of their most faithful soldiers. This veteran association is happy in the remembrance of very few of these unworthy officials upon its muster-rolls. But, wherever found, it was as company officers that they were most obnoxious, as these were brought into closer relations with the men: and while the abuse or negligence of a battalion or brigade commander comprehended more victims and broader mischief, the infliction was somewhat tempered by distance; whereas the harassments of a company commander, even if somewhat trivial, were more exasperating for several reasons, being inflictions of direct contact. The lower the rank of an officer of this character, the more he desired to show his power; and especially was this true in the initiatory period of a regiment's service.

A single incident illustrates the severity of this disciplinary

strain upon those all unaccustomed to serving as victims in any exercise of arbitrary power. One of the finest young men in his native town, of excellent family and highest character, a student in Dartmouth College, enlisted in the Fourteenth Regiment. He was promised one of the best subaltern offices, and he got — nothing. The day following the captain's muster, when his power had become in a sense absolute, the company was out for drill. The young man in question was near the right of the line; and, in an alignment, he failed to dress backward as far as desired. With his trenchant blade the gallant captain made his *début* as a military despot. Without a word of warning he struck this high-spirited, sensitive man — now a private in the ranks — a smart blow with his sword. To this fearful humiliation the private must submit without one word of remonstrance: and he did, but his spirit was broken; never was he the same man after suffering, in the presence of an entire company, this cruel indignity. There were scores of others, more severe if not more odious wrongs and humiliations, which either begot discouragement or prompted to insubordination, perhaps ultimate revenge.

Twenty years have but little softened the remembrance of petty tyrannies and gross outrages inflicted by uniformed, small-patterned despots, "dressed in a little brief authority," upon high-spirited, but devoted and obedient, soldiers of the Union, yet subjects of their misused power. Even the considerate exercise of the great though necessary authority residing in an officer holding a military commission, entailed inevitable and irksome burdens, for reasons which follow. A whole company enlisted as equals, as privates. On Monday they were on a level. On Tuesday, three out of the hundred men, not the best or worthiest often, withdrew from the common barracks to a seclusion, a privilege, and a power, which meant a distinction and an advantage that can be appreciated by no one save an intelligent man who has served throughout his enlistment term. The transition was so sudden, the distinction so absolute, the gulf so broad, that the officer sometimes forgot to be a man; and the private, bewildered, forgot to be a soldier.

There was another circumstance which aggravated the suddenly created disparity of rank, and the tremendous accession to power on the one hand, and of relegation to unquestioning submission on the other. To state it briefly, the sovereign, by the very exercise of his ultimate power, makes of himself a helpless servant, and transfers to his dependant an irretrievable power over his life, liberty, and peace of mind. It was a privilege of very doubtful advantage on the whole, that by which each company was allowed to select its own commissioned officers. Not half the instances justified in their results, a practice, democratic in the inception, despotic in the outcome. We now speak of despotism, not in its cruel aspects, but as entirely arbitrary and senseless in the development and discipline of the company organization.

Let the veteran volunteer in retrospect ponder the arts by which some of the officers — we are glad to concede that they were few — won votes and secured their commissions. In fact, all company officers were in the hands of their comrades — before election. Some of them solicited votes and promised subaltern offices. In one company of the Fourteenth Regiment ten men were promised a file-closer's post, and twenty-one were made quite sure of the two-barred chevron. It is probable that a majority of the captains and lieutenants sought no votes and bought no elections by offers of preferment; but those officers who solicited most artfully and persistently, and were most affluent in promises, were as ready as any to forget their obligations, to stultify their pledges, and to be cruel to those who could not be coaxed, bought, or driven into supporting them for the coveted trusts. Good men and true may be judged leniently if they were not perfectly flexible in adjusting themselves to conditions so novel, and were not cheerful in submitting to authority so suddenly granted and acquired, and possibly so dangerous to their welfare.

The third class of officers may be somewhat loosely characterized as good-natured imbeciles. They were as fit for military command as a yard of blue drilling for a drum-head. The observation of Dr. Johnson, that "Much may be made of a

Scotchman if he be caught young," was possibly applicable to the doughty chiefs enumerated under this head; but they were never "caught young" in the military net: and, in some instances, nothing short of an ante-natal training would have availed. They could control enough votes so that they must be counted in when the patriotic log-rolling came off, which determined the company leadership "for three years or during the war."

Now, this class of officers was more destructive of discipline than the second; for however oppressive an officer might show himself, if he was a man of brains and evidenced considerable military ability, his men did entertain for him an essential respect, and he did hold his command measurably well in hand: but a shoulder-strapped nonentity excited a ridicule which was utterly subversive of successful leadership. If he was blindly kind to the men, he became popular in a way; but a drill under such an officer was a rollicking, tactical dance, a ruinous burlesque of every company movement. He was corpulent, perhaps, and marched across the parade-ground much like an immense, shaky water-tank, which had stolen a pair of inadequate legs, and was perambulating in uniform; the difference being, that our hero was a tank quite unaccustomed to hold water.

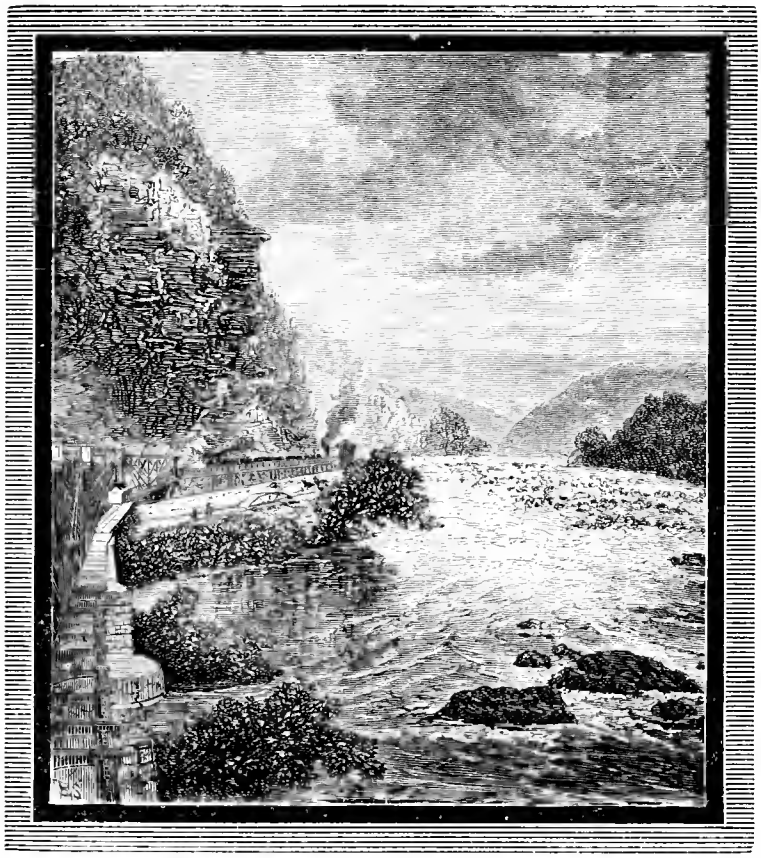
There was another genus of this class, — the dainty æsthete, taken out of the maternal bandbox on purpose to lead the plebeian hosts through sanguinary struggles to romance and glory; but the gentle wrist was unequal to his own moulinet exercise; and his hair had a curl never intended for the unpoetical sabre-thrust of Jeb. Stuart, nor the deadly aim of Jackson's old division. All of this sash-girted rubbish soon floated homeward on the happy currents of eagerly accepted resignations, and better men from the ranks stepped into positions they should have originally occupied.

When the officers of the class under consideration took a company out for drill, they would demoralize it more in one hour than an efficient drill-master could improve it in a week. Some of the evolutions much resembled the boy's game of

whip-snapping. One of these worthies at Camp Adirondack kept his command in a ferment for nearly two hours one morning, trying to secure an alignment; and he wasn't over-nice either, for a line decently resembling the new moon would have been entirely satisfactory. He became at last annoyed at the stupidity displayed (he located it in the line), and adopted an extra tactical expedient. He advanced the company in line of battle, and there was a look of martial determination in his whole demeanor such as had never before graced his carriage. Onward the line tumbled with as many different steps as there were men in the ranks, until with a crash the march ended against the high board-fence of Finley Hospital. His method was illuminated by his comment, "There, d—n you! I'll see if I can't right dress you!" In a majority of the companies of the Fourteenth Regiment there were not only relations of hearty confidence and respect maintained between officers and men, but an efficient discipline was enforced and cheerfully submitted to by nearly all of the rank and file. The character and efficiency of the company officers in no wise deteriorated as the term of service advanced; and, while there may have been sufficient reasons for the failure of the command as a whole to reach a high state of discipline early in its history, no one doubts that its varied and trying service was admirably calculated to afford the best of training, and to render it thoroughly reliable in any exigency.

When the Fourteenth Regiment entered its first battle, it had probably reached the highest state of discipline and *esprit du corps* of which it was capable. While never remarkable for excellence in evolution or manual, this organization had no superior throughout the army in intelligence, submission, and prompt obedience to every order. The claim has been made, that the Fourteenth was handicapped from the first in respect of internal tendencies toward disorganization, rather than unity, and that it lacked the inspiration of that solidity so essential to the safety and triumph of those who must face death together. Without passing upon this assumption, it is enough to say, that through suffering, patient endurance, varied and severe train-

ing, energetic devotion, and the leavening stimulus of an appreciative and hearty loyalty, the Fourteenth Regiment, keeping time to the music of the Union, marched quite abreast of those battalions of the grand army of the North which proudly knew the object of their being, loved their cause, would die for their flag, and, deploying in the focus-light of an unequalled age, were of all forces on the earth supremely irresistible.



MOUTH OF THE SHENANDOAH.

III.

THE LOUISIANA CAMPAIGN.

THE celebrated Red-river campaign was planned in January, 1864; and Gen. N. P Banks was mustering a large army for an advance on Shreveport. It appears that the Fourteenth was intended either for a re-enforcement of that expedition, or for garrisoning exposed points on the Mississippi while the main army was buried in the treacherous labyrinths of the Red-river country. But there was a nearer and a more dangerous foe than the hordes of Dick Taylor. Mr. Lincoln was more afraid of Northern Copperheads than of Southern battalions. *En route* for the Department of the Gulf, the Fourteenth was to make a brilliant armed reconnoissance into New Hampshire. Not with bullets, but with ballots, was the enemy to be assaulted; although it was a quite prevalent feeling, that the former was a treatment sufficiently mild for the traitorous opposition to the war which the army and the country had to endure from those, who, if not active sympathizers with treason, were persistent obstructionists of every war-measure.

The regiment had not been in the new barracks twenty-four hours when it was announced that it was to be allowed to go home to vote. A quiet canvass of the companies was made; and it was ascertained that the Fourteenth would vote almost solidly for a State government which could be counted on to heartily sustain the President in his efforts to put down the Rebellion. Nothing was revealed as to the destination of the regiment subsequent to its wholesale furlough. It was no time for anxiety over the future. The entire command was jubilant over the prospect of a speedy though brief re-union with the

loved ones at home. Saturday, February 27, the Fourteenth took the train on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and Sunday night remained in barracks in New-York City, located where the post-office building now stands. Monday transportation was secured; and Concord, N.H., was reached the next day. The regiment was received with considerable demonstrations; and, as soon as arms and accoutrements were safely stored, the men were furloughed twelve days. It is moderate to intimate that the Fourteenth made itself felt in the State for the next ten days. In hundreds of homes and among thousands of friends, welcomes and greetings surpassed any thing the recipients had ever before enjoyed.

A soldier on furlough is a character for study; and he was a very industrious student, himself, of every means of enjoyment and pleasant notoriety. On this occasion the soldiers of the Fourteenth were altogether too notorious to suit a certain class in close towns, politically. These carpers were suddenly converted to the doctrine, that it was the duty of government troops to remain down South fighting the enemy, and not to be coming home by regiments to meddle in politics. It was but just previously that the aforesaid objectors declared it impossible to ever whip the South, and that the act of sending troops to subjugate our brethren was a crime.

The presence of the Union volunteers at the polls in New Hampshire, during the spring election of 1864, was a sore irritant to those who were desperately bent upon blocking the progress of the war. That election was, perhaps, the most important ever held in that State; as it was the first prophetic voice of the people in the presidential campaign, a prophecy of the November verdict which would determine the issue of the tremendous effort to suppress Rebellion and crush out treason in America. Party feeling ran high, antagonisms were bitter; and it is easily believed that the presence of the Fourteenth intensified the animosities of the canvass. And why? Citizens of New Hampshire had simply returned to their homes to cast a lawful ballot. There were angry discussions and numberless personal collisions on town-meeting day; for, while the boys did

not exactly carry to the polls a chip on each shoulder, they were not in a mood to be jostled to any great extent: and the Copperheads had a hard time of it where the soldiers were numerous enough to start a little political "camp-fire" in the midst of the assembled voters.

The scenes in the various town-meetings where the soldiers appeared were highly interesting, often amusing, and in some places pretty exciting. The boys in blue were not externally diffident nor modest in their advocacy of the war, and their denunciations of Northern Copperheads were spoken decidedly above a whisper. It was an uncomfortable day for a certain class of citizens in the old Granite State. There is no doubt that the Fourteenth efficiently performed the service expected of it when it was ordered to New Hampshire, and it is a fact in its history that these soldier-voters acted with entire personal freedom in casting their ballots. Those who persisted in voting according to old predilections, and practically against the government they were fighting for, — there were a few who did, — were in no way proscribed afterward.

The regiment was fortunate in this opportunity for a brief restoration of family circles and the enjoyment of family life. To a large proportion of the Fourteenth it was the last gathering about their firesides. The days sped with more fleetness than the hopes of a Union victory at Fredericksburg. Again the parting, the pain, yes, the agony, of the last word and look — and the men rallied around their colors at Concord, March 14. It was a wise precaution of the government not to pay off the regiment before it was furloughed: but, on the return to Concord, the United-States paymaster was on the ground; and the men were paid in full to March 1. Nearly every man was at his post when the rolls were called, and there were only a few desertions. A year and a half of service had weeded out from the Fourteenth most of its useless and unworthy material; and, although it left the State the second time more than two hundred and fifty less in numbers than when it first entered the service, it was a stronger organization with seven hundred men than originally with nine hundred and eighty.

Wednesday, March 16, the Fourteenth left Concord and the State, and on the 17th went into the barracks in New-York City, already referred to. The three-days' stay in that city afforded a well-improved opportunity to witness and enjoy the excitements of Gotham. Some members of the regiment, who had been absent on detailed duty, or were about to return from hospitals, managed to evade the officers who were on the alert to secure them, and, having remained in seclusion until the regiment sailed, escaped being sent to Louisiana. There were several such cases.

Sunday, March 20, seven companies of the Fourteenth embarked on the side-wheel steamship "Daniel Webster," for New Orleans. Tuesday the vessel was in a terrible storm, which continued three days, disabling the ship, and threatening destruction to all on board. The vessel was helpless, the crew powerless, and hope almost abandoned. Saturday the storm was over, and the "Daniel Webster" was able to move slowly toward a port of relief. Land was descried Sunday, at nine A.M.; and at five o'clock the same afternoon the regiment reached Hilton Head, and entered the harbor of Port Royal. The troops remained aboard the ship until Monday morning, when they disembarked, and marched a mile in the deep, yielding sand, toward the eastern side of the island, and near to a palmetto-grove, where shelter-tents were pitched in the sand; the regiment remaining there four days, until the "Daniel Webster" could be repaired.

Friday, April 1, the Fourteenth again took up its quarters on the unfortunate steamship, and, strange to say, with no regrets. Hilton-Head sand had reconciled the men to almost any change. The vessel did not quit the immense government wharf until the next morning at 8.30. The following Sabbath was one of the finest in all the experience of the regiment; and throughout the day the vessel skirted the coast of Florida, in sight of the historic shores where the white man first reared a settlement in America.

"Peace was on the world abroad:
'Twas the holy peace of God."

Tuesday afternoon, by the aid of a pilot, the sinuosities of the entrance to Key-West Harbor were experienced; and at five o'clock anchor was dropped. Not until Thursday, the 7th, could the ship find its opportunity to take coal; and then it ran up to the wharf, and the men had one day ashore. The privilege was made the most of; and, for the first time, the boys from the Granite Hills wandered through fig-orchards and orange-groves, with fruit lying about in abundance. The semi-tropical climate, and the strangeness of the whole scene, furnished too many novelties to easily crowd into twelve hours. Fort Taylor, a stout stone octagon defence of the harbor, with casemate and barbette guns, was visited by nearly the entire regiment, where Col. Stark Fellows, formerly lieutenant of Company D, was in command of the post.

Friday, April 8, the "Daniel Webster" left Key West, sailing near to the Dry Tortugas, where several unruly members of the Fourteenth were confined for some time during the war, some of them perhaps unjustly. At noon of the 11th the muddy waters of the Mississippi were discovered, and at nine P.M. of the same day the renowned forts of Jackson and St. Philip were passed. At eight o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, April 12, the Fourteenth reached the Crescent City, and gazed upon its curious water-level landings and more curious river-craft. The men did not go ashore, much to their disappointment: but the transport steamed up the river six miles, to Carrollton, where the regiment landed, and went into camp in a clover-field a quarter of a mile from the levee; the designation being Camp Parapet.

The three left companies, K, E, G, did not embark on the "Daniel Webster," there not being room, and were transported on the "Liberty." They had a safe and pleasant passage, arriving in New Orleans in advance of their comrades, who sailed earlier.

A REGIMENT AFLOAT.

Casey's tactics were sufficient for every possible movement emergency — on land. The average regiment was fairly drilled in all essential evolutions of the line, but Casey's tactics presupposed *terra firma* as a base of operations. Casey was set at defiance, was buried in contempt, the moment a body of troops was trundled aboard a government transport. In fact, no system of tactics ever contemplated the motions and the woes of a regiment afloat. It is quite time that history be reversed, in one particular at least. For more than a hundred years it has been a recognized proof of patriotism to abuse the Hessians for an attempt to aid Britain in subjugating the colonies. A delicate sense of justice suggests, that, instead of rearing a monument on American soil to a spy because he was not smart enough to escape Gen. Washington's noose, it will be a better recognition of sterling worth to set up a slab to every Hessian who survived the transport voyage across the Atlantic; thus evincing a type of heroism beside which the deeds of Marathon are not worth mentioning. No veteran can boast of a rounded-out and complete military experience unless he was initiated into the noxious mysteries of a vessel with a freight consignment consisting of Union soldiers. The evils of such a passage were inseparable from the situation, and the government fully met all reasonable expectations in the accommodations afforded. There were so many uncertain and uncontrollable factors in the problem of moving a thousand men by sea a thousand miles, that no surprise should be felt when it is learned, that very few entirely agreeable voyages were made by our soldier mariners. In cool weather, with a smooth sea, a short voyage, and no crowding, the trip could be made with tolerable comfort. The actual experiences rarely combined these conditions.

There is no dearth of permanent impressions concerning a lively voyage where a large number of men were huddled into an inadequate space; pitched into an utter promiscuousness of undesirable fraternity; rolled, shaken, jostled, and tumbled into a dangerous approach to "Union jelly;" "rocked in the cradle

of the deep" in a manner devoid of all poetry; refreshed on condensed sea-water, — the vilest decent liquid ever brewed; lulled to rest in the balmy salubrity of a between-decks' atmosphere, — the aroma is not yet out of our nostrils.

> "I counted two and seventy stenches,
> All well defined, and several stinks."

The sublimity of the majestic sea outside, and the nauseous nastiness of the air within, remind one of the anomalous contrast implied in the lines of Coleridge: —

> "The river Rhine, it is well known,
> Doth wash your city of Cologne;
> But tell me, nymphs, what power divine
> Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?"

Those who have been plunged into the immeasurable depths of disgust on a transport passage, wonder what attributes of grandeur will suffice to remove that stain from Old Ocean. The Fourteenth Regiment was transported more than ten thousand miles by water during the war of the Rebellion, and may fairly claim to have found its "sea-legs." This long stretch of water campaigning was not wholly on salt water, although four respectable voyages are included; but the river-trips of the regiment were quite comprehensive. On the Thames, Hudson, Delaware, Susquehanna, Potomac, James, Savannah, and Mississippi, the Fourteenth moved, as it participated in the wide reaching strategy which finally crushed the historic "anaconda." On sound and river steamboats, and in ocean transport steamships, the numerous expeditions were made; while one style of vessel deserves a separate and especial reference.

A Mississippi steamboat is entirely singular and unique. It would be uncouth, were it not so grand; and its interior magnificence is ample recompense for unwieldy smoke-stacks, clumsy boilers, and ungainly decking, with a top-lofty pilot-house for a monster finial. A Mississippi steamboat sweeping around one of the great bends in the Father of Waters is a majestic figure, affording one of the finest possible spectacles in the realm of

imagination. A trip down the river on such a splendid steamer as the "Gray Eagle" is an experience rare, exhilarating, memorable. It was one of the pleasantest passages in the history of the regiment, and the congenial chats on the roomy decks of that elegant boat come home with a peculiar tenderness to the survivors. Sailing smoothly, but with a mighty impetus, past extensive and grand old plantations, their graceful and romantic mansions adorning the banks; sweeping down between immense fields of corn and cane, whose straight rows stretched from the river back for miles; the scenery diversified by sugar-establishments, orange-groves, and more affluent parks of oak, with the graceful Southern moss adding its indescribable charm, — such a picture invited the appreciative volunteer on the delightful summer evening when the Fourteenth was borne on toward the sanguinary scenes undreamed of, yet just before. The occasion was, in every sense, a wonderful exception in the life of every soldier on board. It was an experience entirely at variance with the current of a life-time. It made real and vivid what had been, previously, entertained only in romance.

It was decidedly unusual for a soldier in active service to see any thing of society; yet aboard the "Gray Eagle," on the night referred to, the boys were regaled by glimpses of a fairy entertainment. A good orchestra in the saloon furnished music for a brilliant company of ladies and gentlemen, in costly apparel, tripping through the mazes of a gay quadrille. Strange as it may appear, it was a novel sight to nearly all save the officers, — a refined woman, in any proximity to soldiers. The music and the brilliant spectacle moved the men; and they gathered in groups or couples, and talked of home, of service, of campaigns to come, of the problems of the war, on a plane of thought and expression manifestly elevated by the surroundings of the hour. Such accessories revealed a noble inner life in many a volunteer who in general never manifested other than superficial merit. It was an occasion to stir all tender and noble sentiment; and fortunate will be the circumstances of the veterans of the Fourteenth, when they luxuriate in an exist-

ence of more delightsome dreaminess, where the atmosphere was heavy with the sweet odors of the magnolia, and a great variety of tropical plants.

Moonlight voyaging on the Mississippi is simply incomparable, and there and then the sunny South appeared in its supreme loveliness. Who forgets the spectacle witnessed from the levees and parapets of Carrollton, at night, when the gardens and fig-groves seemed flooded with moonlight of a quality exotic to New-England latitudes, and a great steamboat was coming round the upper bend, its hoarse, unearthly snorting announcing its approach long before the pair of tall black smoke-stacks loomed up, indicating the perplexing sinuosities of its track? Let the man who is deficient in imagination climb the levee above New Orleans, and watch that monster forge down upon him, with its unrivalled grandeur of momentum; and, if there is any latent poetry in his constitution, he will henceforth

> "Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and *grace* in every thing."

An ocean voyage, under the most favorable conditions, is never wholly agreeable; but when a between-decks' bunk, rather than a state-room, is the allotment, the discomfort is aggravated beyond the appreciation of those who have never tried the experiment. But when a crowded transport encounters a storm at sea, becomes disabled and helpless in the uncontrollable and bewildering fury of the tempest, the horrors of the situation are beyond all description. The Fourteenth Regiment sailed out from New York, March 20, 1864, on the "Daniel Webster." She lay anchored in the North River, the men being put aboard by tenders. It was a memorable occasion in the lives of those volunteers. Probably not half a dozen in the regiment had ever stepped on the deck of an ocean steamer before that morning. Every thing was strange, and far removed from all previous experience; but some of the novelties would gladly have been dispensed with. The officers occupied the cabin and state-rooms; but the rank and file were marched to the forward hatchway, and then — never did the Fourteenth

Regiment come so near to insubordination as when it looked down that hatchway. There was a decided reluctance to being quartered between decks; but down the ladder the men crept, in obedience to orders. There, in the darkness, they found the space filled with rough bunks, in three tiers, built in so closely that there was barely room, between tiers, for passage.

Probably this accommodation was the best practicable: but the senses revolted from the irremediable closeness, even in fine weather; while this sweat-stench-box, with men packed like sardines, was almost horrible in a storm. The "Daniel Webster" had not reached the Narrows, when some of the most vigorous among the officers and men grew seasick. There was a good sea on; and, as the vessel got outside, night came on, with a brisk breeze and rising waves. First, a general uneasiness; then, a pronounced and almost universal disquietude of stomach; and, ere long, a positive state of misery was reached. The depths of woe in seasickness can best be studied in a transport vessel, with victims never before tossed on the briny deep.

Here again our Bull-Run hero, who knew all about the war, stepped into prominence. He spent the first three hours after getting under way in bantering all about him, and predicting the horrors of the coming nausea. He was an old salt, so to speak; he had been on a voyage before; you couldn't start him. In six hours he was sucking a lemon; in eight hours his stomach interviewed him frequently; and before morning he was whining like a ninny. We never observed more of ludicrous wretchedness in the same compass than aboard that steamer. The utter disgust with life itself was comically pitiful. About one-third of the regiment were helplessly sick, while not more than one-fourth entirely escaped. As many as possible remained on deck, and the rails were constantly fringed with sufferers heaving — not the lead. The condition of things below was indescribable.

The evils of seasickness were trifling, however, compared with the aggravated horrors surrounding a great storm at sea. We always believed that the captain's assertion was true when he declared that the gale which so nearly sent the "Daniel

Webster" to the bottom was the severest he ever encountered in a thirty-years' experience. Our confidence in his opinion has been somewhat shaken by the consideration that some sea-captains are in the habit of calling the last storm the worst one they ever saw. It is certain, however, that the "Daniel Webster" barely escaped foundering off Cape Hatteras in one of the most fearful tempests which ever visited that coast. No battle conceivable would involve the horrors and despair of the forty-eight hours of the vessel's helplessness, when, lying in the trough of mighty seas, she was beaten, buffetted, and pounded; while the men in agony expected that the next tremendous wave would send her under forever.

A striking contrast in the men was then evidenced. The majority met the danger quietly, being brave, alert, steady; some were even jocose, save in the darkest moment; but the abject terror of the usually most blatant, boastful, and profane, was contemptible, even with one foot in a watery grave. When the order was given to send all the men below, and fasten down the hatches, the climax of the dreadful situation was reached, and the best stuff in the regiment trembled. To be drowned between decks in the night, like rats in a trap, with no fighting chance, was a fate from which the stoutest quailed. The imprisoned men were face to face with the sheerest desperation, and were surely in the direst extremity. The after-works of the ship were swept away; the port paddle-box was stove in; the mainsail was carried away; we lost binnacle, compass, and other instruments; the engine was disabled; and the sea was lashed to an awful fury. In this strait scores of men manifested a courage which gave them an added dignity for all after-time, and whose lustre was crowned on the battle-fields of later months; but the faint-hearted cannot recall that trying period with pride. Men who were commonly reckless and blasphemous now prayed loudly, fervently, and long for help and deliverance; but, when *terra firma* was reached, they were as profane as they had been prayerful.

> "When the Devil was sick, the Devil a monk would be:
> When the Devil got well, the devil a monk was he."

Some of the protestations of that desperate time would not read well to those who have now got twenty years away from that storm. The vow was solemnly made, that, if they ever got on shore again alive, they would never go a-fishing in a small boat on a New-Hampshire mill-pond. Others declared they would be perfectly willing to go into battle every day of the week if they could be guaranteed a survival of that gale. To those who could rise above fear, there was a strange sublimity in the bewildering wildness of the scene, a towering majesty of Old Ocean in the dread exercise of a power never before conceived of, a revelation of the Eternal One calculated to fill the soul with an awe never more to subside. It was a spectacle surpassing all else that is grand to the eye of man.

In the midst of the sublimity of Nature's mad tempest-throes, and the extremity and terror of the human cargo, there was large room for absurdities; and the room was well taken. A storm at sea tries the timber of men as surely as it does that of the vessel. Every side of character was illustrated during that voyage, and the comical parts of the drama were well sustained. One poor fellow so far lost his wits in preparing to leave this life, that he turned over all his valuables to a comrade, with the earnest request that he give them to his family. Some acted a *rôle* without previous preparation or consent. Company F had a heavy, slow snail of a private, who never did but two things with any rapidity, — eating and snoring. He never was known to take his musket apart, clean it, and assemble it again in the same day; but a Cape Hatteras double and twisted gale was sufficient to thrill even that phlegmatic, good-natured, and really popular rotundity: at any rate, the seat of his breeches got thoroughly magnetized. He came on deck just after the waves had reached the acme of their rise, and the ship was rolling its worst, being at the mercy of cross-seas. Private Snail had no trouble in mounting the hatchway ladder: in fact, he came on deck as though fired up from the hold out of a mortar. A tremendous lurch of the vessel did it. If our hero had any "sure holt," it was sitting down; and in that posture he landed, if that verb could be used out of sight of land and of all hope of ever

seeing even a handful of earth again. The same wave that hoisted him from between-decks sent him flying down the portentous incline to the port side of the vessel. He arrived there precisely in time not to clutch the rail before another mighty billow reversed the see-saw, and sent him to the starboard side. The lurch was so great that even Snail's inertia was sensibly overcome, and he traversed that deck with considerable speed. He was too clumsy to roll; but he could slide, with the Atlantic ocean behind him for a motor. And he did slide. He seemed to realize that he was in motion soon enough to make a lunge for the starboard lower rigging; but another wave was too quick for him, and back he went. He surveyed air-lines across that deck three times, and the performance closed only when a friendly rope was thrown about him at the starboard terminus of his remarkable shuttle-track. He begged pairs of cast-off pantaloons, from which he secured patches for his terribly racked breeches.

The heavy swell, the dying wind, the silence and the smooth sea, the slow run into Port Royal, came after the storm. Camping on a desert of deep-shifting, wind-blown sand, waiting a week for the vessel's repair, added to our stock of experience, but not to comfort or peace of mind. Palm-trees, a splendid harbor, and sand filled our eyes, principally the latter. Sand everywhere; sand for mattress, pillow, and coverlet. Shelter-tents were the only protection afforded, and a rain-storm came on to heighten the impressions of the place. Strange to tell, the men re-embarked on the "Daniel Webster" gladly; and no lovelier day or fairer sea ever tempted the willing mariner than that on which the Fourteenth steamed out of Port Royal, on its way to the still sunnier South.

The second day out we witnessed a burial at sea. The band played a dirge on the quarter-deck, and the shrouded body was laid on a plank in an open port. The splash, the plunge, the unmarked entombment, completed a burial most beautiful and fitting. Stopping for coal at Key West, we revelled in the orange-groves of Florida, and visited Col. Fellows and his colored regiment at Fort Taylor. Steaming across the Gulf,

miles before land was descried, the great circle of muddy water announced that we had entered the current of the Mississippi. Previously we had noted with wonder the clear line of demarcation between the Gulf Stream and abutting water. The delta was entered at Pass L'Outre; and the "Daniel Webster" had survived a great peril, and the Fourteenth Regiment was safe from all the threatened dangers of an eventful voyage.

The first month of the Fourteenth's stay in Louisiana was delightful. The village of Carrollton, so different from any New-England town, was a source of interest and pleasure to the men. The A tents were pitched on a well-turfed mead adjacent to a fig-orchard, and the magnolia and other tropical flowering verdure loaded the air with a wondrous and delicious perfume. In some respects the New-Hampshire volunteers found themselves in a fairy-land. The unhealthy season had not arrived, and Southern foliage was just entering upon its full luxuriance. Those incomparable moonlight evenings on the levee, with the dark, swift, turbulent rush of waters, bearing great monsters of war and traffic, on one side; and the beautiful gardens, gay balconies, stirring military music of the Fourteenth's band, and the wild melodies of recently freed darkies, on the other, — such spectacles for a time quite reconciled the Union volunteer to a post of duty in the defences of New Orleans.

The Fourteenth was too late to participate in the movement of the army under Gen. Banks up the Red River. Troops had been drawn from the vicinity of New Orleans so thoroughly, to swell the column of the great expedition, that the city was left without adequate protection; especially as the Rebels in the state of Mississippi would be almost sure to improve the opportunity. not only to make a diversion in favor of the threatened army of Dick Taylor, but also to make a desperate assault upon New Orleans, and possibly effect its recapture. To avert so serious a catastrophe, the Fourteenth was stationed in Camp Parapet, behind the imposing line of earthworks running from

the Mississippi to Lake Pontchartrain. During the first few weeks in Carrollton excellent health prevailed in the regiment; but as the season advanced, and the tropical heat prevailed, an unacclimated body of men like the Fourteenth necessarily suffered terribly The best water to be had was from the Mississippi; and that, despite its twenty-five per cent of mud, was tolerably agreeable, and perhaps not unwholesome. During its stay in this camp, the regiment was drilled by companies, and occasionally in battalion; although no systematic exercise in tactics was undertaken. The Fourteenth had practically done with drilling; and what efficiency it ever possessed, in evolution and manual, was attained previous to the Louisiana campaign.

The regiment, while in Camp Parapet, performed guard, picket, and escort duty. The latter was confined to railroad trains, principally to those on the N. O., J., and G. N. Railroad, which ran from New Orleans, north, between Lakes Pontchartrain and Maurepas, to Jackson, Miss. The road was open as far as the Pass Manchac, which connected the two lakes. Every train was run with a strong guard in each car; and the pass was defended by half-moon breastworks, on which ordnance was mounted. Manchac was a lively and peculiar improvised hamlet-post, with every mark of frontierism, and built on stilts. Aside from the unfortunate human beings who tarried there, the atmosphere above was crowded with mosquitoes, and the waters beneath were alive with alligators. Betwixt the two, there was no happy spot for a decent man. Of all the curious aggregations of buildings, some of the mushroom hamlets among the Louisiana bayous, during the war, were, *par excellence*, nondescript and singular. Yet they were busy hives; and a Yankee was sure to be found somewhere about, the master spirit and efficient organizer. Along the line of road under consideration a transient lumber interest was thriving; and sawmills, which almost floated, were sending their busy hum among the graceful, moss-fringed timber of that region. The railroad, for miles, was built on piling: and from the trains the Fourteenth boys enjoyed rare sport in shooting — at — alligators; for a point-blank shot from a good rifle, on the back of one of

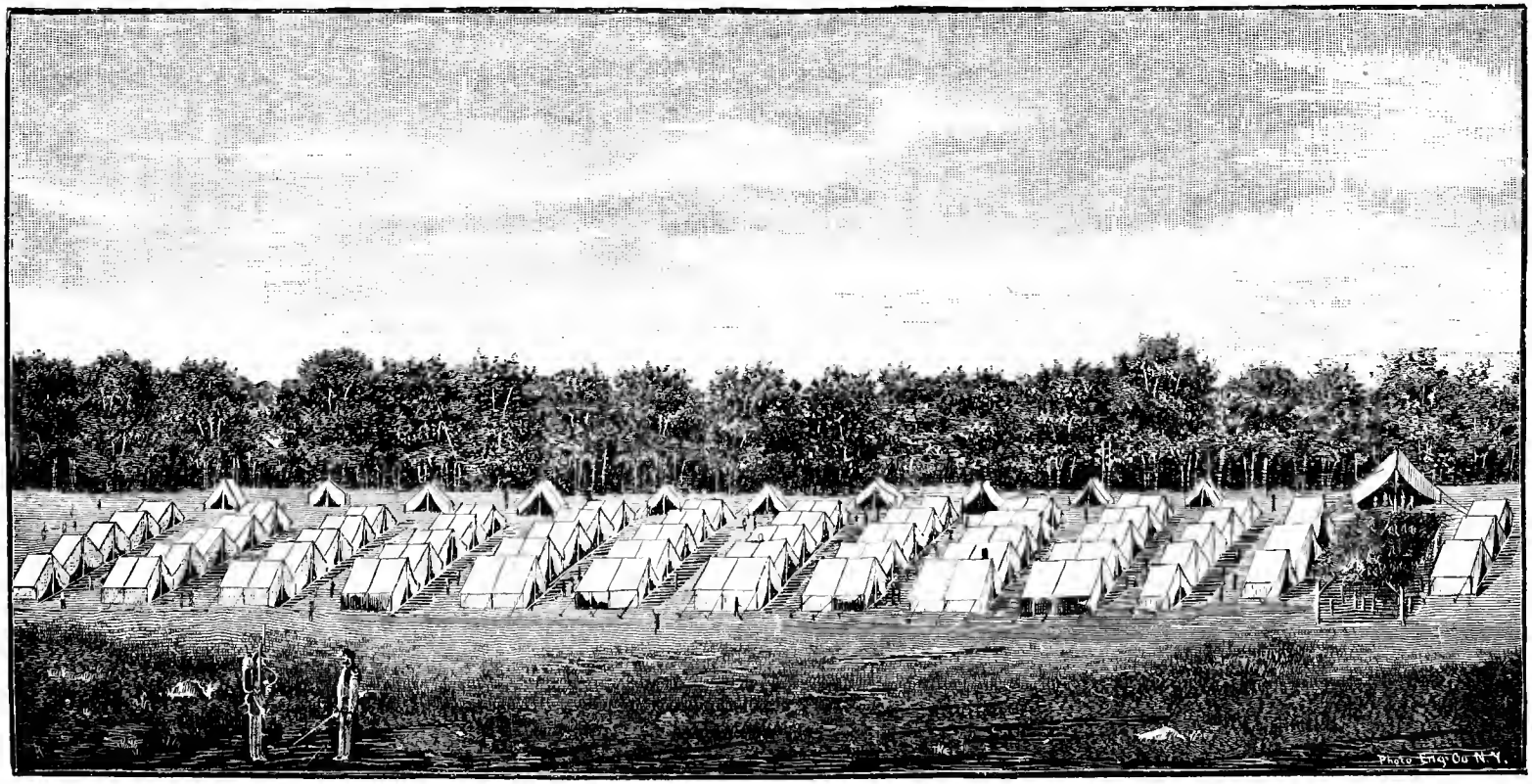
the mature monsters, made no more impression than the prick of a pin on a buffalo's back, — if any one ever got near enough to a live bison to try the experiment. ' The details for train-guard were inclined to be pretty well satisfied with the duty assigned them.

April 20 Lieut. E. D. Hadley took command of Company F, which he retained until disabled by wounds. On the 29th Capt. F. T. Barker of Company A, having resigned his commission, left for home; and, on the 27th of May, Lieut. H. S. Paul assumed command in his stead. The duties above enumerated were performed by the regiment until the last of May. The 28th of that month it was relieved, at all its posts, by the Twentieth U. S. C. troops, and the Fourteenth R. I. Heavy Artillery, colored.

The Fourteenth was destined for a different and, as then believed, a more sanguinary service. May 20 Gen. Canby superseded Gen. Banks, as commander of the department; and the great Red-river campaign was at an inglorious end. There were as many reasons for the failure as there were prominent officers in the expedition. The army had returned to quarters on the river-bank; the main body of the troops being concentrated at Morganzia Bend, just below the confluence of the Red and Mississippi Rivers.

June 7 the Fourteenth embarked on the river steamboat "N. Longworth;" and at noon she swung off from the levee, and snorted defiance to the swift current of the Mississippi. Up the river, past Baton Rouge; rounding the ominous bend of Port Hudson, with its frowning, but now silenced, batteries; doubling, twisting, receding, and advancing, grandly sweeping round astonishing loops in the Father of Waters; up, two hundred miles from New Orleans, the Fourteenth sailed, and landed at Morganzia, on the west bank of the river, June 8. It was a delightful twenty-hours' passage.

The regiment camped on a rising, uneven piece of ground, partially covered with scrub-oaks, situated between the river and the levee, which at this point runs half a mile from the river-bank. The camp sloped toward the west and the level



CAMP OF THE FOURTEENTH AT MORGANZIA.

parade-ground abutting the levee. A view of the Fourteenth's camp at Morganzia is given herewith. There the regiment was incorporated into the Nineteenth Army Corps, being assigned to the second brigade, second division. Col. Wilson of the Fourteenth, being the senior colonel, took command of the second brigade. At that time there were twenty thousand troops in camp at Morganzia, and large accessions were soon afterward made. Gen. William H. Emory, who had previously commanded a division, was appointed to the command of the Nineteenth Corps; and on the 11th of June he held a grand review, with the aim of consolidating and increasing the efficiency of the corps organization. The review took place on a broad plain two miles from the camp of the Fourteenth. The summer heat was intense, and the men suffered almost to exhaustion; a heavy shower finally drenching the entire army. The review was the grandest parade which the regiment had ever witnessed; and, considering that the corps had just passed through the vicissitudes of an unfortunate campaign, the several organizations presented a remarkably good appearance.

Two days later, on the 13th, Major-Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, who lost a leg at Gettysburg, arrived at Morganzia, and reviewed the Nineteenth Corps. These marshallings of a great army corps in battle array, and parading of the different battalions together, was beneficial, and even necessary in the light of subsequent events. An *esprit du corps* was engendered, which proved its potency on later fields. It was a splendid pageant, thirty thousand men in line, all veteran troops. Gen. Sickles, riding with one stirrup empty, and his orderly following with crutches, was the recipient of a hearty ovation; and the battalions marched in review in columns by division. If, on the previous occasion, the heat was intense, on the 13th it had become nearly intolerable. The men wilted like cabbage-leaves, and those accustomed to the use of stimulants succumbed to an extraordinary degree. Had the march not been conducted with great prudence, and the utmost consideration been shown by the commanding-officers, a wholesale prostration must have resulted from the exposure. The sickly season was upon the

army; and the Fourteenth, unaccustomed to the latitude and climate, suffered peculiarly. Malarial and typhoid fevers, dysentery and diarrhœa, swept off the weaker ones at a fearful rate; and some of the best *physiques* in the regiment surrendered. The service of the Fourteenth in Louisiana was more deadly than any active campaign in more northerly latitudes could have proved, even with frequent battles.

June 16 the regiment was visited by the inspector-general of the Department of the Gulf, and its arms and accoutrements pronounced in excellent condition. It was found that the Eighth N. H. was in another division of the Nineteenth Corps, and mutual visits were paid by members of the two battalions. A pleasant river expedition varied the hot and unhealthy monotony of camp-life at Morganzia, although two or three fine brigade dress-parades were held when the weather permitted. On the 17th Capt. Chandler took command of Company A.

Since the opening of the Mississippi to navigation, on the fall of Port Hudson July 9, 1863, the government, as well as private enterprise, had been constantly increasing the number of boats plying between Cairo and New Orleans. It was most important to preserve an open channel and safe transit. The Rebels were never idle long at a time; and, after the close of the Red-river campaign, they amused themselves by planting batteries on the river-bank at annoying points, and stationing sharp-shooters where they could coolly pick off the pilots. So fatal was this device growing to be, that every boat on the river lined its pilot-house with boiler-iron. To break up these infesting guerilla assassins, the army co-operated with the navy; three monitors being supported by the second division of the Nineteenth Corps, on transports, including detachments of cavalry and a battery of light artillery.

The expedition embarked on the evening of the 19th, the Fourteenth going aboard the "Joseph Pierce." At midnight the fleet left the landing, and proceeded slowly up the river; the gunboats being unable to attain much speed. On the 20th the troops reached Tunica Bend, where a Rebel battery had been located. The cavalry and a portion of the infantry landed, and

made a reconnoissance occupying most of the day; the transports lying at the opposite shore. The Fourteenth remained on the boat. At night, in pursuance of a preconcerted signal, the transports recrossed the river, and received on board the reconnoitring party, which failed to meet or discover any force of the enemy. The flotilla then steamed up the river all night, and, at six o'clock on the morning of the 21st, arrived at Fort Adams in the State of Mississippi. Here the whole force landed, and bivouacked in a pleasant grove near the river. The day was spent there agreeably, while the cavalry detachment scoured the adjacent territory, but found no Rebels. Just after dark the troops were ordered aboard the transports, and the prows were headed down stream. Stopping on the way to wood up, the famous picturesqueness of a Mississippi steamboat, taking wood in the flare of flambeaux, and amid the droll songs and shouts of the wood-gangs, was vividly spread before the boys of the Fourteenth. At ten o'clock that night, the expedition was safely back in Morganzia.

LETTERS FROM HOME.

In primitive New-England times it doubtless was a notable event in many a house when a letter was brought from the post-office, which was never visited oftener than once a week. The conditions and relations of our fathers made small demands upon the postman; and country home-life drifted down the decades to 1861, not much affected by the mails nor familiarized with frequent correspondence. But who can forget the transformation that was wrought throughout the land by the depletion of homes when stretches of dangerous distances separated the man or the boy from a bereft, and ofttimes desolate, fireside, — a gulf which nothing, save the precious posted missive, was allowed to span?

> "Never morning wore to evening,
> But some heart did break."

Men squatted, *à la Turque*, on divans of turf or earth, or even muddy logs, about camp-fires under the cold stars, whose un-

fathomable distances suggested to homesick warriors their far-away homes, sacred beyond their best thought, and yearned for as never before. And they wrote home. Clumsy fingers, which hadn't uncorked an ink-bottle since the owner's last one was shied out of the schoolhouse window years before, wrestled with exasperating pen, delusive ink, and intractable paper. Crouching in tent or stockade-bunk, in barracks, or about the crackling rail-fires, our matter-of-fact volunteers whipped their distracted thoughts into letter composition. Minds and hearts were stirred as never before; holier thoughts were cherished, and tenderer feelings surged through the soul, than had ever ennobled those whose tears were the embellishments of their missives, and whose hearts were sealed and posted away in that envelope to the farmhouse, now a palace in imagination, or to the village cottage, — a paradise, but guarded by the flaming sword of a three-years' enlistment. Men learned to reiterate the love which they had not whispered for many years since the halcyon days of courtship. This subtle and cherished bond of communion with home and friends was potent in building manliness and in cheering our volunteers.

The post-office department was a school, and every letter a lesson, whose culture turned numberless lives into better paths. And those silent yet eloquent messengers from camp, bivouac, and battle-field, accomplished their mission in a million homes. Wife, mother, sister, betrothed, were sustained through the unutterable strain of the long suspense, and cheered in this unmeasured abnegation by letters from the seat of war. But consider the reciprocal effect. Look in upon a company street when the word flashes down the color-line, and darts like an electric current among the tents, that "The mail is in!"

Except when stationed at central points, and in proximity to regular and uninterrupted lines of communication, a regiment received its mails irregularly. While in the field, a week, a month, might pass without a mail's arrival. But the sutler, a headquarters' orderly, ambulance-master, quartermaster-sergeant, or perchance a returning furloughed officer, brings from the base of supplies or from Washington, a long-delayed, much-

expected mail. The chaplain is postmaster; and, when a mail is to be disbursed, the chaplain's messages are universally welcome. The sergeant-major notifies each company's "orderly" that the mail is in, although every private has already received and reported the glad information forty or fifty times. Eagerness changes to impatience, which in turn gives way to clamor. "Is it going to take all night to distribute that mail?" voices the general feeling of anxiety, only relieved when ten first sergeants are seen scattering from the chaplain's tent. Tattoo has been left an hour behind; taps have peremptorily warned all lights out; it is a dark, black night; but, as the "orderly" steps to the end of the double line of tents, every man is out from his bunk and blankets, and huddling about him as he stands with a fat handful of precious letters, while half a dozen newspapers are tucked beneath his arm. Half a score of the most eager produce their adamantine candles, which, held over the envied official's shoulder, enable them to catch a first glimpse of the invaluable missives, and discount the tantalizing distribution.

Stand well back in the darkness, and study that tremulously eager half-hundred men, self-banished from home, whose army-life has discovered to them a tenderer spot in their own souls than they ever dreamed of before. What a scene! romantic, thrilling, weird! A sentry's beat, a distant challenge, the clanking sabre of a passing cavalryman, alone breaks the silence, which, in this group of waiting men, is hushed to a painful stillness. Note those weather-tried countenances. The glimmer of candles athwart the fantastic, faintly lighted picture shows strange blendings of light and shadow There are stern features and delicate-lined faces there; some pale with eagerness, all expectant; eloquent with an inexpressible longing. There are some who affect indifference. These, when returning to their tents empty-handed, take pains to declare loudly, "I didn't expect any thing by this mail." Poor fellows! they go to their bunks with something like a heavy piece of lead in their hearts. As the names are called, the favored ones cry out, "Give it to me!" and the hand's clutch upon the letter smooths the furrows on the face. Some get two, and even three; and

how they are envied! It would touch even a hard heart to observe the disappointment, not to be concealed, as the pile of letters diminishes, and the expected one is not among them. The last letter is snatched: the papers are unnoticed. There is light in some tents; and others are dark, but not so dark as the mood of those whose homes are a thousand miles farther away than ten minutes ago: and the year of jubilee slips away into the hopeless stretches of the future.

No civilian can estimate the worth of a letter from home to the discouraged, homesick, or diseased soldier. To the emaciated ones it was a better tonic than the inevitable quinine, and letters odorous of native hill or valley often renewed hope and restored health. A cheerful letter aroused to energy and steadied the whole man. It was a sermon, a prayer, a benediction, a guardian angel, restraining from evil, and holding the soldier up to manhood's level. Let it be thought no exaggeration to affirm that the bones of thousands of Union soldiers are scattered through the South, — lives which might have been saved by a timely, encouraging letter from home, or from some cherished friend. The government was shrewd, as well as graceful, in passing the volunteers' letters free of postage. No mention has been made of the speculator in loyal remembrances, who took advantage of a universal interest in the soldier, and rolled up a correspondence-list of fifty or a hundred, "just for fun." This was a "loose expectoration" of tender literature wonderful to contemplate, and of little profit to any one.

We have said that all in the camp impetuously turned out at the cry of "Mail!" No, not all. In nearly every company there were some who never wrote, never received, a letter. Among these peculiar ones were numbered those whose grain was fine enough to keenly feel the deprivation. Some were so stolid and ignorant as to little appreciate the subtle chords which bound the legions of the North to those far from whom they even dared to die. But such were few: and, in contemplating the bars which set men apart from those influences which unite in community and brotherhood, it may still be said that the boy in blue who trod his beat and filled his gap in battle through

the terrible years of strife, sending and receiving no message of friendship or love, was indeed and fearfully *alone* among tens of thousands; he served his country, often nobly; but his pulse-beat was not in time with the gentle and the strong; he lived in a surpassing and pitiable isolation. To such a man the companionships of the army were a society boon beyond any thing he had previously enjoyed; and could he have felt the spur of a constant, sympathetic correspondence, who shall say how much he would have been enlarged as a man, and bettered for all his future?

The 1st of July witnessed a disruption of the Army of the Gulf, a re-organization of the Nineteenth Army Corps, and its transfer from this to another department. And it was time for some move, if the lives of the men were held of any value. In addition to the fatal unhealthiness of the place and season, frequent drenching showers contributed to a general discomfort, with swarms of flies and mosquitoes thrown in as garnishing. There was one compensation, but it came just too late with many a gallant fellow. The hospital was on board the large and commodious steamboat "Laurel Hill," and the sick were well located and provided for. In the re-organization of the Nineteenth Corps, the Fourteenth was transferred to the first brigade; and thereafter, until the close of the war, its complete designation ran, Fourteenth New-Hampshire Vols., first brigade, second division, Nineteenth Army Corps. Major-Gen. Emory continued to be the corps commander to the end, with Gen. Cuvier Grover, the division commander; Gen. H. W Birge, formerly colonel of Tenth Conn., being appointed to lead the brigade. The remnant of the Thirteenth Corps was constituted the third division of the Nineteenth.

July 1 was a day of extraordinary commotion at Morganzia, although the members of the Fourteenth turned in at night all ignorant of the impending break-up. Gen. Emory and staff left for New Orleans that evening, on the steamer "Crescent." Shortly after midnight, on the morning of the 3d, the left wing

of the Fourteenth was roused, and ordered to strike tents; the right wing having already moved half a mile up the river and nearer to the landing. The left wing, receiving no marching orders, bunked down again on bare poles, and slept until morning, when it joined the right wing, remaining there in a most transient state of bivouacking.

After dark on the evening of the 3d, the regiment went aboard the "Gray Eagle," one of the most magnificent steamers then plying on the Mississippi. It was known that the troops were destined for some enterprise or service outside the Department of the Gulf, and speculation was as busy and as erratic as soldiers' guesses were apt to be.

At nine A.M. July 4, the "Gray Eagle" crowded into the swarm of vessels at the wharves of New Orleans. She made a landing at the foot of Canal Street, just inside a United-States steam-frigate, and below a French man-of-war. The regiment remained aboard the steamer, and lay under the guns of the man-of-war, when the national salute was fired and the yards manned at noon. Shortly after noon the boat steamed across the river; and the Fourteenth landed a little above the village of Algiers, where A tents were pitched, and the troops of the Nineteenth Corps were rapidly going into camp. It was understood that the stay would be but temporary, and most of the hucksters acquiesced in the briefest sort of brevity in the tarrying of the Yanks among them. The boys were not in love with Louisiana: they knew they were soon to leave it, and they exemplified the doctrine that the world — Algiers for the time — owed them a living. It is not possible that the world was much in debt to the Nineteenth Corps when its last straggler was safely stored on the ocean transport.

The first and second divisions of the Nineteenth Corps were entirely at Algiers on the night of the 4th, and were simply awaiting transportation. Several destinations were named by the rumor-mongers. One was an expedition to Brashear, another to Charleston, and the Potomac was hinted at; but that was deemed a wild guess: while Mobile was popularly considered the most probable, though not desired, destination.

Dress-parades were held, and some drilling done, while the suspense continued. Every day witnessed the departure of transports laden with troops going — somewhere. Every commander departed with sealed orders, so that the sharpest Rebel spy could gain no inkling of the threatened blow. The Fourteenth was destined to remain in that camp nearly ten days.

July 11 orders were received to prepare for embarkation, and all possible preparations were made except striking tents. On the morning of the 11th the regiment broke camp, and marched through the town to the wharf; and of course the ship was not ready for its human freight. The men lounged upon the sidewalks all day. Just at night the brilliant discovery was made, that the vessel could accommodate but a part of the regiment. The right wing and Company H went on board the "Continental;" while Companies F, K, E, and G enjoyed flag-stone berths in the streets of Algiers until morning, when they again went into camp, awaiting transportation. For the next five weeks these companies, known as the left wing, had a separate history.

THE RIGHT WING.

In addition to the right wing of the Fourteenth, the steamship "Continental" took from New Orleans the Seventy-fifth N. Y., which made the number of troops on board nine hundred and seventeen, officers and men. The right wing was commanded by Col. Wilson. These troops, like all other portions of the Nineteenth Corps, sailed with sealed orders, to be opened when the pilot should be discharged. The brigade headquarters were on board the steamer, and Gen. Birge and staff. The "Continental" left New Orleans at midnight of July 13. The next morning, having reached the mouth of the river, the pilot was dismissed; and Gen. Birge opened the orders, which were, that the portion of the corps on board was to report to the commanding-officer at Fortress Monroe. The "T. A. Scott," which had sailed five hours before the "Continental," was passed this day. The trip to Fortress Monroe, occupying six days, was as pleasant as a good ship and gentlemanly and courteous officers could make it.

Fortress Monroe was reached at midnight of the 19th; and the next day the troops were ordered to City Point, to report to Gen. Grant. The night was passed at Wilton's Landing; and the next day (July 21) the men were disembarked at Bermuda Hundred, and headquarters established. The Twenty-sixth Mass. was already there, and the Ninth Conn. and Twelfth Me. arrived during the day. At eight P.M. the brigade was ordered to the Point, and at ten P.M. of the same evening marched on the Petersburg road, and, after a four-hours' march, bivouacked just back of the fortifications, nine miles from Petersburg.

Just at evening of the 22d the battalion was ordered to "fall in,"—the men were taught to do so very quickly during the six-days' stay there,—but was hardly in time to receive Gen. B. F. Butler and staff, who were making an unceremonious visit to the camps in that vicinity. A Massachusetts regiment near us were enthusiastic in their reception. As he rode past with uncovered head, his peculiar eye revealed to the New-Hampshire boys, who had seen "Harper's Weekly," and had not seen the man before, the name of him who won so much notoriety during the war.

During the stay there the battalion had drills, dress-parades, and brigade inspection.

On the morning of the 28th the right wing started, with other troops, on a reconnoissance, crossing the James River on pontoon bridges at Deep Bottom, driving the enemy back along the Newmarket road, west of Malvern Hill, about two miles. The troops were on historic ground, in the vicinity of the "seven-days' battle," and twelve miles from Richmond. They then commenced throwing up breastworks, working on the fortifications until five P.M. on the 29th, when a brisk fire was opened upon the enemy from our batteries; but they did not respond. During the day the gunboats in the river, near Dutch Gap, had been shelling the Rebels at intervals over the heads of the infantry. The Fourteenth had never before heard those large shells; and the boys wanted to get close to the ground when the "cooking-stoves," as they called them, passed over. About six P.M. the reconnoitring force began to evacuate the works. The wheels

of the artillery were muffled, no lights were allowed, and every thing was done with the least sound possible. By midnight the troops were well under way; and every thing had been so quietly done, and the skirmish-line had been so carefully withdrawn, that the enemy did not discover their opponent's absence till near daylight, when they followed, and came up just as the rear of our line was crossing the pontoons. The Fourteenth was the last to cross; and a serious loss was threatened to the battalion, and lively times generally, before the army got over. But the movement had been anticipated; and our batteries were in position upon the south side of the river, and gave the Johnnies a warm reception. After crossing, the force halted a few minutes for rest and breakfast, and then moved back to the camp near Bermuda Hundred. The brigade reached camp at noon; but, during its halt in a ravine while waiting for orders, many officers and men were sunstruck, and disabled by the intense heat.

THE LEFT WING.

The left wing of the regiment left Algiers, La., at four o'clock in the afternoon of July 16, on the screw-steamer "General Lyon." The battalion was in command of Major Gardiner, and was accompanied by the following officers: Surgeon Perkins, Capt. Tolman, and Lieuts. Cobleigh and Richardson of E; Lieuts. Fisk and Webster of K; Lieut. Hadley of F; and Lieut. Sturtevant of G. A portion of the Third Mass. Cavalry were on board, being quartered between decks in berths: the left wing was on the upper deck. These quarters were comfortable enough during the daytime and in fair weather, but decidedly disagreeable through the three days of rain that prevailed during the voyage. At night, when the men turned in, they occupied every available foot of space on the upper deck; and the curses of the sailors, as they endeavored to make their way among them during the night in the working of the ship, were both frequent and fervent.

At four o'clock on the morning of the 17th, the steamer crossed the bar, and swept into the open gulf. On the 21st the

vessel left the gulf, and entered the Atlantic Ocean. Water had last been taken on board in the James River, before starting for New Orleans; and it was stored in barrels of every description, chiefly, however, old kerosene barrels: many of these proved leaky; and the sixth day out all hands were put on a daily allowance of one pint, one-half of which was used in cooking food, leaving one half-pint for drinking purposes, and most of this so tainted with the taste and odor of kerosene as to be nauseating in the extreme. There was some complaining among the men concerning the short allowance of water, and its scarcity and poor quality certainly added much to the discomfort of the voyage. The officers found some fault with the food furnished them, and in this respect were not as well off as the men.

Hatteras light was passed at eight o'clock on the evening of the 26th; and on the 27th, at three in the afternoon, the "General Lyon" swept past Cape Henry into Chesapeake Bay. At best a slow boat, this voyage was lengthened by the breaking of two blades of her screw; and it was not until five o'clock on the evening of the 27th that Fortress Monroe was reached. Col. Sargent and Major Gardiner went on shore to report, and received orders to proceed to Washington. At ten o'clock the ship weighed anchor, and went on her way toward Washington.

The Potomac was entered on the morning of the 28th; and, as the steamer passed up the river, a more thirsty lot of men than crowded her deck is not often seen. The captain of the steamer had promised to let the boys know when fresh water should be reached; and, when the ship's pump brought up the first pailful of the dirty Potomac, the boys gave three cheers, and drank and drank, until the captain exclaimed, "Hold on, boys, for Heaven's sake, or we shall be aground!"

The boat lay at anchor off Aquia Creek during the night, reaching Sixth-street Wharf, Washington, about four o'clock on the afternoon of the 28th, having been twelve days on the voyage. At night the left wing marched slowly and wearily through Georgetown, up the left bank of the Potomac, to Chain Bridge, and bivouacked in a field about four o'clock on the morning of

July 30; the men falling asleep immediately. The same forenoon the battalion went into camp near by.

THE YANKEE IN BLUE.

When our hero enlisted, the man was not entirely swallowed up in the patriot. Inherent and cultivated characteristics were not in the least subdued, unless they infringed upon the relentless curbs of military discipline. In fact, the army afforded a peculiar theatre for the exercise of Yankee cunning, and for an exaggerated play of traditional characters. We at present make note of the prudent Yankee, who was, like Barkis, a "little near." And we are face to face with an interesting and amusing study. The volunteers of an average regiment could be divided fairly well into two general classes: the happy-go-lucky fellows, who were utterly careless of money matters, spent their pay lavishly and quickly, and then fell into line with Mr. Micawber. These spendthrifts furnished a mine that panned out richly, and was well and cleverly worked to the end by their antipodal, strictly honest, but "mighty cute," comrades.

This latter class might be in the minority when the roll was called, but was always in the majority when greenbacks were counted. The strictest post-mortem scrutiny never detected a sutler's check in one of their pockets, and their stomachs never flirted with any of the marvellous vanities of said sutler's *cuisine*. Whatever Uncle Sam issued in the way of rations they took, and — sold all they could spare; though the pork, candles, and soap were generally led through several dexterous dickers before they became transmuted into the coveted cash. From the first glimpse of bounty or pay from town, State, or General Government, these prudent warriors had an eye to the main chance; and that chance was well handled. Not a dollar of that bounty was wasted, not a penny of monthly pay was squandered, not one superfluous pair of socks ever stole into the clothing account. But this virtue was not wholly economical: it was persistently aggressive.

The trait we describe was not merely negative in its mani-

festations, it was untiringly positive. The keeping of money was a silent, unobtrusive matter, of course; but it was the varied and ingenious getting of the lucre that furnished the phenomena worthy of an extended and graphic delineation. They were no Shylocks, but genial and almost invariably accommodating. In one respect they were marvels. No matter how long the paymaster delayed his eagerly expected visit, no matter if nearly every line-officer in the regiment was bankrupt, these thrifty privates always had one more legal tender stowed safely in waiting for a remunerative investment. And there were plenty of borrowers who hadn't handled a ten-cent shin-plaster of their own since a week after the last pay-day, and who were ready to borrow extensively, paying high rates of interest. It was Darwin's principle transferred to the sphere of the soldier's economics, — "the survival of the fittest," — to get and to save money.

But Yankee industry sought out various channels. There were less aristocratic, but still more lucrative, devices for elongating thirteen dollars a month into a respectable income. Descending through the various gradations of dicker, loan, and labor, — all with the greenback as the goal of endeavor, — we encounter — next to the man who is everlastingly swapping something, getting boot and a better article every time — the omnivorous buyer. He would buy any thing, and always pay cash; but he was never known to pay more than an article was worth. As pay-day settled away into the past, and money grew scarce, this dealer increased his purchases and decreased his prices. Your easy-go-lucky fellow on pay-day would invest twenty dollars in a watch, and our Yankee has from two to half a dozen ready always to sell. One month after the paymaster has inflated every thing, save the expenditures of our avaricious warriors, the watch in question could be bought for fifteen dollars. Two weeks more, and the price dropped to ten dollars; and in two months the uneasy owner is anxious to sell for five. But Yankee prudence holds off until the desperate fellow, with not a dime left for tobacco, and at last not a copper remaining to enable him to indulge in his uninterrupted recreation of "penny

ante," arrives at the state where three dollars in crisp notes is more tempting than the twenty-dollar timekeeper; and for twenty-four hours he is flush: then he sells all the clothing he can draw; and then he is like a shark ashore until the paymaster comes again, and makes him flourish for a day. Meanwhile every thing is grist that comes to our "near" hero's mill.

> "All's fish they get
> That cometh to net."

In camp, on guard, picket, march, and even in hospital, he is always "on the make." He sows beside all waters, but is very prudent in his dispensation of seed, and compasses with success his hundred-fold.

For more than a decade after the war closed, it was a standing mystery throughout the North how so much good army-clothing was worn by our veterans. And even though twenty years have dealt their imperious strokes of destruction between the then and the now, still army blankets adorn many a bed, and the familiar overcoat perambulates hill and vale. The Yankee in blue can tell you something of the how of this phenomenon. The quartermaster-general would have viewed with astonishment, had he been acquainted with the facts, the numberless boxes of military clothing sent home in the earlier part of the war. A large proportion of these consignments were the result of reckless drawing, and more reckless selling, by spendthrift soldiers, and shrewd buying and prudent shipping by our Yankee in blue. This sending home of clothing was interdicted, and ceased mostly during the last years of service.

If there were comical, foolish, and contemptible sides to these barter, loan, and gaming transactions of army-life, there was a sad, even pathetic, aspect, not to be overlooked. Wages, needed at home, were squandered in wanton pleasure, in sutler's gimcracks, or were frittered away in puerile gaming, or asinine dicker; the thoughtless soldier buying like a child and selling like a fool. The Yankee in blue never wasted a penny in play, nor indulged in a needless or hardly a profitable pleasure. He was not always a mean character, but always provident. Often

it was the high motive of lifting a mortgage on the little home, or of bursting, for his family, the galling bands of poverty If any caricature is intended here, it applies only to those who manifested a comical smallness, a contemptible grasp and penuriousness, without the semblance of a worthy impulse to dignify a studied course of ignoble saving.

Some of our Yankees in blue were busy bees: they earned a good deal beside their pay. Many of them did not hoard their incomes: they earned to spend, and were jolly in their superior resources. An epidemic of bone rings and kindred ornaments broke out in the regiment; and every moment off duty was devoted by every mechanical Yankee to hunting, sawing, filing, polishing, and setting bones. This is but a sample of the multifarious methods resorted to by ingenious "minions of Old Abe," as they wore away the tedium of rainy seasons, or industriously filled out the spare hours amid active duties. There were regimental and even company barbers, some of whom never distinguished between a razor and a cross-cut saw, until the leisure of army-life and the emptiness of their pockets prompted to any reckless venture likely to prove remunerative. A glib tongue was fifty per cent of a barber's capital. If he was a good story-teller, — and we had one or two who would put Eli Perkins to shame, — he had a great run of custom; and it did seem as though they got under such a headway of amazing narration that nothing short of a generation of peace would suffice to effectually "slow them up."

There were cobblers in camp, when a regiment remained in one spot long enough; and a hint of the whole range of profitable endeavors is given when it is remarked that even the tin-type artist — we could hardly dignify him as a photographer — plied his trade, and some really valuable views were secured. The cook was often esteemed a sly brother, and it was suspected that he prudently turned a frequent penny from at least the grease which he sold. But make a tour down that winding path to the small brook whose bubbling waters were always kept lively by several hundred mules corralled above the camp, and who made it a matter of principle to churn up a hogshead

of mud to every gallon of water drank. Away down on the bushes in rear of the line of ten cook-houses, there you find alders and brambles that bear greenbacks. He laid in with the cook, got his soap free, and he washed. The man who was next laziest to him who wouldn't entertain the laundry idea at all, was he who wouldn't wash an article of his own clothing throughout his entire enlistment. And so the washerman throve. It was remarkable, the rich harvests of those alders supplemented by a modicum of soap and a sprinkling of thin mud, called water. Some of these washers had consciences. They all got a good deal more of Uncle Sam's cash from the aforesaid bushes than they ever did out of the paymaster's trunk.

Then, there were carpenters who pocketed an occasional greenback by repairing, enlarging, or furnishing the officers' quarters. But, in whatever way it was wrought, the results of those steady savings are prominent to-day. Many a farm was freed from a discouraging encumbrance, many a poor man laid the foundation of what is now a fortune, thousands of homes found pleasanter furnishing, and in every quarter bright and inspiring vistas of life were opened up by the frugality and large aggregate results of the little savings of our Yankee in blue.

IV.

THE SHENANDOAH.

THE Union soldier who served in the Shenandoah Valley entered into the choicest romances of the Great Rebellion. If military duty in the valley involved the most arduous of campaigning, if the fortunes of war hurled both contending armies into swift and altogether unexpected fluctuations of victory and defeat, still the singular excitements, the brilliant cavalry dashes, the surprises, splendid strategies and bewildering manœuvres, the ambuscades of bushwhackers and the agile pranks of Moseby, the wonderful ability displayed in that somewhat narrow amphitheatre of war, only equalled by the more wonderful imbecility of several officers, all conspired to wreathe about the struggles of that sanguinary section more of romance and of mystery than appertained to any equal area of fighting territory.

There were no such ponderous movements and thunderstrokes of battle, nor heroic stubbornness of endurance, as characterized the campaigning of the Army of the Potomac; but the fighting was quite as deadly, and the demands upon the troops no less severe. The best troops of the South, with some of her most heroic generals, were hurled into the valley: it was a recognized centre of strategy, and was employed by both armies as the conspicuous manœuvring ground of the civil war. In each year of the struggle, save the final one, the Shenandoah Valley was of vital consequence as an element in the general campaign. It was the safest, easiest gateway to the North for the Rebel armies, and was the granary of the Rebellion, previous to the fall of 1864.

A GLIMPSE OF THE SHENANDOAH.

The Fourteenth has some reason to understand why the Johnnies' wheat-wagons did not roll toward Richmond after that time. The Union cause had more traitorous, bungling, and imbecile commanders in the Valley than in any other portion of the South; while one of the national leaders won a series of triumphs as brilliant as can be ascribed to any captain of our age. One town, Winchester, was the scene of eleven different battles; and there are few acres between the Blue Ridge and North-Mountain ranges where the plough will not to-day turn up some relic of those desperate encounters.

The first threatening feint, the first aggressive move, of the Rebels in Virginia was made in the Valley. So the first important advance of Union troops was in the same territory where Gen. Robert Patterson moved out from Chambersburg on the 7th of June, 1861, with twenty thousand militia. Earlier than this, in May, the Rebel general, Joseph E. Johnston, held Harper's Ferry and Maryland Heights. He also threatened a crossing of the Potomac at Williamsport. June 14 he evacuated Harper's Ferry, burning the superb railroad bridge and the government armory, carrying away all the arms and machinery. He further dismantled the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and then retreated to Winchester. July 2 Patterson had a tilt with Stonewall Jackson at Falling Waters, on the Potomac; and on the 15th of the same month the former advanced to Bunker Hill, nine miles from Winchester. He was expected and ordered to hold Johnston in the valley. He had been re-enforced, and commanded twenty-two thousand men, while Johnston had but twenty thousand. Instead of throwing his army between Johnston and the fords of the Shenandoah, thus intercepting any possible move of the Rebels toward Manassas, he turned to the left, and on the 17th marched to Charlestown, twelve miles from Winchester, leaving Johnston at full liberty. This act of folly, if not of treason, decided Bull Run for the Rebels.

The judgment that Patterson was a traitor has much to warrant it. After Bull Run he retreated to Harper's Ferry, where, July 25, he was relieved by Gen. N. P Banks.

On the 16th of October Gen. Geary, under orders from Banks, captured Bolivar Heights; and that event ended campaigning in the valley for the year 1861. Early in 1862 Banks had possession of Bolivar and Loudon Heights, Leesburg, Charlestown, and Martinsburg. He pushed the Rebels back to Winchester, Jackson evacuating that place without a struggle. In March Gen. McClellan ordered Banks to Manassas with his entire army, save two regiments of cavalry, with which to garrison Winchester.

March 23 the Rebel cavalry, under Ashby, attacked Gen. Shields at Winchester; the latter being wounded. Stonewall Jackson brought up his infantry; and at Kernstown, after a smart fight, the Rebels retreated, followed by Banks, to Harrisonburg. The Union force was about twelve thousand. In May Gen. Milroy appears on the scene as a Union commander. He went so far up the Valley as to threaten Staunton, but retreated before a re-enforced enemy. Down the Valley rattled a Rebel force, twenty thousand strong, elated over the repulse of Milroy, the defeat of Col. Kenly at Front Royal, and the rout of minor commanders.

The Union end of the see-saw was down just then; and Jackson pitched into Banks at Winchester, who had seven thousand men available to stem the tide. Of course he was driven pell-mell out of the Valley. The Rebels were, with good reason, highly elated over this brilliant series of advantages. Our troops retreated to Williamsport, *via* Martinsburg; and Jackson menaced Harper's Ferry, occupying Halltown. Then, May 10, began one of the most brilliant movements of the war, — a retreat by Jackson, conducted in so masterly a manner that he won for himself a place hardly second to any in the Southern army during the war. He was in a perilous position, so far down the Valley; for Shields, with twenty thousand men, was ordered back from Fredericksburg, through Manassas Gap, to intercept him before he could escape up the Valley.

Gen. Fremont, who was west of the main range of the Alleghanies, was ordered to march east into the valley, and cut off the Rebel force. Both Fremont and Shields reached Strasburg

just three hours after Jackson had left the town, escaping southward. Shields pursued east of the mountains, hoping to head him off; while Fremont chased him up the Valley. Jackson was so hard pressed that he had to fight almost constantly, yet he kept his army intact. He fought Fremont at Cross Keys, and Shields at Port Republic, both sides contending desperately; but Jackson got away with most of his army, and soon went to Richmond. Ashby, the best outpost cavalry leader in either army, was killed in one of these encounters. Fremont and Shields both returned under orders. The campaign of 1862 was, however, not over in the Valley.

Early in September, before the battle of Antietam, Lee had his whole army in Maryland, and threatened Harper's Ferry. Jackson was appointed to this task. McClellan might have saved Harper's Ferry, but was not quick enough. Jackson crossed the Potomac into Virginia at Williamsport, and struck at Miles with twelve thousand men, who defended Harper's Ferry from Bolivar Heights. September 15 Gen. Miles, having, by the most utter incapacity or arrant treason, allowed himself to be surrounded, raised the white flag, and surrendered his whole force; the only redeeming feature of the operation being his own mortal wound, inflicted after he had raised his disgraceful flag.

After Antietam, Lee, with the Army of Northern Virginia, occupied the Valley until well into November; the Union forces having recaptured Harper's Ferry September 22, the very day on which most of the Fourteenth were being mustered into the United-States service.

Thus ended, in shame and disaster, the second year's campaign in the Valley of the Shenandoah. It has been previously stated that Lee's army entered the Valley in June, 1863, on its way to invade the North. Gen. R. H. Milroy was in command of the Union forces in the valley, holding Winchester under Gen. Schenck as department commander. He had ten thousand men. He remained at Winchester so long that the Rebels were upon him in overwhelming force before he had taken any effective measures for securing a retreat. June 15 he decided to run,

but it was too late. He was completely out-generalled, and cut off from both Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry His army was annihilated, thousands of prisoners taken; the remainder escaping into Maryland, and some of them not stopping in their retreat until they got away into Pennsylvania. The enemy did not at this time occupy Harper's Ferry.

After Gettysburg, Lee's army retreated up the Valley, Meade failing in his purpose of fighting a battle in Manassas Gap; and Lee again struck the Rappahannock through a more southerly pass.

The campaigning of 1864 in the Valley began May 1. Ulysses S. Grant was made lieutenant-general of the army March 2. He soon after took personal command of the Army of the Potomac, and soon re-organized it with a fighting strength of over a hundred thousand. May 4 that army crossed the Rapidan, and entered upon its renowned Wilderness campaign. And the Shenandoah Valley was reckoned an important factor in the new strategy.

Grant laid out a comprehensive plan; and in that plan was a move of Sigel up the Valley, and of Crook up the Kanawha, with the intent of striking the Rebels at Staunton and Lynchburg. Sigel moved up the Valley on the 1st, with ten thousand men and, on the 15th met Breckinridge at Newmarket, a point which the Fourteenth will recall as the scene of artillery practice on the Johnnies the afternoon after Fisher s Hill.

It was the old story. Our men were badly handled; and Breckinridge, with an equal force, sent Sigel flying down the Valley, as every Union commander had previously gone. Sigel retired to Cedar Creek, and the Rebels were too much occupied with Crook to follow.

Sigel was at once superseded by Hunter, who was strengthened. He won a clean victory at Piedmont, near Staunton, June 8. His force was then increased to twenty thousand, the largest Valley army since 1861. But he attempted too much. He was a brave man, but not great enough for the peculiar strategy of the Shenandoah. He besieged Lynchburg the 18th. Lee sent an overwhelming force to repel him; and, with stores

run low and a hungry army, he was in a pitiable plight. He saved his army, but in doing so retreated westward into West Virginia, leaving the Valley entirely exposed.

And now steps into the arena the knight of apple-jack and the hero of Fisher's Hill, — Jubal Early, who was an able officer — when sober. He made a characteristic Rebel dash down the Valley, covering his infantry with clouds of cavalry, like the Pandours in the Silesian campaigns against Frederick the Great. He so skilfully masked his movements and force, that the whole North became frightened; although he had no more than twenty thousand infantry.

July 3 Early was on the Potomac, creating a general panic. Sigel fled to Maryland Heights. Early raided away up to the Pennsylvania line. A Union force was gathered to repel the invasion. July 9 the Rebels were at Frederick, and the Union army on the left bank of the Monocacy to cover Washington. It was a gallant fight; but Gen. Wallace was over-matched, and fell back. Early now, July 12, menaced both Washington and Baltimore; and this explains the sudden transfer of the Nineteenth Corps to Washington and the Shenandoah. The Nineteenth Corps had mostly reached Fortress Monroe, and Grant ordered that and the Sixth at once to Washington.

Early retreated across the Potomac at Edward's Ferry, with six thousand fresh horses and five thousand cattle. Wright followed as far as Leesburg. Grant was informed that Early was retreating to Richmond, and he determined to strike at Richmond from Petersburg before Early could reach there with his re-enforcements. In furtherance of this plan, the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps were ordered back to the Army of the Potomac.

This explains the rapid moves of the right wing during its brief service in the Army of the Potomac. But Grant had been misinformed: Early was not going southward, but turned, and defeated Crook at Winchester, July 24, driving him routed back to Martinsburg. Averill had previously, on the 20th, fought a battle at Winchester, finally ousting the Rebels.

The defeat of Crook explains the sudden return of the Sixth

and Nineteenth Corps to Maryland and the Valley; it explains the sudden embarkation of the right wing from Bermuda Hundred; it explains why the left wing, when it arrived at Fortress Monroe, from Louisiana, was ordered directly to Washington.

We have briefly recounted the long and wretched series of failures, blunders, and treasons enacted in the Shenandoah. Space has been given to this *résumé*, because it is absolutely essential to a correct appreciation of Sheridan's masterly campaign and his magnificent successes. August 2 Grant sent Sheridan to Washington to straighten the distractions on the Potomac and in the Valley. A new, unprecedented, and heroic era was dawning upon that region.

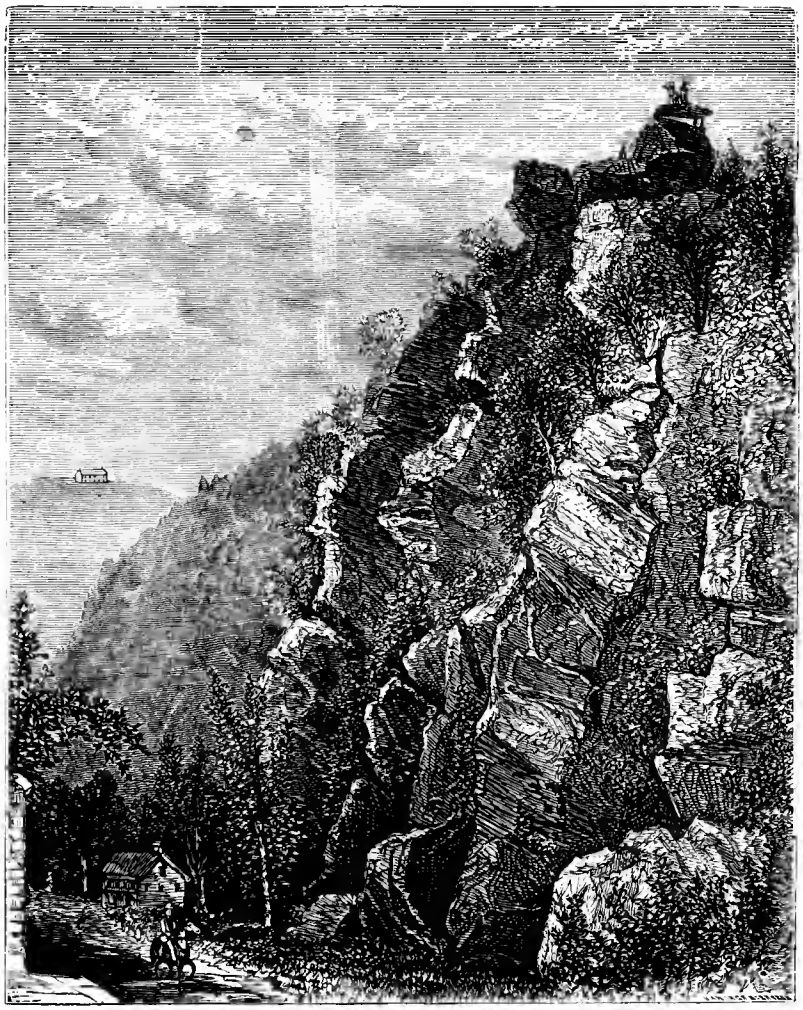
The first gleam of the coming day, whose golden hours were to mark no disaster, was already shooting athwart the Blue Ridge, gilding the signal heights of Massanutten; and, arching that fatal valley, as a bow of promise, it rested on the North-Mountain ranges, the western wall of the Shenandoah.

So much was Gen. Grant concerned for the success of the new *régime*, that on the 4th of August he visited Harper's Ferry. The order, appointing Sheridan commander of the new Middle Department, appeared on the 7th; and he at once assumed direction of affairs.

Sheridan's entire force amounted to nearly thirty thousand, while Early had twenty thousand. The disparity of strength between the two armies was more apparent than real; for the Rebels were at home, many of them fighting on their own farms; they were among friends; were familiar with every cross-road; they were effectively abetted by the Rebel inhabitants, and by bodies of men who were lively bushwhackers at night and demure non-combatants by day.

Early, in his advantages, was a full match for Sheridan. The Rebels were brave men and hard fighters; but Early had to learn that no such commander as Phil Sheridan had ever led a Union host up that rarest valley of the sunny South. What his men were, their record tells.

The following pages will show that a decisive, onward move-



LOOKOUT NEAR HARPER'S FERRY.

ment was not at once pressed by Sheridan. That was not his fault. So bitter had been the previous experience, that Grant was cautious, — wisely so, — and waited for the ripe occasion. His command then — September 16 — was in the words, "Go in!" and every Fourteenth boy knows how Sheridan went in and how the Johnnies went out.

THE LEFT WING.

July 30 the left wing of the Fourteenth, camped near Chain Bridge, received orders to move, and just before dark started for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Station in Washington. Transportation not being ready, the battalion slept on the pavement.

At daybreak next morning the cars were ready; and at eight o'clock the train left for Monocacy Junction, the wagon-train proceeding *via* Rockville on the Frederick Pike. Lieut. Blanchard left the battalion, sick. That afternoon Monocacy was reached; and shelter-tents were pitched in an open field near the river, in one of the loveliest bits of riparian scenery to be found in the South.

August 1 other detachments of the Nineteenth Corps arrived, and, until the whole corps could be brought together, were temporarily organized under acting Brigadier-Gen. Macaulay. At that time apples and peaches were abundant, the inhabitants generously supplying the troops with large quantities.

At five P.M. of the 4th, the left wing on two trains started for Harper's Ferry. The cars were crowded within and on top. The train was run at a fearful speed, provoking the remark that the boys were as safe on the "Daniel Webster," off Cape Hatteras in a gale, as swaying along in such a rickety train at forty-five miles an hour. Some of the men steadied themselves by thrusting their bayonets through the roofs of the cars. At nine o'clock in the evening, Harper's Ferry was reached; the train not being able to run over the bridge, as the Rebels had again destroyed it. The battalion marched up on the Maryland side of the Potomac, and crossed just above the government buildings on a pontoon bridge.

The Fourteenth had begun its campaign in the Valley. Marching through the town, the battalion bivouacked on the heights near the cemetery, just within a line of breastworks. In the confusion and darkness Company F, Lieut. Hadley commanding, became separated from the other three, and remained with an Iowa regiment.

The next morning, August 5, the last company found its place; and the battalion awaited orders all day, expecting to move every moment. At two o'clock A.M. on the 6th, the troops were roused; and at four o'clock, in a heavy rain, the army advanced to Halltown, four miles, and occupied a strong position on a high ridge parallel with the pike, — the same occupied by the whole of the Fourteenth two weeks later. There the army was greatly augmented; other portions of the Sixth, Eighth, and Nineteenth Corps arriving, with a considerable force of cavalry.

At this point it will not be amiss to glance at the Nineteenth Army Corps, and notice its record, — a record which the Fourteenth was thenceforth to assist in making still more resplendent. The corps was organized in the South-west, and had served there in arduous and hard-fought campaigns. Commenting upon the Red-river campaign, the following is the testimony of one of the greatest historians of the war, concerning one of the divisions of this corps: "Emory's division had saved our army, and probably our fleet also." "The Chicago Tribune" contained the following: "In our retreat, as we emerged into a more open piece of woods, we came upon Emory's division of the Nineteenth Corps, forming, in magnificent order, in line of battle across the road. Each regiment of this fine division quietly awaited the approach of the Rebels. On they came, screaming, and firing in good order and with closed ranks. All at once, from that firm line of gallant soldiers, standing so bravely between us and our exultant pursuers, there came forth a course of reverberating thunder that rolled from flank to flank in one continuous roll, sweeping the Rebel ranks away in dismay. In vain the Rebels strove to rally from this terrible fire. They fell back most terribly punished."

The Nineteenth Corps was fully up to the fighting and disciplinary level of the splendid Sixth Corps, inured to the tremendous campaigning of the Army of the Potomac. Such was the fighting material which "Little Phil" wielded in the Shenandoah Valley. The cavalry which joined the army at Halltown were Torbert's and Wilson's divisions from the Army of the Potomac. The stop at Halltown was of great advantage to the army; as the men were fed up, washed up, cheered up, and generally inspirited to an excellent fighting trim. During the night of the 9th a full supply of clothing was issued to the army.

The left wing was temporarily brigaded under Col. Molineaux.

At five A.M. August 10, the army advanced. That first day was a reminder of what might be expected under a general who "pushed things." The weather was so intensely hot, and the marching was so rapid, that the men dropped out exhausted by scores. The Nineteenth-Corps column marched directly through Charlestown. A description of this event will be found under the titles "Music in the Army" and "After Twenty Years." The army camped that night near Berryville, having marched sixteen miles. The enemy was reported near at hand.

August 11 reveille sounded at four A.M., and a little after five the army was in motion. Marched to Berryville, formed line of battle, threw out skirmishers; and in this uncomfortable manner of marching traversed three miles of woods, underbrush, and broken country; then moved by the right flank in battalion columns so as at a moment's notice to swing into line of battle. The enemy never would catch Sheridan napping. Another day of intense heat. The writer marched until he reeled into the ditch, and lay there for an hour unable to move. There was always a punishment for all falling out of line, — the army moved right on, and the regiment must be overtaken before supper or bed could be enjoyed. On several occasions the last of the stragglers came in at eleven and twelve o'clock at night. Orders were given to rest the men ten minutes out of each hour, and this merciful precaution reduced the number of stragglers.

A provost-guard followed in rear of the army, and drove on all who fell out, putting the sick into ambulances. There was something suspicious about many of the cases of sickness. At any rate, the ambulances were pretty well loaded. The infantry marched on either side of the pike, leaving that for the artillery and wagon-trains. Fourteen miles were covered that day.

On the 12th the chase of Early was pressed with still greater vigor; and the sufferings of the men exceeded previous experience, yet they kept in good spirits. The division containing the left wing was in the advance, pressing the enemy.

From Berryville the army did not turn west, toward Winchester, as it did more than a month later, but moved straight on south toward Cedar Creek and Strasburg, leaving Winchester away to the right. It was not Gen. Sheridan's intention to move any farther south than Berryville before encountering the enemy. His plan was, to follow the Winchester pike west from Berryville, and force a battle at Winchester. But the wily Rebel would not stand; Merritt's cavalry, fighting up to Kernstown, discovering the whole force of the enemy in full retreat up the Valley. Hence the advance to Cedar Creek direct from Berryville.

On the night of the 12th the left wing camped very nearly where it did later, in October, on the Cedar-Creek battle-field. Indeed, the whole army occupied nearly the identical position; Crook being on the left of the pike, the Nineteenth Corps to the right, and the Sixth Corps still farther to the right, across Meadow Run. During the previous days there had been more or less fighting, and the infantry frequently kept step to distant cannonading; but at Cedar Creek the army came to a forced stop. Across the creek was the enemy, and the cavalry could not dislodge them. Picket-firing grew sharp and extended, and there were signs of a general engagement. At nine o'clock that night the entire left wing was ordered on picket, being posted across Meadow Run, and down to the banks of Cedar Creek. On the evening of the 13th, the battalion was relieved, and returned to its camp. The day had been quiet. On the mornings of the 14th and 15th the army was roused, and stood at arms from

four o'clock to six, in order to prevent an anticipated surprise.

A portion of the army, on the 15th, made a reconnoissance toward Fisher's Hill, with some smart fighting. In that portion of the army to the rear of us — near Middletown — a Rebel spy was hung.

Grover's second division of the Nineteenth Corps, including our own right wing, had not yet arrived from Washington; and Sheridan's strength at this time was but eighteen thousand infantry and thirty-five hundred cavalry. Early was camped on Fisher's Hill, his right on the Shenandoah, his left on the Little North Mountain. The Massanutten Range begins at Cedar Creek, and divides the Shenandoah into two valleys; the easterly one being the Luray, famous in all these campaigns, and now famous for its caverns.

Here was a dangerous trap for Sheridan; for, if he pursued Early up the Valley farther, another Rebel force, coming down the Luray Valley over the Front-Royal pike, would get in his rear, and cut him off, leaving him between two armies. This is precisely what the Rebels attempted with the Union army north of the creek; and it was information of this, and orders from Gen. Grant to act only on the defensive until re-enforced, that caused such a rapid and mysterious retreat down the Valley to Halltown. Some of the men growled at being rushed up the Valley only to be rushed down again; but they had not got acquainted with Sheridan, nor were they great strategists. It was not the only occasion, when, if they had known more, they would have said less. On the 13th our cavalry reconnoitred beyond Cedar Creek to Strasburg. On the morning of the 14th, Sheridan sent a brigade of cavalry to Front Royal to settle the rumors of a Rebel re-enforcement through the Luray Valley. At the same time the Sixth Corps crossed Cedar Creek, and occupied the heights above Strasburg.

That very day Grant, who was watching the valley carefully, got a despatch through by courier to Sheridan, informing him that two divisions of infantry, some cavalry, and twenty pieces of artillery, had left Richmond to re-enforce Early. Sheridan

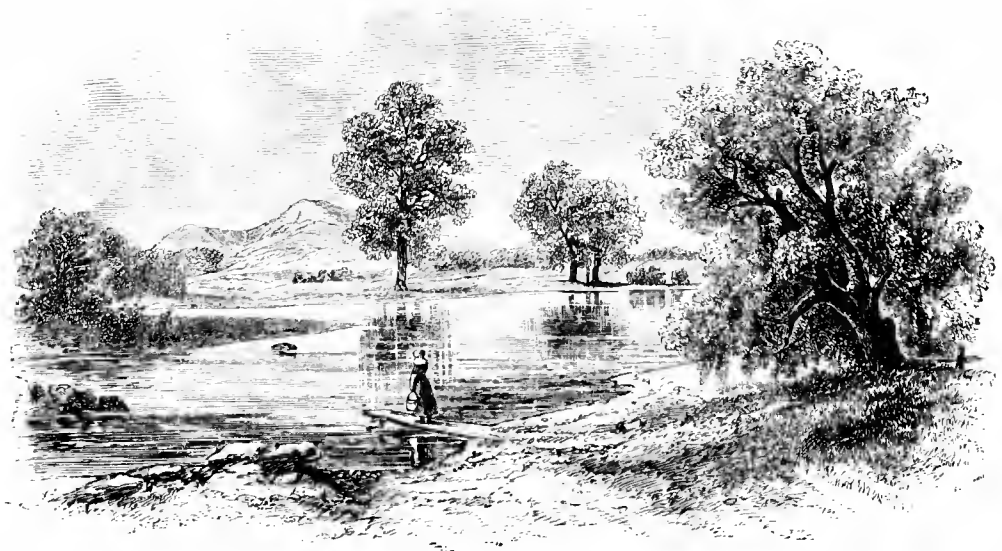
thus gives his conclusions: "I at once looked over the map of the valley for a defensive line; that is, where a smaller number of troops could hold a greater number: and I could see but one such; I refer to that at Halltown, in front of Harper's Ferry. Subsequent experience has convinced me that no other really defensive line exists in the Shenandoah Valley. I therefore determined to move back to Halltown, carry out my instructions to destroy forage and subsistence, and increase my strength by Grover's division of the Nineteenth Corps and Wilson's division of cavalry, both of which were marching to join me *via* Snicker's Gap."

The enemy enjoyed one advantage which caused the Union commander a good deal of annoyance. On the north summit of Massanutten, Early established a signal station, and looked right down upon every Union move. Sheridan sent a small force and captured the post, destroying the station. Early retaliated by pushing up a larger force, retaking the heights, and re-establishing his provoking signalling.

At eleven o'clock on the night of August 15 the left wing began the retrogressive movement. It was generally understood that a retreat was meant. There was danger enough surrounding the army to spice the occasion, and lift the column out of the monotony of a weary march. None of the Fourteenth present will ever forget the wild picturesqueness of that midnight retreat. It was a dismal night, with the rain falling heavily. The camp-fires were ordered to be replenished and to be left burning brightly. They cast strange shadows of an army stealing away from its position in front of a vigilant foe.

The left wing pressed on in rapid march until daylight, many of the men sleeping considerably while keeping their places in line. At six A.M. the column filed into an open field just outside of Winchester, line was formed, arms stacked; and the men dropped like stones, sleeping all the forenoon, with no protection from the morning sun. That day, the 16th, Sheridan moved his headquarters back to Winchester.

On the morning of the 17th the whole army was in motion toward Berryville and Clifton, the latter position being occu-



CEDAR CREEK.

pied by the Sixth and Eighth Corps. On the afternoon of that day the Union cavalry fell back to Winchester. That morning Early had been apprised by his signal officer of the retreat of Sheridan, and at once began a headlong pursuit. The Rebels got into Winchester at sundown, driving out our cavalry, and one brigade of the Sixth Corps. The same evening Early was re-enforced by Kershaw's division and two brigades of Fitz Lee's cavalry. This was the force of whose approach Grant had notified Sheridan.

On the morning of the 18th Grover's division joined the army, although the two wings of the Fourteenth were not re-united until the next day. This morning the corps marched until nine A.M., then halted until four P.M., when the march was resumed, the army bivouacking at dark about two miles south of Charlestown.

THE RIGHT WING.

As related in Part III., the right wing of the Fourteenth had joined the Army of the Potomac. The reasons for the withdrawal of the entire Nineteenth Corps from that army have also been given. The following continues the record of the right wing until its union with the other battalion and with Sheridan's army.

At daylight on the 31st of July, the brigade marched to Bermuda Hundred, and embarked for Washington on the steamer "S. R. Spaulding," which sailed at noon with the brigade headquarters, Fourteenth New Hampshire, and Twelfth Me. on board, and arrived at Washington at noon, August 1. At five P.M. the brigade was ordered to disembark, and proceed to Frederick by rail.

After a night spent in embarking, the troops were ordered in the morning (August 2) to disembark, and proceed to Tennallytown, seven miles from the Capitol, where they arrived in the evening of the same day, and went into camp.

They remained here until the morning of the 14th, when they marched for Snicker's Gap. Twelve miles from Tennally-

town a halt was made about noon; and the march was resumed the following morning, Broad Run being reached a little before noon. The troops bore the march well, and remained in good condition, arriving at Leesburg the 16th, after a ten-hours' march.

The next day they went into camp near the mountains, but had remained but a few hours when orders were received to proceed to Berryville; and in little more than half an hour the men were again on the march, crossing the Blue Ridge at Snicker's Gap.

The Shenandoah was forded early in the evening; and the weary troops reached Berryville at midnight, only to march again at five o'clock in the morning, joining the Nineteenth Corps just outside the town. The army was then falling back on Harper's Ferry. After a few hours' halt during the middle of the day, the march was resumed; and at 9.30 P.M. the brigade took up its position about two miles from Charlestown, the Sixth Corps on the right, and the Eighth Corps on the left, of the brigade.

Gen. Birge and staff, with some others, slept that night on fence-rails, with no blankets, and without having any supper. During the night of the 18th, Grover's division reached its position in line; and on the morning of the 19th the two wings were re-united, after having been separated for more than five weeks. The right wing had depleted its companies during that time more than the left.

Here occurred a difficulty quite common in many regiments, but rare in the Fourteenth; i.e., a difficulty between two companies. There had always existed considerable not ill-natured jealousy, throughout the regiment, of one or two companies, which were supposed to be more favored than the others. Perhaps some were ahead of others in the matters of privilege and promotion; and, if so, it would be an unprofitable task to discuss the reasons or pretexts for such discrimination. It may occur to an outsider, that possibly some companies were better than others. But the episode here considered cannot be referred to any jealousy. There was some "pure cussedness"

somewhere; and, in an organization not so thoroughly amenable to discipline as the Fourteenth, the consequences might have been serious. The trouble was between F and K. One company accused the other of stealing its rails, boards, etc. It is rather late in the day to inquire which was the accuser and which the accused. Those rails and boards were stolen in the first place, and it was a question of who did the second stealing. The aggrieved party clung to the legal maxim of "honor among thieves," and company spirit ran high. F was arrayed against K; and those who knew least of the origin of the trouble, were most furious in denunciation of the other company. They were ready to go in and have a row of some dimensions. The six subsequent weeks of campaigning took pretty much all of this subsidiary fighting vim out of those eager spirits. The row waxed to that dignity where the major — that was just before the right wing arrived — ordered the officers to settle it. When Major Gardiner gave an emphatic order, it was always found convenient to obey it. There was some backing down; and some rails changed hands again, though they were fearfully shrunken *à la* Old Claggetts.

August 20 the Fourteenth lay quiet, receiving a big mail from home.

On the morning of the 21st it advanced a little toward the enemy, to straighten the general line, and was busy all day in throwing up a respectable earth-line of defences. Early had, on the 19th, extended his left to Bunker Hill; and on the 21st he threw forward his left to Summit Point, his right resting on Winchester. His line of battle ran north and south, facing east. The Union line faced west, commanding the fords of the Opequan; the line running from the Smithfield pike through Clifton, and crossing the Berryville pike.

On the 21st Early attempted to get into the rear of Sheridan's right by moving a force rapidly through Smithfield, but he failed. All day there was heavy skirmishing, Early pressing Sheridan's right considerably. Early says that he "made a general movement toward Harper's Ferry," and he only waited for re-enforcements from his centre to make a general attack.

When he got his re-enforcements, there was nothing to attack; for at eleven P.M. the Union army suddenly fell back, and, marching nearly all night, took position on the ridges at Halltown. Early makes the ridiculous statement that "Sheridan had taken a strong position under the protection of the heavy guns on Maryland Heights." The Union troops never dreamed of such distant protection. Sheridan did have a line extending across the Valley from the Potomac to the Shenandoah, and Early dared not press upon it.

For the next few days there were several reconnoissances by both sides, and frequent skirmishing between the armies, which really amounted to battles.

On the 25th occurred an engagement which was a mutual surprise. And in this event the wonderful mastery of the science of war by Sheridan is apparent. A less able commander would have been outwitted. Sheridan was constantly feeling of the enemy, and on the 25th sent out a heavy cavalry reconnoissance. This body met a strong force of Rebel infantry and cavalry marching toward Williamsport. Early had weakened his main line, to send off this raiding party. Sheridan afterward believed that the Rebel leader was up to his old trick of crossing into Maryland and creating another panic. Early explains it by saying, "I intended to move to Williamsport, as if to cross into Maryland, in order to keep up the fear of an invasion of Pennsylvania." At any rate, when the Yankee cavalry met his secretly planned expedition in a smart battle, he thought the whole manœuvre had been discovered, and that Sheridan would pounce upon his weakened line; so he raced his infantry back into line again. His movement so isolated Custer's brigade of cavalry from the remainder of the Union reconnoissance, that he had to go away round through Williamsport and Harper's Ferry before he could join the army again.

On the 26th there was heavy skirmishing well up to our lines; and the Fourteenth boys will remember the fine spectacle which they beheld beneath them, in the fields where the long and persistent lines of smoke-puffs showed the range of the contest. We now come to the entering wedge which finally split the

Rebel phalanx in the Valley, and utterly disintegrated treason between the Blue Ridge and the North Mountains. Early was getting an idea into his head entirely new to him. He was finding his match — and more. He was getting anxious, and that anxiety was a speedy leaven.

During the night of the 26th he showed his heels to the "Yanks," and retreated to his line covering Winchester, his left at Bunker Hill, with a cavalry force at Stephenson's Depot, away in front of his left.

On the 28th the whole Union army advanced to Charlestown; while the cavalry attacked the advanced post above mentioned, and drove it back.

On the 29th Averill, with his cavalry, moved from Williamsport to Martinsburg; but, as this was a smart menace of the enemy's left, they drove him back again across the Potomac.

The next day there was a hard battle on our right, at Smithfield Bridge, where the Rebel cavalry drove the Union troops smartly until Sheridan re-enforced them, when the Johnnies took a much stiffer dose of their own physic.

The camp or bivouac — these terms are not used with distinctive accuracy — of the Fourteenth at Charlestown was delightfully located in an undulating field covered by a fine piece of timber. An immense spring of excellent water near by rendered the spot an admirable one for its use. Here another phase of the beautiful "Garden of the South" was seen and enjoyed. The men were well recovered from the fearful strain of the first marching in this lively campaign. When the army first advanced up the Valley, it suffered beyond description. Day after day scores of men in the Fourteenth were roused for the day's march when it was agony for them to stand upon their feet. Blisters puffed out from the bottoms of their feet, covering half the treading surface. Every step for the first hour was torture; and then, getting "limbered up" and inured to the pain, they cheerfully jogged on, to repeat the experience on the next morning. The writer has some reason to know that this is no exaggeration. The prudent sufferers washed their feet every night, never in the morning, and, before starting each day,

soaped the inside of their socks thoroughly. Then, if they were tolerably well shod, sore feet could be cured while marching every day.

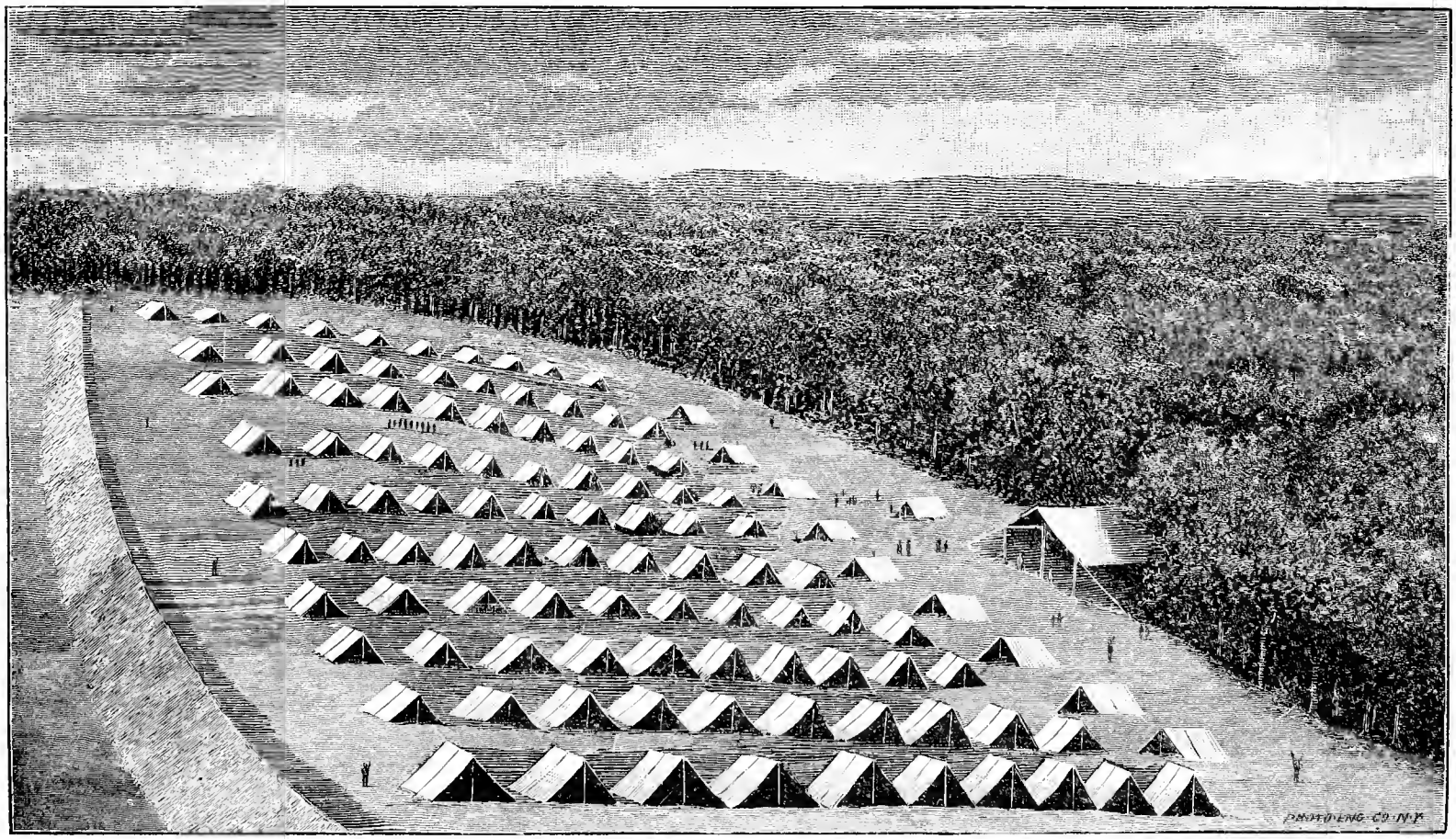
From the 1st to the 3d of September there was a lull in manœuvring and fighting.

On the 3d Averill made a determined push eastward from Martinsburg, defeating the Rebel cavalry, and capturing valuable property. In concert with this, the infantry moved on and occupied the position stretching from Clifton to Berryville; the Sixth Corps going by Summit Point, the Nineteenth by the Berryville pike. Crook was on the left, beyond Berryville.

It was at twilight on the evening of the 3d that the Fourteenth filed to the right from the pike, having marched from Charlestown, and, after proceeding for half a mile through wooded and open country, camped on the ridge, where it remained for more than a fortnight. The boys will remember the hour's halt on the pike before the column turned aside for camping, and will, perhaps, much more readily recall the hour's firing just in front while the line was moving from the pike to the camp. It was thought that the Fourteenth was getting into a very warm place. This is the explanation of that engagement, which was liveliest just after dark. Torbert, with his cavalry, had been ordered to White Post — away beyond our left and toward the enemy — early in the day; and it was one of Early's bright ideas to cut him off. Coming across the Opequan, Kershaw's division aimed for him, but had not calculated on being opposed by infantry. But Sheridan was not up there for child's play, and it so happened that Crook was right there; and Kershaw found it out just about dark; and a good deal after dark the situation was so illuminated by Crook's charges that Kershaw was able to take those of his men who were not killed, at a lively gait back to the Opequan. In that blood the camp near Berryville was christened. A good view of this camp is given.

Both armies remained in about the same position until the famous 19th.

At this time there was very little difference in the strength of the opposing forces.



CAMP OF THE FOURTEENTH, NEAR BERRYVILLE

Sheridan thus explains his delay at Berryville: "As I had learned beyond doubt, from my scouts, that Kershaw's division, which consisted of four brigades, was to be ordered back to Richmond, I had for two weeks patiently awaited its withdrawal before attacking, believing the condition of affairs throughout the country required great prudence on my part, that a defeat of the forces of my command could be ill afforded, and knowing that no interests in the Valley, save those of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, were suffering by the delay. In this view I was coinciding with the lieutenant-general commanding."

Early states that Lee had asked the return of Kershaw's division; and what Sheridan denominates an attempt to cut off Torbert at White Post — above described — Early says was the attempt of Kershaw to return to Lee through the Blue-Ridge passes. He then recounts his discovery of the long line of Sheridan; his inability to flank it; also Sheridan's strong position, which he was fortifying; and the hazard of an attack in front. These considerations induced him to draw back his army around Winchester, and retain Kershaw, hoping that Sheridan would move out of his strong position and attack him. If history is true, he was amply gratified when the spirit moved "Little Phil." From this time to the 19th, Sheridan kept his cavalry busy, constantly harassing the enemy at all points; and, as he says, his "cavalry was becoming educated to attack infantry lines."

On the 13th the Union forces, both of cavalry and infantry, made heavy reconnoissances; the former achieving a brilliant success at Abraham's Creek, the spot soon after marched over by the Fourteenth. Early's *naïve* description of the affair is so funny that we give it: "A very sharp artillery duel across the creek then took place; and some of my infantry crossed over, when the enemy retired." Yes, Gen. Early, some of your infantry did cross over; but you forget to mention that a large "some" of them did not go back again until they were exchanged. It is true, as Early says, that "the enemy retired:" but his memory is again defective; for he does not record, that, when it "retired," the enemy took with it the Eighth S. C. In-

fantry, entire, as prisoners of war. The pleasantest thing Early can do, is to forget as much as possible. On the same day as the above, Getty's division of the Sixth Corps pressed up to the Opequan, — six miles from the Union lines, — developing a heavy Rebel force at the fords. About this time the first brigade of Grover's division, including the Fourteenth, made a reconnoissance in front of its position, Col. Wilson commanding, and the regiment was then, for the first time, actually under musketry fire. The men hardly enjoyed the absurd pastime of attempting to dodge the bullets. On the 13th the men began to stand at arms from four o'clock until daylight, a surprise being feared.

On the 17th a large number of recruits arrived, most of them being excellent men, fully up to the standard of the original material. The events soon following were a trying ordeal for them, several of them having hardly learned the facings in line before the first great battle laid them in soldiers' graves.

It may be well here to state that the first brigade, second division, Nineteenth Corps, was constituted as follows, from right to left: Ninth Conn., Fourteenth New Hampshire, Twenty-sixth Mass., Fourteenth Me., Twelfth Me., and Seventy-fifth N. Y

Just before the battle of Winchester, the position of the Rebel forces was as follows: Ramseur's division and Nelson's battalion of artillery were on the road from Berryville to Winchester, one mile from the latter place. Rodes's, Gordon's, and Wharton's divisions (the last two being under Breckinridge), and Braxton's and King's battalions of artillery, were at Stephenson's depot on the Winchester and Potomac Railroad, which is six miles from Winchester. Lomax's cavalry were picketed in Early's front on the Opequan, and on his left from that stream to North Mountain; while Fitz Lee's cavalry watched the right, having small pickets across to the Shenandoah. Berryville is ten miles from Winchester, nearly east, and Martinsburg twenty-two miles, nearly north. The crossing of the Opequan on the Berryville road is four or five miles from Winchester. From Berryville there are two good roads to Front Royal, *via* Millwood and White Post; and from Millwood there is a mac-

adamized road to Winchester, and also good roads *via* White Post to the valley pike at Newtown and Middletown, the last two roads running east of the Opequan. The whole country is very open, being a limestone country, which is thickly settled and well cleared, and affords great facilities for the movement of troops and the operations of cavalry

Early affirms that his reason for holding that position was to "keep the enemy from using the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and the canal, and to keep as large a force as possible away from Grant." If Early could have fought as well as he disfigured the truth and drank apple-jack, the Rebellion might have succeeded — in the Valley. The following remarkable opinion of Jubal Early, in which he refers to the month just preceding the battle of the Opequan, will probably amuse the Fourteenth boys as much as any passage between these covers.

"The events of the last month had satisfied me that the commander opposed to me was without enterprise, and possessed an excessive caution which amounted to timidity. If it was his policy to produce the impression that his force was too weak to fight me, he did not succeed; but if it was to convince me that he was not an able or energetic commander, his strategy was a complete success, and subsequent events have not changed my opinion."

His countenance must have worn a broad grin, when he figured up the opposing forces, as they confronted each other September 18, as follows: Sheridan, thirty-five thousand infantry, ten thousand cavalry, total forty-five thousand; Early, eighty-five hundred infantry, twenty-nine hundred cavalry, total eleven thousand four hundred. Sheridan has exposed the slight inaccuracy of these figures by showing that he took more than twice as many prisoners as Early admits having in his entire army. The fact is, as previously stated, that the two armies were about equal, with Early enjoying several obvious and important advantages.

BATTLE OF THE OPEQUAN.

Sheridan had determined not to manœuvre Early up the Valley, but to fight him out of it, — to break the Rebel power once and for all in the "Granary of the Confederacy." But he did not intend to fight the battle of the Opequan (or, as it is popularly termed, the battle of Winchester) until the action was begun in the early morning. Having learned, on the 15th, that Kershaw, with two divisions, was moving through Winchester to Front Royal, Sheridan determined to fight at Newtown: that is, he proposed to abandon his own line entirely, move round by the left flank between Newtown and Winchester, stretch his army across the Valley, and so cut off Early's retreat up the Valley, and compel him to fight for life. The same day Gen. Grant visited Sheridan, and commended the plan. The orders were all issued for the move, the Fourteenth receiving notice Saturday night to break camp the next morning. This order was carried out; and the men were somewhat surprised at having to occupy the dismantled camp through the whole of Sunday and Sunday night. This is the explanation: On the afternoon of that Sunday, the 18th, Averill informed Sheridan that Early had moved two divisions to Martinsburg. Sheridan at once altered his plan, determining to strike the two divisions remaining at Stephenson's depot, and then attack the force which had moved to Martinsburg. For this purpose the army moved across the Opequan on the morning of the 19th of September.

At one o'clock that morning the Fourteenth was aroused, cooked its coffee hurriedly, and at two o'clock was on the march. The column moved across the fields, and struck the Winchester pike just beyond Berryville, the infantry marching each side, while the wagon-trains kept the pike. The column in which the first brigade marched kept to the right of the pike. Just before reaching the ford of the Opequan, the Nineteenth Corps was unfortunately delayed for about two hours. The blame has never been fixed to everybody's satisfaction. Certain it is that the wagons of the Sixth Corps blocked up

the way and prevented the Nineteenth Corps from closing up promptly to the rear of the Sixth. It is equally certain that those wagons ought to have been parked out of the way; yet it is not possible to say precisely why they were not. This and another circumstance favored Early, precipitated a battle on ground which Sheridan did not select until after daylight, and in many ways affected the progress of the campaign. Sheridan was apprised, early in the morning, that he had got to fight the entire Rebel army between the Opequan Creek and Winchester.

Early did move two divisions to Martinsburg on the 18th; and while there, through a traitor or a spy, he learned from the telegraph-office, which Sheridan had open there, that Grant was with the Union army. This put him on his guard; and the two divisions were marched back as far as Bunker Hill, being within call on the 19th. The delay of the Nineteenth Corps enabled Early to mass his force. In conjunction with the infantry movement on our right, Torbert and Merritt advanced their cavalry from Summit Point toward Stephenson's depot. Farther to the right Averill was swinging round, and moving on the Martinsburg pike toward Bunker Hill and Winchester, to operate, when the time came, on the Rebel left flank. Away to the left of Abraham's Creek, Wilson was moving his cavalry to get around the Rebel right so as to cut off his line of retreat. At this point the aim of the Union cavalry was frustrated all day by Lomax's cavalry.

About 7 o'clock the ford of the Opequan was reached (see illustration); and soon after Abraham's Creek was crossed, and the Nineteenth Corps hurried through the gorge which was the key to the Union position. Before the defile, which was well covered with thick undergrowth, was passed, a sight confronted the troops which peculiarly affected the Fourteenth, as it was entirely novel to a regiment unused to fighting. The shaded grass for some distance flanking the pike was covered with wounded men, the results of the cavalry fight of the early morning. A field hospital had been established, and the surgeon's knife was in full play. The faces of the Fourteenth boys grew pale, their teeth were set, and the conviction ran through the ranks

that the hour of desperate battle was about to strike. Such a spectacle was not the most cheerful of preparations for a green battalion, as it nerved itself for the first great shock of war. The Nineteenth Corps held to the pike until within two and a half miles of Winchester, and then filed to the right and halted, occupying higher ground. The corps was formed in four lines, with the first brigade of the second division holding the right of the front line; and, as the Ninth Conn. was detached for a flanking regiment, the Fourteenth New Hampshire held the right of the front of the entire line of battle. The army was drawn up with the Nineteenth Corps on the right, the Sixth Corps on the left, flanked by cavalry, the Eighth Corps held in reserve to be used in turning the left flank of the enemy.

The lines were formed before ten o'clock, and the front line was then advanced a short distance, halting just before reaching a piece of timber. Here the men rested for nearly two hours; the last two hours of mortal life for many of the noblest of the Fourteenth, our comrades for more than two years of hard service in arms. With perfect unconcern the men lay down, most of them snatching an early dinner from their haversacks. Nothing in the demeanor of the troops indicated an expected battle. Never were they more quiet and composed; and little pleasantries were bantered between those who, just beyond those woods, before high noon should strike, would utter the last groan, or die without a groan.

Sheridan had personally directed the formation of the army. The front line crossed the Berryville pike two and a quarter miles east of Winchester, and two and and a half miles from the Opequan Creek. The line of battle extended from Abraham's Creek on the left to Red Bud Run on the right, a distance of one mile and a third; while from Wilson away to the left the great semicircle of Union manœuvring extended around to Averill on the right, a distance of almost six miles. The Sixth Corps was on each side of the pike, while the Fourteenth Regiment — the right of the Nineteenth Corps — was seven hundred yards to the right of the pike. This was the Union position at 11.40 A.M.

FORD OF THE OPEQUAN.

The Rebel line at that time was as follows from right to left: Lomax's cavalry, Ramseur's, Rodes's, — just arrived, — and Gordon's divisions of infantry, with Fitz Lee's cavalry and battery on the immediate left. Wharton and Breckenridge do not appear to have engaged in the battle until afternoon. The Rebels were strongly posted.

The Fourteenth remained in line for two hours before the general advance was ordered. Col. Walker, in his history of the Vermont Brigade, declares that "it was noon before the Nineteenth Corps had reached its place, and was formed in three or four lines on the right of the Sixth." The only comment to be made on the above is, that the colonel is entirely mistaken, as the context shows. We notice but one other of the misstatements of this writer. Farther on, the inaccuracies of another Sixth Corps historian will be alluded to. That corps did not lack in appreciation of its own services, nor, sometimes, in disparagement of other organizations. Col. Walker remarks of the first charge: "The Nineteenth Corps appears to have gone in impetuously and with little order." The comments of the following pages will meet this false criticism; but we leave to the eulogist of the Vermont Brigade the explanation of the break-up on the right of the Sixth Corps during that first advance.

Sheridan had got his army in hand, and was about to meet the pompous Rebel general, and try the metal of the two armies.

Company E, of the Fourteenth, Capt. Tolman, did not go into the battle in the beginning, as it had been detailed for several weeks, a pioneer company at brigade headquarters. On the morning of the battle Capt. Tolman was ordered to the rear in charge of intrenching tools. Afterward, on his own responsibility, he led his company in, and was then ordered to rejoin the regiment, which he did near the close of the action, rendering important service.

Col. Gardiner ordered Lieut. Sturtevant to deploy his company, G, as skirmishers. Before the skirmish-line deployed, the colonel ordered two of the band, members of Company G,

to be detailed to follow the line, and assist the wounded. The band-leader called for volunteers; and Joseph S. Doolittle and Thomas S. Mower immediately stepped forward, and accompanied the skirmishers.

Lieut. Sturtevant was the only officer in his company. He marched his men to the front a few minutes before ten o'clock, and then deployed by the right flank. His bugler being absent, sick, Lieut. Fiske, of K, loaned his bugler, J. M. Smith, who stuck to the line gallantly until Lieut. Sturtevant was struck down. As the skirmish-line moved off, Lieut. Fiske grasped the hand of his friend, and said, "Good-by, John: take care of yourself." There was a prevalent feeling that the impending movement was "into the jaws of death."

The skirmish-line of the Fourteenth advanced through the woods, and halted under cover; the right of the line resting on Red Bud Run, while the left joined the skirmishers of the Twenty-sixth Mass.

At eleven o'clock Col. Gardiner — he had been mustered as colonel only the day before — called the officers to the rear and centre, and, facing the men about, informed them that we were surrounded, the enemy was in our rear, and that we must cut our way out to the front. That direction must have come from some higher authority, although it never could have emanated from Sheridan. There was no truth whatever in the information; and the motive for so instructing the Fourteenth was presumably grounded in the fear, that, as the regiment had never been tried under heavy fire, it might waver. It must have been the aim to frighten the weak-kneed ones into keeping in line by picturing the danger of an attempt to run to the rear. At any rate, it was an unworthy artifice, originating in the mind of some one who little knew the temper of the New-Hampshire boys. The communication produced no appreciable effect, and elicited little comment.

At 11.40 A.M. the general advance was ordered. As quietly as on parade the men stepped to their places in the ranks. The Union army was in motion, entering the cover at once. The first line of the Nineteenth Corps, Grover's division, consisted of

the first and third brigades. The second line, forty rods to the rear, was formed by the fourth and second brigades. Behind the second line were the reserves, consisting of the first division in two lines. In passing through the belt of woods, a distance of six hundred yards, the alignment became somewhat disturbed; and the regiment was halted just before the clearing was reached, and the line straightened. The entire front line then moved out from cover, and advanced slowly into that terrible open field of death. There was little premonition of the impending carnage; for nothing more than desultory firing was then heard along our front, and that was the preliminary death-play of the skirmishers. Even then the battle of the Opequan was not begun.

It was the intention of Gen. Emory, under the direction of Sheridan, that the first line should advance to the centre of the field and lie down; yet here, as at Balaklava, "somebody blundered." The comments published in many accounts of the battle are grossly misleading. There was either a dreadful blunder perpetrated, or, worse, a piece of criminal folly was indulged in; but the fault rests wholly with one man, a staff-officer who did give the order for the first brigade to charge. It was a dangerous command to issue, for the first brigade obeyed orders with an awful fidelity. As the line of battle moved through the woods, the skirmishers advanced, and reached a point half-way across the open field, halting behind the stump fence, enduring a galling fire. They could hear the commands to the Rebel cannoneers on the bluff across the Run, to the right; and, altogether, the Fourteenth skirmish-line found itself in a hot spot. The enemy's picket-line received the Union skirmishers with a rapid fire, there being no shelter after leaving the woods. When the skirmishers had pressed on half-way across the field, as before stated, the Rebel skirmish-line fell back, and the firing slackened.

Just then Fitz Lee opened a finely posted battery with telling effect upon this slender advance of the Union force. Lieut. Sturtevant was the first member of the Fourteenth wounded, as when he was thrown flat by an exploding shell, one piece enter-

ing his arm, the main line had not emerged from the woods. Lieut. Sturtevant tied up his arm, and remained at his post. When urged to go to the rear he refused. The skirmish-line found itself so far to the right, that, when the main line advanced, it was not supported. The enemy's line afterward advanced so close as to demand a surrender in pretty emphatic phrasing; and with great difficulty the lieutenant extricated his company, which he did, the men falling back coolly and in good order. It is evident that Company G, by its steadiness and gallantry that day, proved the stuff it was made of in a splendid fashion, and emulated the discipline of veteran fighters. Lieut. Sturtevant hobbled back as far as possible, and was then carried from the field on a shelter tent. The main line had halted for five minutes. Then the order, "Forward!" was given, and the Fourteenth entered the open field. That field, eight hundred and thirty yards across, was level for half the distance, and then sloped up to the next belt of woods.

Immediately upon quitting the cover, the line came under fire, at first light and scattering. For one-third of the distance the advance was slow, deliberate, and in perfect order, the guide being to the left, the general front being governed by the movement of the Sixth Corps. Thus far the Fourteenth had behaved as well as any regiment could. Would the men stand by the colors, and hold steadily to the work? Could a regiment unused to fighting be depended upon to maintain the right of the line on such a momentous occasion? The line was nearing the centre of the field, where it was intended it should lie down; but no order to halt came. On the contrary, a staff officer rode up furiously, and, pointing to the woods in front, gave the order to charge. If that officer had forgotten his canteen of whiskey that morning, it is possible the order would never have been issued. "Charge bayonets!" "Forward! double-quick!" were the orders, and the line sprang forward as by a mighty, irresistible impulse. There was nothing "impetuous" in that advance; the men never raised one cheer; a spirit of solemnity seemed to breathe through the battalion: but the men were dreadfully in earnest. The wings did not quite keep their distance, but

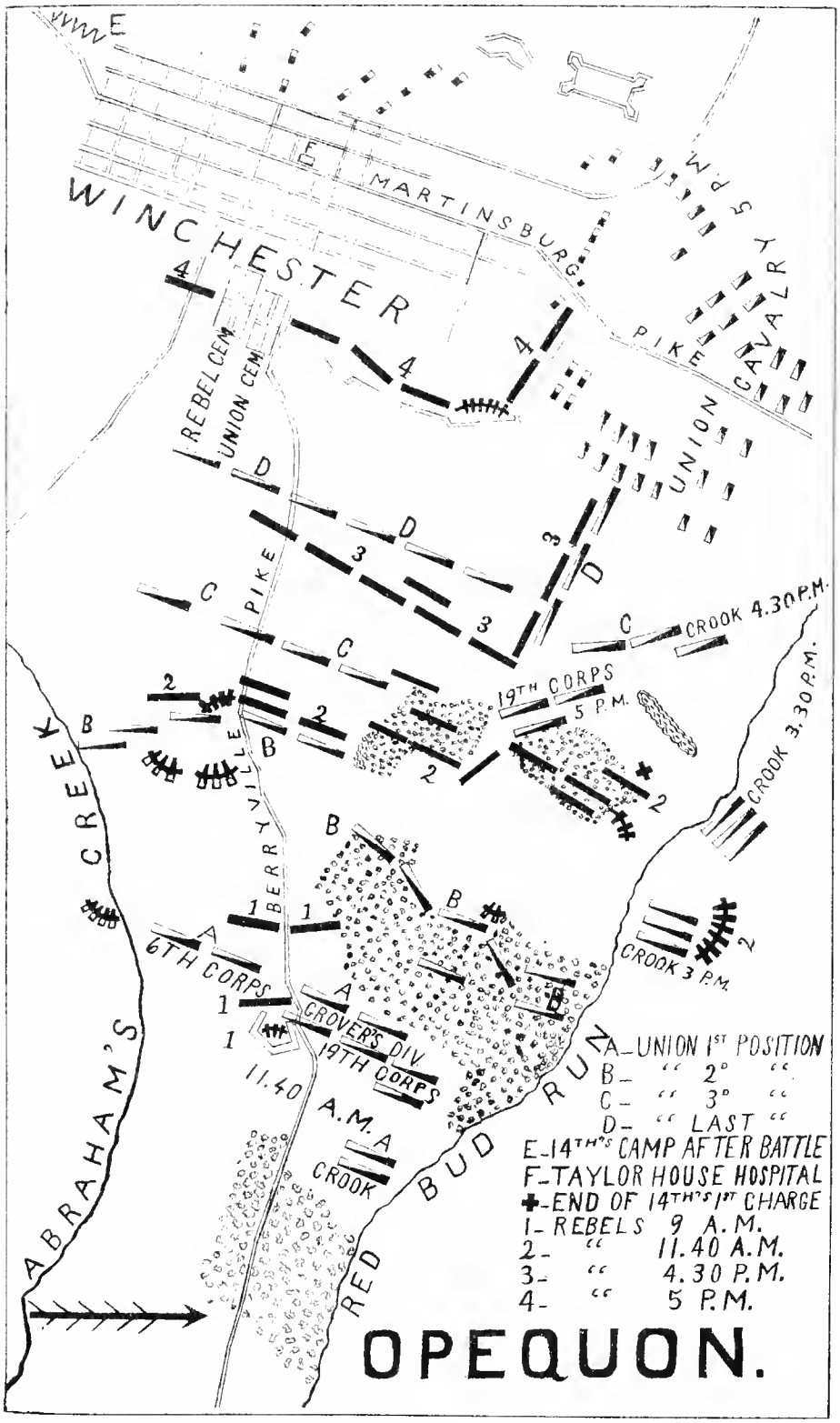
crowded the centre. Then ensued a desperate struggle, a remarkable fight for position; the men who were crowded out of line striving to regain their places. There again discipline told. There, with a regiment of men rolling down into the very vortex of destruction, the writer witnessed the almost superhuman exertions of men to simply hold their places in the ranks. When half-way across the fatal field, the Fourteenth was exposed to a murderous fire. The first volleys of the Rebels were too high; the colors were riddled, and the terrible whistle and ping of Minié bullets just above their heads initiated the men into the society of death. The Fourteenth, inexperienced in fighting, was confronted by some of the finest troops of the South, inured to hard and continuous conflict. The enemy soon got down to efficient work, and then the men began to drop.

Corpl. Charles A. Ball, of the-color guard, was probably the first man struck down; and then they fell from right to left. It was indeed the havoc of an awful carnage. Some officer at the right of the battalion gave the order to fire, and the entire line commenced a rapid and fairly directed fire. The speed of the advance was slackened to admit of the firing. Here, in the centre of the field, fell, mortally wounded, the brave Colburn and the gallant Paul. Here, too, a little later, the accomplished captains Fosgate and Chaffin were shot dead. An illustration of the deadly effect of the fire to which the Fourteenth was then exposed is seen in the case of four men in Company F, who were together in line. Of these, Allen, Scott, and Bent were killed or mortally wounded; and the writer alone escaped. But what was the effect of the death-dealing volleys on the progress of the line of battle? Did it run? Did it break? Did it waver? It did not even halt. There were some cowards who were glad of the opportunity to get out of danger by stopping to help the wounded, when they knew there were ample details for this purpose. There were a few who skulked back without as much as this decent pretext: they wandered about, well out of danger, until the shooting was over, and then turned up smiling, ready to arrogate to them-

selves their full share of the credit for the day's achievements. Yet it is safe to say that no regiment in that grand army was disgraced by a smaller number of skulkers than was the Fourteenth.

The line moved on with a momentum which the accurate and effective fire of the enemy seemed not even to check. It was near to the second belt of woods; the first brigade of Grover's division had swept on, entirely beyond the front of the remainder of the army. It is said that the order to halt was issued, but the men never received it. Col. Gardiner was on foot, fifty feet in the rear of his regiment; Hadley, the splendid young commander of F, fell, ahead of the line, with a fearful wound in the face; Stone, a fine and promising young officer, was slain: yet the Fourteenth never faltered in the charge. And now the boys began to feel the thrill, the enthusiasm, the exultation, of battle. Those who had escaped, and kept in their place, had passed the period of fear; and the wild intoxication of a great contest was nerving them on. Before the woods mentioned were reached, the men cheered, and rushed on at a faster pace. An unprejudiced observer, Major Gould, of another division, the historian of the Twenty-ninth Me., thus refers to this feat: "Grover's first line had charged with a fury that nothing could withstand; but, being unsupported, it was out-flanked. It seems incredible that Grover could have worked ahead of us so far, in the very short time that he had been out of our sight." Up to this time, the battalion formation had been fairly well preserved; but, as the woods were entered, the line was disarranged, the right and the left spreading apart. In this timber-belt, three hundred and fifty yards wide, occurred the most desperate fighting of the day, some of it hand-to-hand.

The breaking-up of the line just alluded to was caused by the terrible flanking fire from Fitz Lee's battery, stationed on an eminence across the Red Bud, not over six hundred yards away. The shells came screaming through the trees, lopping off branches, crippling the line, and destroying organization. A battery firing shells into a body of men is not only a mur-



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derous, it is a demoralizing, agency. The segregated line advanced with considerable celerity through the woods, the Rebel line being forced back in confusion. A single Union brigade had been hurled, like a thunderbolt, against two of the finest Southern divisions. The ground was won; but it could not be held alone, by a line so terribly cut to pieces. Several prisoners were here taken by the Fourteenth; and many of the men fought like demons, Sergt. Coombs of C being conspicuous. The officers attempted to re-form the men, straighten the line, and halt it; but the men did not stop, pressing on through the woods, and down the slope into the opening beyond. There were so few who reached this advanced and extremely perilous position that the advance was stopped; and the charge, which had extended for a mile and a hundred yards, there terminated. The little handful of men remained there for about five minutes, firing rapidly at the enemy; H. H. Howe, of F, being the most advanced man of the Fourteenth who was observed by the writer. Again the Rebel fire grew brisk. Webster, true as steel, was fatally wounded. Fiske, universally beloved, fell just before the retreat. The men waited for orders. One came to retreat; but, when the men started to fall back, other officers endeavored to hold them up to the work.

Capt. Ira Berry was cool, determined, and conspicuous, in the very front. He was badly wounded, and was captured by the enemy. While advancing through the second woods, he was a full rod ahead of his company. Observing the left of the regiment breaking up, and confusion spreading on the right, and not hearing the order to retreat, he turned and commanded: "Company H, stand fast!" — and Company H stood as steady as on dress-parade. Lieut. Holmes then communicated to the captain the order to retreat: it was given, and back the company went at a lively gait.

Lieut. Sargent fought like a tiger, with perfect recklessness. He seemed to take no account of Rebel bullets. Hurrying from point to point, he did his best to maintain the ground. He was one of the last to retreat, was severely wounded, and taken prisoner.

When the war began Capt. Berry was a member of the Gulf-City Guards, of Mobile, Ala.; and, when that organization entered the Rebel service, he declined to go. He was, however, for several months under Confederate pay in Mobile Harbor. As soon as practicable he came North. It was a remarkable coincidence that his old company should be the one to capture him. One of his former comrades rolled him over, supposing him dead, to unbuckle and appropriate his sword. When the captain found strength to rise, he was taken to the rear by his Mobile companions, who, happily, did not recognize him. When he reached the heights occupied by the Rebels in their last position, he found himself with Lieut. Sargent; and they planned to escape from their guards. It was decided that Capt. Berry should faint; which he did, apparently, and Lieut. Sargent ministered to him. The impatient guards waited through one fainting spell, but could not stand a second; and went on, leaving the prisoners, who were still in the Rebel line, and persistently prevented from going to the rear by a cordon of provost-guards, set to stop the timid Johnnies from running away.

Twice a Rebel soldier tried to get the lieutenant's rubber blanket, once firing a shot which was evidently intended to finish him. The shot took effect, but it went through Capt. Berry's arm. The second attempt was a success, the lieutenant being jerked to the ground, and his blanket taken. Soon afterward Lieut. Sargent made a dash, and ran — into captivity; while Capt. Berry presently coaxed a mere boy among the provost-guard to take him, as a prisoner, to the rear. This boy had been a prisoner, and had received kind treatment from Union soldiers: so that, when a Rebel cavalryman came up and proposed to rob the captain of his jacket by force, the faithful young guard plainly informed him that he would get a bullet through him if he persisted in robbing his prisoner. The mounted Rebel hero desisted.

Capt. Berry was taken to the Taylor House Rebel Hospital in Winchester, and, watching his opportunity, lay down between two wounded Rebels in the operating-room. Before long the Rebel surgeons put on their coats in a hurry; there

was a surging through the town: the Johnnies were out and the Yanks were in; and, after the strange vicissitudes of an eventful day, the wounded captain was among his friends, and under the old flag.

The first brigade was cut to pieces; it had melted away. There were three reasons for this great disaster which led almost to irretrievable defeat. The first has already been delineated. The second is found in the break which began on the right of the Sixth Corps, extending to the left of the Nineteenth, enabling a portion of Rodes's division to turn the flank of the latter. The third and unsavory reason for the repulse of the first line of Grover's division was that the second line entirely failed to support it. It will be remembered that the right of the second line was held by the fourth brigade, made up mostly of Indiana troops unsurpassed for — yelling. This brigade was handled in a most incompetent manner. It advanced through the first woods, found the first line was engaged in a fierce conflict, fired one volley, turned, and ran. They hardly got under fire at all. This brigade had been transferred from the Thirteenth Corps, in Louisiana; and certainly it failed grossly in the moment of need. The Ninth Conn., an Irish regiment, was detached from the first brigade to act as a flanking force, and should have silenced Fitz Lee's battery. It got lost (?) so safely, in the woods to the right of the line, that not a man was hit during the day; and it remained there until the battle was over. That regiment never rejoined the brigade until the army was in Harrisonburg, and then it was ordered to march in the rear.

It was fatally hot for the Fourteenth as it emerged from the woods on its retreat over the open field. Just at the edge of the woods Orderly-Sergt. Felch fell. Our accomplished and heroic Col. Gardiner was last seen marching to the rear slowly, with sword lying across his left arm, calling upon his men to halt. He was shot about one-third of the way back from the second woods, while rallying his men. The charge and repulse of the first brigade is described by the Rebel commander, and is

of sufficient interest to warrant it a place here. He concedes the damage inflicted by the onslaught in which the Fourteenth bore so prominent a part.

"The only chance for us was to hurl Rodes and Gordon upon the flank of the advancing column. They advanced through the woods in most gallant style, and attacked in the open field [it appears that the right of the Union, and the left of the Rebel, line made a simultaneous attack], opening a destructive fire. But Evans's brigade of Gordon's division, which was on the extreme left of our infantry, received a check from a column of the enemy, and was forced back through the woods from behind which it had advanced; the enemy following to the very rear of the woods, and to within musket-range of seven pieces of Braxton's artillery, which were without support. This caused a pause in our advance, and the position was most critical; for it was apparent that unless this force was driven back the day was lost. Braxton's guns, in which now was our only hope, resolutely stood their ground, and opened with canister on the enemy. This fire was so rapid and well directed that the enemy staggered, halted, and commenced falling back, leaving a battle-flag on the ground, whose bearer was cut to pieces by a canister shot. Just then Battle's brigade of Rodes's division arrived, moved forward, and swept through the woods, driving the enemy before it; while Evans's brigade was rallied, and brought back to the charge. Our advance was resumed, and the enemy's attacking columns were thrown into great confusion, and driven from the field."

It was the wild hope of Early to follow up the first repulse of the Union right, and gain possession of the gorge or cañon, thus cutting off Sheridan's retreat; but the Rebel countercharge never got beyond the centre of that disputed field. The One Hundred and Fourteenth N. Y., one of the noblest battalions in the whole Union army, advanced, endured with not a flinch the rabble run of the fourth brigade, and, with the two pieces of artillery posted by Emory, filled the perilous gap. While the Union line was thus being precariously established, not much in advance of its position at 11.40, that of the enemy

was not advanced, but rather retired somewhat, though strengthened. The fragments of the Fourteenth were easily rallied, a majority of the men retreating no farther than necessary. Orderly-Sergt. Goodwin at once gathered a squad, and faced them about, holding them well to the front. Other officers did the same. In the retreat most of the regiment bore to the left: so that, when re-formed, it was in the first woods, somewhat to the right, and nearly seven hundred yards in front of its position before the charge. The Fourteenth Regiment New-Hampshire Volunteers had gone

> "Down into the jaws of death,
> Down into the gates of hell."

It had been tried so as by fire: and in that terrible ordeal it did not waver; it did not shrink; it did not fail in one iota of doing all that brave men, all that a well-trained battalion, could do under the circumstances. It obeyed every order with alacrity. Its officers were nobly daring, and its men showed the same metal. The Fourteenth shed a fearful measure of precious blood in that onset; and, while its flag was riddled by balls, it was not for a moment sullied, but was borne aloft in that charge, and throughout the day, a lustrous symbol of the cause and its success.

It was about one o'clock, and the state of affairs with Sheridan was, that an advance had been made on his whole front, with a decided success on the right, followed by a set-back all along the line, and a damaging repulse at a critical point in his centre. In half an hour, or at 1.30 P.M., the emergency was passed; and the Union army showed a good front to the over-exultant Johnnies. Early says of the battle at that hour, "A splendid victory had been gained;" and, while that boast was as false as many other of his declarations, it was true, that, up to the time mentioned, the balance of success lay with the enemy. But "Little Phil" had not at that hour *begun* to unfold his strategy. That battle was a piece of military calculation, and Sheridan was right in the midst of his figuring when Early went into glorifications over a victory won. The Rebel

hero had only succeeded in badly mixing up the Union commander's figures. The problem was working: it would be solved. There was a general lull in the contest; and regiments re-formed, gathered in stragglers, perfected alignments, rested, and ate — where there was any thing left to eat.

Some incidents of the first tremendous onset must not be lost. When the first line of the Nineteenth Corps had advanced beyond the anticipated point of establishing and holding a position, and had acquired a momentum which little short of annihilation could check, a staff-officer rode to the front, and endeavored to correct the blunder. His shouts and his vehement gesticulations were alike unheeded. At last he appeared to grow desperate. He exposed himself recklessly, putting forth almost superhuman efforts to halt the line. Finally, he turned his horse's head toward the enemy, rose to full height in his stirrups, swung his sword high in air, and flung it away toward the Rebel line. He then coolly dismounted, walked slowly out, and picked up his weapon, and then very deliberately left that part of the field.

Some of the men, when struck, shrieked with fear and pain; while most of them uttered but a groan, or were silent. There were many surprises on that field. The wisest ones in camp were not always the truest ones in the crucial hour; and some also who were lightly valued in the previous months performed such deeds as are ascribed to heroes. There was Blodgett of F, a stout, clumsy man, too old, as we supposed, to be in the service at all; who was always a little behind on the march, and just too late in every evolution and movement of the manual. Yet on the field of the Opequan he displayed some of the best qualities of a warrior. He proved entirely insensible to fear; and his drill was driven into him — as nails into a white oak post — to stay. It was like him to "load in nine times" at every round in the very whirlwind and fury of battle. What if he did find eleven charges in his musket after the battle, indicating that he did not know whether or not his piece was discharged when he pointed it at the foe? He did what it is safe to affirm no other soldier in that army did. When his rifle

Alexander Gardiner,
Col 140th P.V.

became disabled by a Rebel shot, he sat down upon the ground, under a heavy fire, took his gun to pieces, and, from another musket lying near by, replaced the broken part, and then trudged back to find his regiment.

Of the raw recruits reaching the regiment just before the battle, sixteen had been assigned to Company H; and during the first charge Capt. Berry was occupied, aside from the usual onerous duties of a company commander in battle, in keeping them in line and up to the work. One of them persisted in firing toward the sky every time, and finally the captain stopped, and drilled him until he would fire toward the enemy.

Coming from one who was in the ranks, it is not out of place to here record, that the officers of the Fourteenth, as a rule, behaved with conspicuous heroism. In the first, and so notably fatal, onset, they crowned the Fourteenth Regiment with imperishable honor. And those who died in the ranks stood in their lot equally well. The wonderful pluck displayed found good illustration in the case of Lieut. Colburn, who, suffering from a fatal wound in the abdomen, still, with his characteristic grit, worked his way back on foot, alone, to lie down and die that night.

In the long array of the wounded at night, musician J. S. Doolittle, of the band, had for his bunk-mate Corpl. Tasker of Company I, who was mortally wounded, as the event proved, although neither supposed such to be the case. His leg had been amputated, and he was laid in the bunk, apparently doing well. His comrade Doolittle spoke cheering words, and the prospective cork-leg was discussed. Then they bade each other good-night, and both fell asleep it is supposed. During the night his companion became chilled, woke, and spoke several times to the wounded corporal; but no response. Then the hand was reached out, and laid upon the face; and it was cold in death. Corpl. Tasker had been dead for several hours.

Another instance of the cheerful endurance of the death-stroke is given by Lieut. Hadley. A group of wounded officers from the Fourteenth lay in the field hospital at the rear. Lieut. Stone's back was shattered by a shell, his legs were paralyzed,

he could not move; he was going down into the dark valley: yet he was cheerful, and even indulged in pleasantries. He addressed Lieut. Hadley, saying he wished he had his legs; the latter, whose jaw was broken, retorting that he wished he had Lieut. Stone's jaws.

Lieut. Hadley expresses the feeling of the wounded group from the Fourteenth: "We forgot our sufferings when we heard the cheer of victory come back to us from the Union lines."

Still another instance of clear grit was manifested in the middle of the second woods, after the retreat, where Capt. Berry and Lieut. Fiske lay wounded. The latter informed the captain that he had got his death-wound; yet he set himself to the task of stopping the cowardly shrieking of a soldier near by who was wounded, but not dangerously, in the leg.

In contrast with this heroic fortitude and abnegation is the grossest instance of dead-beat faithlessness we ever saw recorded of a battle-field. During the first part of the battle, two *things* in Union uniforms were observed playing a queer trick. One of them laid himself on the ground, while the other carefully shot him through the calf of the leg. They then exchanged places, and marksman No. 1 got a Minié-ball put through his calf. There was no danger in the operation; and it was a good passport for several months in hospital, no duty, and an easy life. The turmoil of the fight prevented their exposure.

Dr. Perkins was evidently not a man of fear, nor a surgeon who was most active at the rear. An officer saw him falling back in the general retreat, carefully bringing a musket. The doctor was quizzed for his conduct, and reluctantly abandoned his weapon, carefully setting it up against a tree.

Gen. Emory was observed, immediately after the retreat, well up to the front, and under fire, doing all in his power to restore order and confidence; and, after the lines were restored, he rode slowly along the entire front, well out toward the enemy, on the familiar yellow horse. Gen. Grover would not ride his splendid charger into the fight, but mounted an inferior animal for the occasion.

When the Nineteenth Corps was hurled back, and the army

in its greatest peril, Gen. Emory called to a color-sergeant, and said: "Here, give me those colors; I will lead you myself!" The color-sergeant shook his head, and did not yield the precious standard.

When the shattered fragments of the Fourteenth were again assembled in the position heretofore described, there was humiliation and sorrow. The regiment had no colors. No one could account for either of the standards. The Fourteenth was bereaved indeed. It was almost literally decimated in its killed, and nearly a fifth of its number wounded. To intensify the infliction, it mustered without colors. Were they in the hands of the enemy? Had the bearers been tried, and found wanting? It was known that the bearer of the State flag, Corpl. Sherburn Page, had been shot dead with the flag in his hand; Corpl. Hazen had taken it, and was also killed: beyond that, nothing was known of either flag or its bearer. Let us see. As the writer, after the great repulse, had nearly reached the woods, through which the regiment had moved to the charge, he overtook Sergt. Howard, with his United-States colors. He had carried his flag into the thickest of the fight, became isolated, his guard being nearly all killed or wounded, — himself untouched, — and he had brought off his precious charge. He was entirely alone, having retraced the ground passed over by the regiment, while it had, in again confronting the enemy, formed to one side, as previously stated. A conference ensued as to the course to be pursued. It was decided not to attempt the unprofitable task of searching for the regiment in the face of an advancing foe. It was determined to attach the colors of the Fourteenth to the first regiment at hand, and keep them in the front line of the battle. At that moment the sergeant's heart was gladdened by the sight of the State flag approaching, borne by E. F. Fuller of Company C, who had rescued it, accompanied by Corpl. Baldwin, and H. A. Wood, both of Company F. They both gallantly stuck to the colors throughout the afternoon, exposing themselves fearlessly.

It so happened that while the regiment was resting safely

from 1 to 4.30 o'clock, its colors were under a constant fire in the very front of the battle. And thus it came about. The decision above alluded to led us further to the left of the line, in the opposite direction from the Fourteenth, and into a fresh regiment which was just being pressed forward to confront the enemy. Moving by the left flank about three hundred yards, we came to the Eighth Vt., second brigade, first division, of the Nineteenth Corps. The situation was explained to Col. Thomas, commanding, and he heartily welcomed another set of colors and its little guard of three, all from one company. Soon after the Fourteenth colors were united to the Eighth, it advanced into that field of death several hundred yards to the left of the path which the Fourteenth had marked with its blood an hour before. The whole brigade had moved out from cover, and was at once under fire. A dash of a few rods, and the line lay down. Col. Thomas, while exceedingly careful of his men, would not himself dismount. In about ten minutes another dash, and then flat on their faces, the line escaped the volleys that poured in. A third rush ahead took the Eighth half-way across the field, the line being continued to right and left by other regiments coming up. This was the line which Sheridan intended Grover to gain and hold, at first. Here the Eighth and the Fourteenth colors remained until four o'clock, constantly under fire, but not severe; though the colors were several times shot through, and men all about were constantly being struck.

As illustrative of the triumph over fear which men may secure, we cite the Company F man who got permission of Sergt. Howard, while the line lay there so long, to hunt up a haversack, his own having been shot off. He went roaming about the field among the dead bodies, the bullets zip-zip-ing about him, looking for an abandoned haversack.

From 1.30 until nearly 4 the fighting along the whole line consisted of skirmish-firing. At two o'clock Early was reenforced by Breckinridge and Wharton, who got up from Stephenson's Station. Sheridan had reserved Crook in the rear, intending to put him in on the left; but reports kept coming in

that Early was massing troops to crush our right, and at length Sheridan felt compelled to put him in on that flank to act as a turning column. From 2.30 to 4 o'clock Crook was making his way around the right of the Nineteenth Corps, forming at the latter hour a line well facing the enemy's left flank. Then we, who were with the colors, heard a great shout far to the right. The battalion was on its feet in an instant. "Terrible as an army with banners" was rarely so magnificently exemplified. For more than a mile and a half to the right, and far advanced to the front as it extended away, — sweeping round the enemy's left in a majestic semicircle, — the Union line was seen advancing with a strength and confidence which manifestly nothing in front of it could withstand. When we first caught the view, the long array of banners was just in one line with our eyes, and the spectacle was surpassingly grand. Pressing on the flank was Crook; charging steadily to the front was the Nineteenth Corps. The Eighth Vt. and its brigade were eager for the final fray, and soon Col. Thomas permitted them to go in. Bayonets were fixed, and with a whirl the line charged up to the fatal second woods; but the "Steady, old Vermont! Steady, old Vermont!" sounding so calmly from the lips of the gallant colonel, will never be forgotten by the Fourteenth temporary color contingent.

The Eighth marched through the woods, but encountering a hot fire, and the men beginning to fall fast about the colors, a halt was ordered, and the alignment perfected. It was soon manifest that the enemy was driven from his position of the afternoon, and then there was a rapid movement forward to again confront the Rebel host. Soon after leaving the woods, and while marching to the left, we descried away to our right the Fourteenth regiment converging upon the Eighth. Col. Thomas was informed that he must fight the remainder of the day without four flags; and he gave us a parting blessing, with warm compliments, and offers of any recommendations we might desire. Then the little squad — in as good spirits as any five men in all that glorious battle-field — marched over and restored to the Fourteenth its lost colors. The cheers of welcome were proud compensation for the afternoon's exposure.

The Fourteenth advanced by the right flank, commanded by Capt. Hall, the senior officer present. For some time after the fall of Col. Gardiner, he had been in command of the regiment. Solid shot were flying just over our heads. We marched through a rut in a stone wall, and down toward lower ground: while batteries were galloping for positions back of us, unlimbering, and opening fire on the heights beyond and in front of us, — the enemy s last position. The infantry formed an L-shaped line, facing the Rebel batteries, the Fourteenth forming a part of the right branch. Then, for a few minutes, a brilliant artillery duel ensued, the shells screeching over our heads, in both directions. But what is that terrible commotion? that hoarse and mixed roar of battle? There is confusion in the Rebel redoubt. Look! then see the sudden spring of the prone infantry! Hear that strange, wild, exultant shout, which they only can send forth who have fought and won. Away to the right, and beyond the enemy's rear, flashes to us a spectacle vivid in its glory, because novel to the Fourteenth, and peculiar on any field. We caught the flashing of their sabres, as Averill and Merritt and Custer drove the enemy from their guns like a flock of sheep. The infantry moved on the heights, in line of battle, the Rebel prisoners by hundreds flocking through, between the Union battalions. The day was won, the Rebel army "sent whirling through Winchester." By brigades and battalions the Union army moved by the right flank over the ground last held by the enemy, and on, into, and through Winchester. We passed Rebel dead and wounded, with here and there a blue-coat lying in sad contrast with the gray. It was six o'clock, and a day's work for the Union was done.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

The following is taken from an account of the battle written by Lieut. Carroll D. Wright, afterwards colonel of the Fourteenth, who was at that time A.A.A.G. on the brigade-staff.

At two o'clock, on the morning of the 19th of September, the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps abandoned their intrenched camps in front of Berryville, and moved out toward Winchester. The muffled roar of artillery was heard at intervals during the morning, caused by the shelling of the advanced cavalry skirmishers. It was one of the most beautiful of early-autumn days: the air was cool and mellow, the sun shed a tempered warmth, and the whole face of nature smiled in the harvest-time. Carelessly and unconsciously, with laugh and jest, our boys marched on to the harvest of death and mutilation; soon, however, meeting wounded cavalry skirmishers being borne to the rear, — a sight to silence song and laughter.

Grover's four brigades were seen to pass through a gorge, cross a creek, and disappear in the hollows beyond; the men swinging along at the usual jaunty route-step, but with silent, determined countenances. At eleven o'clock both corps had completed their dispositions, — the long lines of the Sixth reaching east from Opequan Creek; while the Nineteenth occupied the ground to the right, but with a wide space intervening. The divisions were generally disposed in two parallel lines, a little distance apart. In front of our lines was a belt of forest; and, beyond, an uneven field; and, still farther, another belt of wood, in which was posted the Rebel infantry, supporting batteries on elevations in the rear.

It was nearly high-noon when the bugles sounded the grand advance. The old, but infinitely beautiful, panorama of all battle-fields, made still more impressive by the natural aspects of this most lovely of valleys, was spread before and around. Away to the bases of the Blue Ridge and the Cumberland faded stretches of forest, and fields dotted by dwellings, sparkling with streams, and glowing with the kisses of approaching

autumn. Nearer, could be seen the enemy's line of battle; and, still nearer, the splendid marching columns of our own infantry; while the sharpshooters and skirmishers of both lines specked the intervening space, so soon to be the theatre of deadly conflict.

Our artillery opened heavily, answered by the boom of the Rebel guns. Our forces advanced through the first wood, upon the open field, giving their fire to the enemy. For a few seconds the gleaming muskets vibrated before they entered the timber filled with Rebels, and then were lost in the shadows and smoke. The roar of the battle, as the two lines fairly met, sounding in a thunderous burst of volleys, pealed up from that wood; and smoke and flame streamed out in a long line, as though the whole forest had been suddenly ignited. The conflict was as fierce as the fiercest battle fought by Grant, from the Rapidan to Petersburg. The determination to win the battle, which seemed to inspire every man in our army, urged Birge's brigade of Grover's division so impetuously as almost to isolate it from the corps; while the whole front line of the division charged furiously through the wood —

> "Into the jaws of death,
> Into the mouth of hell."

There was a brief and desperate encounter, a crossing of bayonets, and an incessant crash of rifles; and then that old second division, which marched so gayly over the mountains, was hurled back into the clearing, stunned, mangled, and shattered, emerging from the deadly grasp of the whole left wing of Early's army.

The Rebel advance was an advance no longer: the route was turned. Back, over the fences and ravines, and into the woods beyond, their flying and broken lines were pushed. The Eighth Corps was brought in on the right, and the flanks of the enemy were forced back, while his centre partially gave way. Battery after battery of the enemy was silenced. The word is still "Forward!" along three miles of contest. "Forward!" and you shall hear it from the lips of commanders everywhere;

G. H. Stone

from generals and colonels and captains. The woods ring with it, cheers succeed it, and the lines advance anew.

There is a strange fascination in a scene like this, which almost tempts one to suspend duty, and look around him. On your right and left men go down, while you are commending their good fighting, and urging them to keep up to the work. They fall in front of you, — some lapsing heavily to the ground, stricken with instant death; while others settle slowly down, and limp or crawl back as best they may. It is a scene replete with horrors, and ringing with unearthly cries and noises.

Still on, underneath the glowing sun, revived by fresh breezes, revived still more by the consciousness of victory, the Army of the Shenandoah thunders after its prey. Yonder, in an orchard on the left, Getty's division of the Sixth Corps is making havoc among its enemies. Far to the right, the Army of West Virginia, still pressing the foe with resistless ardor, is revenging the former defeat at Winchester. Forward, still forward, cheering and firing, till Winchester is in full sight, its roofs and steeples glowing red in the setting sun. Our artillery, borne across a ravine to the plateau, and across the plateau to its farthest verge, does a work so terrible, that to witness it is sickening. The whole Rebel army, swept down the slope, and on to the plain beyond, is completely demoralized.

The sun, alas! rests upon the horizon's verge. Across that plain before Winchester, its beams shine upon a scene rivalling in picturesque sublimity all historic fields of most heroic wars. Vast and level and beautiful for miles, the field itself, unpeopled, would be full of romantic interest. Peopled as it was by thousands of Rebels, shattered, demoralized, flying; by thousands of pursuing troops, moving in well-ordered battalions; resounding with the ring of musketry and boom of cannon, surpassing the roar of Austerlitz, — it was a scene I cannot hope to suggest to any imagination.

Twilight gathers, darkness falls, and the only signs of the army met and conquered during the day are the echoes of its ammunition-wagons rumbling along the pike southward. Discipline and organization disappeared from their forces; and all

night long the routed army hurried up the Valley toward Strasburg, intent upon the refuge of Fisher's Hill.

The camp-fires springing up as our troops bivouacked for the night upon the plain had each its group of earnest, thoughtful men, talking and thinking of the events of the day, and mourning the loss of some loved comrade. At distances the bands played the weary veterans to sleep. The moon arose, shedding its white radiance down upon the slumbers of the camp; upon the sleepless tortures of wounded Southrons, who still lay uncared for in the fields, thinking of the dear ones who loved them and would miss them, — oh, so much! even as if they had worn a blue uniform, — with feelings under their gray jackets as warm as our own.[1]

After the battle. How a defeated army must feel, the Fourteenth boys have no means of knowing; and certainly no one save an actor in the thrilling drama can appreciate the experience and emotions of a victorious army as it settles down to bivouac after the march, the charge, the storm, uproar, carnage, and triumph. Just as darkness was spreading its merciful pall over the dead, and shutting out the horrors of the day from the eyes of the wounded, on the field of the Opequan, the Fourteenth Regiment bivouacked just outside and south of Winchester, to the right of the Valley pike, on the border of a small stream. The re-action had come. The hour of jubilation, full of glory and the wild intoxication of conquest, had claimed its right, and must now give place. It was not time yet to recount deeds of heroism; and the boaster had not yet come up from the rear to cover his shame by inventions either of acts of prowess, hair-breadth escapes, or remarkable ministrations to the wounded. It was a time of solemn inquiry. The names of those known to be dead were passed sadly and reverently from mouth to mouth. The regiment had passed from glorification to memory. The noble, the beloved ones, were slain, or in that hour

[1] The writer is indebted to a description of this battle in The Galaxy for 1867, for certain points.

breathing out their heroic lives on the field just won. The regiment was fearfully attenuated, but gradually being re-enforced by the scattered, the stragglers, and those who had been detailed for duty with the wounded. Each incomer was anxiously questioned. Some were reported dead with great positiveness who received no scratch. The writer listened, unseen, with peculiar feelings to the statement of a comrade, who announced the finding of his dead body on the field.

Could any who questioned the essential manliness of our Union volunteers, or doubted their tenderness of heart and absolute loyalty to high motives, have mingled with the men during that evening after Opequan, and witnessed the genuine comradeship and close fraternity so emphatically displayed, he would have gone out of those saddened camps with a higher estimate of the country's defenders.

About ten o clock the order sounded through the camp, "Company —, fall in for roll-call!" The familiar summons was received, first with a shudder, and then with tears. It was almost cruel. Never before had we heard a tremor in the voice of our orderly-sergeant. What memories are stirred in the minds of the survivors as the names on that company roll troop before us in their long alphabetical array. On that night the call was mournful beyond expression; and, as some friend answered, "Dead!" "Killed!" "Wounded!" the pain of the loss for a time entirely obscured the glory of the day: but, when a name was reached with no response, the silence of suspense was depressing. The roll-call finished, the condition of the regiment was far from being accurately determined, as at least one-quarter of the uninjured in some companies had not come in. Before the regiment moved the next morning, so many of those unaccounted for had come into camp that a somewhat accurate estimate was made of the casualties of the battle.

THE KILLED AND WOUNDED.

The following is the number of killed and mortally wounded, by companies, the order being determined by losses: K, nine;

D, eight; H, eight; F, seven; A, five; B, five; I, four; C, four; G, two. Col. Gardiner is to be added to this enumeration.

The following is the loss in wounded, by companies, the order being determined as above: H, sixteen; F, fourteen; A, eleven; D, ten; G, ten; K, ten; B, eight; I, six; C, five.

The total in killed and mortally wounded of officers and men was fifty-three. The total number of wounded was ninety. The Fourteenth lost three times as many officers in killed as any other regiment in the brigade, and one-third more than all the other regiments combined. This statement does not include the mortally wounded. The wounded in the Fourteenth were largely in excess of those in any other regiment.

There were twenty-nine of the Fourteenth's dead buried in one trench on the field where they fell. They were afterward disinterred, and buried in the National Cemetery, on ground which formed a portion of the battle-field. Their last resting-place is fittingly honored by a monument erected by the State of New Hampshire.

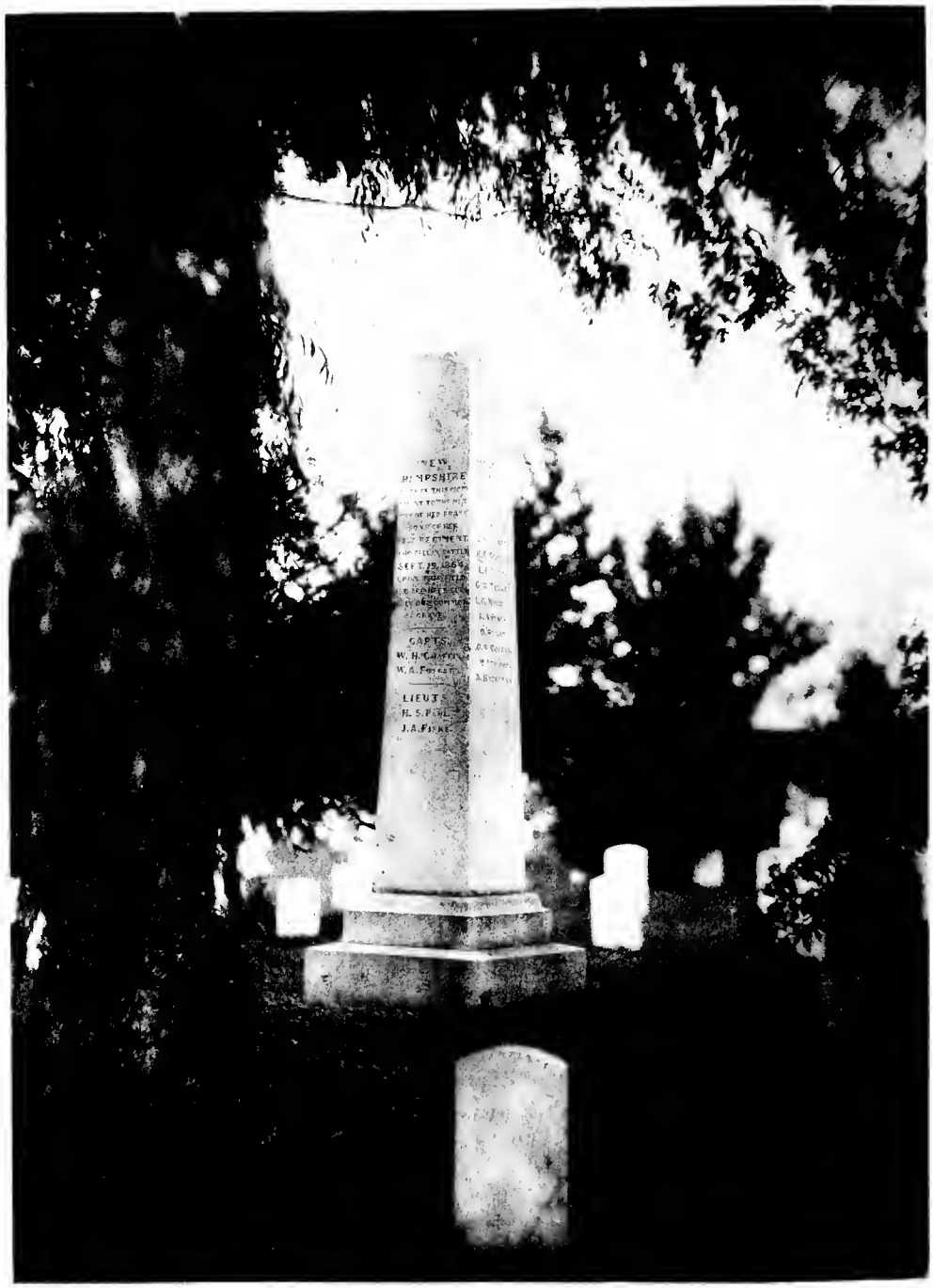
A view of this monument, with the inscriptions thereon, is given opposite.

On the front or east side of the monument is the dedicatory inscription, which appears in its proper position on the illustration of the monument as here given. In the list of names, there are inaccuracies and omissions; but the inscriptions are given as cut upon the shaft. Some of the dead were removed to their native hills to sleep with their fathers.

It has been the purpose of the committee preparing this volume to give a brief obituary notice of those killed in battle. So far as information has been furnished by friends, this has been done. There were fifty-three members of the Fourteenth killed and mortally wounded in this battle.

COL. ALEXANDER GARDINER.

Alexander Gardiner was born in Catskill, N.Y., July 27, 1833. He was educated at Kimball Union Academy, and after graduation studied law, and was admitted to the bar in New-York City when twenty-two years old.



NEW HAMPSHIRE MONUMENT.

INSCRIPTIONS ON THE NEW-HAMPSHIRE MONUMENT IN THE NATIONAL CEMETERY, WINCHESTER, VA.

[FRONT, OR EAST SIDE.]

NEW
HAMPSHIRE

ERECTS THIS MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF HER BRAVE SONS OF HER 14TH REGIMENT WHO FELL IN BATTLE SEPT. 19TH, 1864, UPON THIS FIELD AND ARE HERE BURIED IN ONE COMMON GRAVE.

CAPTS.

W. H. CHAFFIN.
W. A. FOSGATE.

LIEUTS.

H. S. PAUL.
J. A. FISK.

[NORTH SIDE.]

MORTALLY WOUNDED.

COL. GARDINER.
A. B. COLBURN.
G. H. STONE.
L. WILLARD.
H. F BROWN.
L. E. BENT.
G. W. TUCKER.
L. G. MERRILL.
R. VARNEY
O. STRAW.
G. B. COFRAN.
H. ATWOOD.
A. HARRIMAN.

[SOUTH SIDE.]

SERGTS.

C. C. WILSON.
G. W. FELCH.
M. MACURDY
A. A. BAKER.

CORPLS.

N. P. RUST.
M. ALLEN.
G. W. HAZEN.
S. TASKER.
N. W. NOYES.
D. W. CHASE.

[WEST SIDE.]

PRIVATES.

N. WYMAN.
S. H. YOUNG.
G. PERRIGO.
G. L. WETHERBEE.
F. D. ANDREWS.
H. L. HAYNES.
A. E. BOYD.
C. L. HOMAN.
M. MARSTON.
G. T. SOUTHER.
W. A. SCOTT.
O. A. BARRUS.
S. WATERS.
D. J. CAMERON.
D. W. PHELPS.
L. E. BENT.

He was in Kansas with John Brown during the troublous times of Border Ruffianism, and bore a conspicuous part in that memorable struggle for freedom. He took the first printing-press into Kansas, and his office was afterward raided by Southern desperadoes. In the spring of 1859 he removed to Claremont, where he opened a law-office, and continued the practice of his profession until he entered the army

November 17, 1859, Col. Gardiner married Miss Mary P. Cooper, the daughter of Mr. Samuel P. Cooper of Croydon. Two children, a son and daughter, were born to them, both now living. In the summer of 1862 Col. Gardiner enlisted and began recruiting.

When the Fourteenth was raised he was appointed adjutant, and served in that position with marked ability until September 12, 1863, when he was promoted to be major of the regiment. Upon the resignation of Col. Wilson, Major Gardiner was appointed colonel; receiving his commission and being mustered only the day before the battle in which he received his death-wound. The circumstances connected with the mortal wounding of Col. Gardiner are detailed in their proper place. He lived until October 8, and is buried in Claremont. His widow now resides in Croydon.

Col. Gardiner was a brilliant officer and a cultured man, thoroughly understanding the duties of his position, and capable of leading his men to the highest achievements. One fact is to be noticed. When Col. Gardiner took command of the regiment, it was immediately improved in discipline; and he brought it up to its highest state of efficiency. He never sought popularity in the Fourteenth, and did not appear to care for it; other commanders of less ability might have won a stronger personal following, but from the first he thoroughly identified himself with the regiment. As adjutant he was equalled by few, excelled by none; while his natural abilities and military acquirements fully warranted his final promotion. He had the success of his command ever on his heart, and in that heart there was a tenderer spot than every one was able to touch. Col. Gardiner, in his ability, influence, and rank, con-

tributed largely to that record of the Fourteenth Regiment of which its surviving members have every reason to be proud.

CAPT. W. H. CHAFFIN.

William Henry Chaffin was born in Claremont, N.H., May 21, 1839. His parents, John and Delia O. Chaffin, gave him a good common-school education. He entered Kimball Union Academy in Meriden, N.H., from which he graduated in 1861. While pursuing his studies he taught school, and proved a successful teacher, while retaining his high standing in his class. He entered the Norwich Military University, but, after remaining there a year, left his studies to open a recruiting-office in his native town, August, 1862. When the Fourteenth rendezvoused at Concord, he was employed in drilling the recruits, and was very zealous in disciplining them. Before the regiment left Concord, S. M. Bugbee, captain of Company I, fell sick; and William H. Chaffin went to Washington in command of the company, though without any commission.

Early in December Capt. Bugbee resigned, and he was appointed to fill the vacancy. Capt. Chaffin was distinguished for his steady observance of duty under all circumstances, and his untiring care for his men. He generally reported more men fit for duty than the captain of any other company of the same size. In cases of peculiar danger and responsibility, requiring courage, coolness, and determination, Capt. Chaffin was often selected as being eminently fitted for such duty. In the summer of 1863, he was sent to the front with a detachment of sixty men to return some convalescents to their regiments. While on the way, they overtook a large army-train of ammunition-wagons that had been attacked by nearly two hundred of Moseby's guerillas, disguised as Union soldiers. Capt. Chaffin dispersed the guerillas, and recovered nearly all the mules which they had driven off. During the voyage to New Orleans in March, 1864, he was active and efficient in preserving discipline, and stimulating the men to courage and cheerfulness.

Capt. Chaffin was acting lieutenant-colonel at the time of the battle, by order of Col. Gardiner, and was among the first who fell, shot through the head by a Minié-ball. He had a presentiment of his death, and just before the battle had sent home a request that his body be not removed from the field where he fell. He was twenty-six years of age, unmarried, but left a mother and one brother to mourn his early death. His father died soon after; and the funeral sermon of both was preached at the same time, in the Congregational Church in Claremont, by Rev. E. W Clark.

CAPT. W A. FOSGATE.

William A. Fosgate was born in Winchester, June 27, 1839; and his residence remained there until his enlistment in the Fourteenth. He excelled among his fellows in the public schools, and his ambition took the wider range of liberal education. March 20, 1856, he entered Fort Edward Institute, New York, pursuing a four-years' course, and graduating, June 27, 1860. At the July commencement of that year, he entered Wesleyan University. When he enlisted, August 15, 1862, he was in his junior year. During collegiate vacations he taught school in Hinsdale and Queensborough, N.Y.

While home on a furlough, January 30, 1864, he was married to Miss Frances Hosmer of Fisherville. He left no children. His widow remarried, and resides in Pallegio, Cal. Capt. Fosgate entered the service as second lieutenant of Company F He was promoted to be first lieutenant of Company H, November 2, 1863, and to be captain of Company B, February 19, 1864. He was killed while leading his company in the first part of the battle.

Capt. Fosgate was an active, able, and ambitious officer, aiming for the highest excellence of military attainment. In the company which he commanded at the time of his death, he had the reputation of being a strict disciplinarian; and his whole conduct, while in the service, was calculated to elevate the standard of discipline, and increase the efficiency of our organization.

LIEUT. H. S. PAUL.

Henry S. Paul was born in Claremont, N.H., April 17, 1840, where he resided till, at the age of twenty-two, he enlisted in Company I. For a number of years he was engaged, in company with his father, in the meat and provision trade. Having bought out his father's interest, he carried on the business alone till a few months previous to enlisting.

April 19, 1858, he married Miss Hattie E. Holden of Springfield, Vt., at her residence. Their only child, Walter Henry, died before Lieut. Paul entered the army. He entered the service as a sergeant. He was commissioned second lieutenant of Company A, January 1, 1864, and shortly afterwards was promoted to be first lieutenant of the same company.

While the Fourteenth was stationed in Washington, in 1863 and 1864, Sergt. Paul was on detached duty at the Central Guard-House. In command of Company A, he fell in the first charge, severely wounded in the leg. A member of his company found him, helpless, upon the field; and, taking him on his back, was carrying him to the rear, when a Minié-ball hit the lieutenant in the head, killing him instantly; and he was left by the side of a tree, near the old rail-fence. The enemy, having taken possession of the field, advanced their line to this point; and, although his body was soon afterwards recovered, the Rebels had stripped it of all valuables. Thus fell one of the most promising officers in the regiment, at the early age of twenty-four, greatly beloved by his men, as well as by a large circle of friends at home. He was buried on the field, near where he fell, in a common grave with his former captain, W H. Chaffin, leaving a young wife to mourn his death. She never recovered from this blow; and, after ten years of affliction, she died, February 17, 1875.

LIEUT. J. A. FISKE.

Jesse A. Fiske, first lieutenant of Company E, was born in Dublin, June 7, 1836. He was the only son of Hon. Thomas

Fiske, who, for more than forty years, has held a prominent place in all the business and political interests of the town. His mother, Sophia (Appleton) Fiske, belongs to the Appleton family whose name is prominent in eastern New England.

Lieut. Fiske was educated at the district and high schools of his native town, at the seminary at Westminster, Vt., and at Appleton Academy, New Ipswich. He taught school two terms at Dublin, and, in the spring of 1859, went to Missouri, intending to open a school there, but, not finding an immediate opening, spent some months in visiting and travelling in Missouri, Indian Territory, and Arkansas. Late in that year, after recovering from an attack of typhoid-fever which had prostrated him for some time, he opened a school in Berryville, Ark., where he met with success, introducing Northern methods and Northern books, to a great extent. Nevertheless, Arkansas was an uncomfortable place for a Yankee with anti-slavery proclivities; and Lieut. Fiske was obliged to keep his political opinions to himself, thus insuring friendship and civil treatment. He refrained from discussing the peculiar condition of things about him, in his letters home.

In 1860 he discovered the signs of the on-coming struggle, and returned home. With the exception of teaching one term of school in Walpole, N.H., he worked upon his father's farm until he enlisted, August 9, 1862. Lieut. Fiske was buried in the National Cemetery at Winchester, Va.

LIEUT. G. H. STONE.

George H. Stone was born in Marlborough, May 3, 1831; being brought up as a boy on his father's farm, attending the district-school until he was sixteen years old, when he went to the high-school in Dublin, remaining there two terms. He completed his education at the academy in Claremont; after which he served an apprenticeship as a carpenter, working at his trade successfully several years. May 12, 1859, he was married to Miss Martha E. Platt of Marlborough. They had one child, who died in infancy.

At the time Lieut. Stone entered the service, when thirty-one years of age, he was engaged in manufacturing woodenware, in Marlborough. He enlisted in Company C, in August, 1862, and entered the service as a sergeant. He was afterward promoted to be second lieutenant of Company I; and May 27, 1864, was again promoted to the first lieutenantcy of the same company. In his earlier years he was loved for his affectionate, cheerful, and obedient disposition; and it is a gratification to his friends to know that the same spirit which had endeared him to them in his boyhood was not marred or distorted in later years.

Through all the hardships and varying circumstances of his army service, even to the end, it was remarked by his comrades. Lieut. Hadley testifies, that, when mortally wounded, he still evinced great cheerfulness and patience, even indulging in little pleasantries, though he lay on a bed from which he was never to rise. He died September 25, in Winchester, six days after receiving his wounds. His body is buried in Marlborough. He left a widow, who was afterward married to Bradford Sherman, and resides in Chicago, Ill.

LIEUT. A. B. COLBURN.

Artemas B. Colburn was born in Fitzwilliam, August 1, 1838. His parents were John Colburn and Lydia Beard, who were married in 1825; and he was the youngest of six children. The mother still survives, aged more than eighty. Artemas received a good common-school and business education. He was occupied on a farm and in a store until he entered the army. In August, 1862, he enlisted from the town of Richmond, his father's residence, in Company F, and entered the service as a sergeant.

August 21 he married Lydia Mann of Richmond, they having been playmates from childhood. Their married life, though brief, was a happy one. In May, 1864, while the regiment was in Louisiana, Sergt Colburn was promoted to be second lieutenant of Company B, a well-deserved advancement.

He was in many respects a model soldier, and everywhere was perfectly reliable. He was mortally wounded during the first part of the battle, and survived until the next morning. His last words were: "Give my love to my wife, and tell her that I died in a good cause." He was buried on the field. Facts of interest, connected with Lieut. Colburn's service, appear in other portions of this volume. He died childless. His widow remarried in 1870, her present husband being C. C. Holton of Hinsdale. The honorable service and heroic death of Artemas B. Colburn pronounce his most eloquent eulogy.

LIEUT. M. S. WEBSTER.

Moulton S. Webster was born in the town of Sutton, Vt., October 9, 1823. While an infant his parents removed to Sandwich, which remained his home until he entered the service of the government for the suppression of the Rebellion. He became a mechanic, his occupation that of a carpenter and joiner.

In 1847 he married Miss Abby H. Ellsworth of Lowell, Mass.; and two children were born to them, one of whom, a son, is now living in Lowell. Mrs. Webster died soon after the birth of the second child. Lieut. Webster afterward married Miss Mary A. Webster of Lowell. One son was born to them, now living in Lawrence, Mass.

Lieut. Webster entered the service as second lieutenant of Company K, and held that position until he was mortally wounded. He was one of the oldest officers in the regiment; and lived longer, after being shot, than any other member of the Fourteenth receiving a fatal wound, except A. C. Greenwood of Company A. He was a faithful, conscientious officer, being universally respected as a man. He died in North Sandwich, October 31, 1864, and is there buried. His wife died nearly at the same time.

SERGT. C. C. WILSON.

Charles Carroll Wilson was born in Sullivan, N.H., October 19, 1839. He graduated at Kimball Union Academy in 1859.

CAPT. WM. A. F[illegible]

LIEUT. JESSE A. FISH.

CAPT. WM. H. CHAFFIN.

LIEUT. HENRY S. PAUL.

LIEUT. M. S. WEBSTER.

LIEUT. A. B. COLBURN.

He followed the occupation of farming in his native town until he enlisted, at the age of twenty-two years. He was a member of Company A, and promoted to sergeant February 27, 1864. He received a wound in the ankle which disabled him, and was then bayoneted through the neck. His body is buried in the National Cemetery in Winchester.

CORPL. M. ALLEN.

Moses Allen was born in Richmond in 1842, and was the son of Quaker parents. He received a good common-school education, and was a farmer and mechanic. He enlisted in Company F in August, 1862, entering the service as a private. He was one of the first privates in the company promoted to be a non-commissioned officer. He was one of those soldiers who were valuable to the government because never absent from his post of duty, always filling his place with intelligence and fidelity. He lies buried in the National Cemetery.

CORPL. C. A. BALL.

Charles A. Ball was born in 1822, and was a resident of Winchester when he enlisted in Company F, in August, 1862. He had two sons, both of whom survive; one of them serving the full term in the same company with his father. Charles entered the service as a private, but fairly earned his promotion to a corporalcy, March 1, 1864. Corpl. Ball was an active, ambitious soldier, showing a good deal of military aptitude, and was always the life of his mess. He was on the color-guard, and was the first man in the line-of-battle of the Fourteenth who was struck. He was mortally wounded, but lived until October 25, and was buried in the National Cemetery.

CORPL. O. STRAW.

Oceanus Straw was born in Sandwich, N.H., December 28, 1823. He was a farmer, and resided in Sandwich at the time of his enlistment, August 14, 1862, in Company K, when he

was thirty-nine years of age. In Salem, Mass., he married Miss Elizabeth Goodwin. They had two children, both of whom are living. Corpl. Straw died in hospital, September 21, and is buried in the National Cemetery in Winchester. He left a widow who resides at Sandwich.

CORPL. G. W HAZEN.

George W Hazen of Company G was born in Princeton, Mass., August 24, 1838. He resided in Dublin, N.H., where he engaged in farming. He entered the service as a private, but was appointed corporal February 27, 1864. Corp. Hazen was a faithful soldier, and was instantly killed by a Minié-ball passing through his neck, while gallantly bearing the State colors. He was twenty-seven years of age, and unmarried. His body is buried in Winchester, his friends failing in their attempts to secure it.

N. B. WYMAN.

Nathaniel B. Wyman was born in Wardsboro', Vt., September 10, 1842. In 1854 he moved to Hinsdale, where he resided —being employed in the woollen-mill there— until he enlisted in Company A, August 11, 1862, being not quite twenty years of age. He was not married. His body was buried in the National Cemetery at Winchester, Va.

S. H. YOUNG.

Sidney H. Young was born in Rochester, N.H., in September, 1838, and lived in that vicinity until the fall of 1853, when he went to Rockford, Ill. Here he continued his occupation of farming for a few months, then suddenly disappeared; his friends hearing nothing from him until 1860, when he wrote to them from New Orleans. He was conscripted into the Rebel army in the summer of 1861, and served until June, 1862, when he deserted to the Union forces, falling in with the Pennsylvania Bucktails. He afterward came North, and enlisted in Company A of this regiment, August 14, 1862. He is buried in the National Cemetery at Winchester.

A. C. GREENWOOD.

Albert C. Greenwood, of Company A, was born in Dublin, N.H., July 25, 1842; receiving his education in the district and high schools of that town, which was his residence at the time of his enlistment. He was a farmer, and unmarried. Though mortally wounded, he lived nearly three months and a half after the battle, dying in Taylor House Hospital, Winchester, December 23. In a letter written home a few days before his death, he said, "My system has become quite debilitated, and my appetite has almost left me at times; yet I have not lost all courage or hopes of recovery, and still trust that I may, if the good Lord is willing, reach home and see you all." The letter was finished by a comrade who assisted in caring for him, and who wrote concerning young Greenwood: "I do not believe there could be a more patient sufferer found. I feel so sorry for him. He is such a kind and good-hearted soldier that I have a great interest in his welfare." His body was buried on the battle-field, but afterward removed to Dublin.

G. L. WETHERBEE.

George L. Wetherbee was born August 28, 1836, in Middletown, Conn. April 29, 1860, he was married to Miss Rosilla Wyman, and resided in Walpole, N.H., where he was employed in farming. He enlisted in Company B, and proved a faithful soldier and helpful comrade. He received a shot in the body, but bravely struggled on until another struck him in the head, when he instantly dropped dead. He was twenty-eight years of age, and left a widow, who remarried, and is living in Keene, N.H. He had no children. His body is buried in Winchester.

L. E. BENT.

Elmer Bent was born in the town of Winchester, November 25, 1841, where he resided most of the time until his enlistment. He attended the public schools in that town, and was a

farmer and mechanic. In August, 1862, he enlisted in Company F, and served with the regiment constantly and faithfully until his death. He was in his place, in the front rank, when mortally wounded; being struck among the first during the first charge, when a little more than one third across the open field. He lived some days after the battle, and was buried in the National Cemetery. He was nearly twenty-three years of age, and unmarried.

W. A. SCOTT.

Walter A. Scott was born in Richmond in 1842, and was the son of John Scott. He received a good common-school education, and was a mechanic; his home being with his parents until his enlistment in Company F, in August, 1862. His brother-in-law, Capt. David Buffum, entered the service at the same time, commanding a company in the Sixteenth Regiment. Walter was one of the best penmen in the Fourteenth. He was instantly killed, dying while charging upon the enemy. He was unmarried. His body lies with those of his comrades in the National Cemetery.

O. A. BARRUS.

Otis A. Barrus was born in Richmond in 1843. His parents were Alvan and Emily Barrus, who resided in Richmond. He resided with his parents until he entered the service, August 1, 1864, and was assigned to Company H. He was not married. Possessed of good qualities, and having received an excellent education, being a fine mathematician, he was a young man of much promise. The circumstances of his death were peculiarly sad. He was a recruit, and was with his regiment less than two days when he was killed. He stood well to his duty, and died as bravely as his veteran comrades. He was buried in the National Cemetery.

HARRISON ATWOOD.

Harrison Atwood was born in Gray, Me., July 11, 1836. He was occupied in farming in Sandwich, N.H., where he resided

until enlistment. On the 8th of April, 1858, he married Augusta A. Batchelder. They had three children, two sons and a daughter, all of whom are now living. He left a widow, who lives in North Sandwich. Mr. Atwood belonged to Company K, died of wounds nine days after the battle, and was buried in the National Cemetery at Winchester, Va. He was twenty-eight years old at the time of his death.

LUCIUS PARKER.

Lucius Parker was born in Nelson, N.H., August 30, 1826, where he resided until his enlistment. He was a farmer, and was not married. He was thirty-eight years old at the time of his death, and a member of Company G. His body is buried in the National Cemetery, Winchester, Va.

CONRAD WEBBER.

Conrad Webber was born in Switzerland in 1807, and served in the Swiss army, receiving a ball in his arm, which he carried through life. He came to America in the winter of 1852, and settled in Stoddard, where he lived until entering the Union army. He was married, and had three children, one son and two daughters. The son was a member of the Second Regiment, N. H. Volunteers, and died in Virginia. The daughters are both living. Conrad Webber enlisted in Company G, and died in the Rebel prison at Salisbury, N.C., December 14, 1864, of intermittent fever. His wife never recovered from the shock of his death, and survived him only three years, dying in the insane-asylum in Concord.

As showing the conspicuous part which the Fourteenth bore in the battle of the Opequan, it may be interesting to note its proportionate loss.

The regiment formed about one-sixtieth of Sheridan's army,

while it lost more than one-fifteenth of the killed. It is clear enough from the official figures, and terribly clear in the minds of the fortunate surviving veterans, that the Fourteenth was in the very hottest of that desperate struggle.

The above grand roll of honor proves that the Fourteenth brought to the altar a sacrifice as noble and costly as it was in its power to offer for the preservation of its country's integrity and for the honor of that flag which the regiment never sullied. So far as human judgment can pronounce, among the living there were as good men and as true; but there were none better than those who fell in that grand shock of battle, — a field they helped to win.

To relieve the painful gloominess engendered by the above recital of bereavement, scarcely any thing can be offered more amusing than the statements and comments of Jubal Early concerning the engagement. Every Union soldier knows in what an utter rout and disintegrated mob Sheridan sent the Rebel host "whirling through Winchester," after those last heights were carried, just before six o'clock on the evening of the 19th. Let us see, then, how Early glosses over that stampede, and pictures an orderly and dignified retreat. He thus describes the Rebel movements after the final charge: —

"Ramseur's division, which maintained its organization, was moved on the east of the town on the south side of it, and put in position, forming the basis for a new line; while the other troops moved back through the town. Wickham's brigade, with some pieces of horse-artillery, on Fort Hill, covered this movement, and checked the pursuit of the enemy's cavalry. When the new line was formed, the enemy's advance was checked until nightfall; and we then retired to Newtown without serious molestation. Lomax had held the enemy's cavalry in check on the Front Royal pike, and a feeble attempt at pursuit was repulsed by Ramseur near Kernstown."

Gen. Early, in penning this and other paragraphs quoted, must have labored under the strong delusion of intoxication, or he has wilfully falsified in his statements of fact. He consoles himself as follows: —

"We deserved the victory, and would have had it but for the enemy's immense superiority in cavalry, which alone gave it to him."

He further belittles the victory and disparages Sheridan in a characteristic manner, as follows: —

"As it was, considering the immense disparity in numbers and equipment, the enemy had very little to boast of. A skilful and energetic commander of the enemy's forces would have crushed Ramseur before any assistance could have reached him, and thus insured the destruction of my whole force. When I look back to this battle, I can but attribute my escape from utter annihilation to the incapacity of my opponent. I have always thought, that, instead of being promoted, Sheridan ought to have been cashiered for this battle."

The fact was, that Early well understood his opponent's strength, — his spies constantly mingled with our troops, — he had under his command the very flower of the Rebel army, familiar with every Valley manœuvre, and he chose to risk a battle.

The following congratulatory despatches were received at headquarters: —

From President Lincoln: —

"I have just heard of your great victory. God bless you all, — officers and men. Strongly inclined to come up and see you."

From Lieut.-Gen. Grant: —

"I have just received the news of your great victory, and ordered each of the Army Corps to fire a salute of one hundred guns in honor of it at seven o'clock to-morrow morning. If practicable, push your success, and make all you can of it."

From Secretary Stanton: —

"Please accept for yourself and your gallant army the thanks of the President and the Department for your great battle and brilliant victory of yesterday. The President has appointed you a brigadier-general in the Regular Army, and you have been assigned to the permanent command of the Middle Military Division. One hundred guns were fired here at noon to-day in honor of your victory."

From Sherman to Stanton: —

"Magnificent from Gen. Sheridan, and his success will have an effect all over the country. I sent copies of your despatch about Sheridan to Gen. Hood, with my compliments; but I know it does not afford 'comfort to the enemy.'"

From Sherman to Grant: —

"I beg you to give my personal congratulations to Sheridan, and my earnest hope that he will push Early back on Lynchburg."

From Grant to Sheridan: —

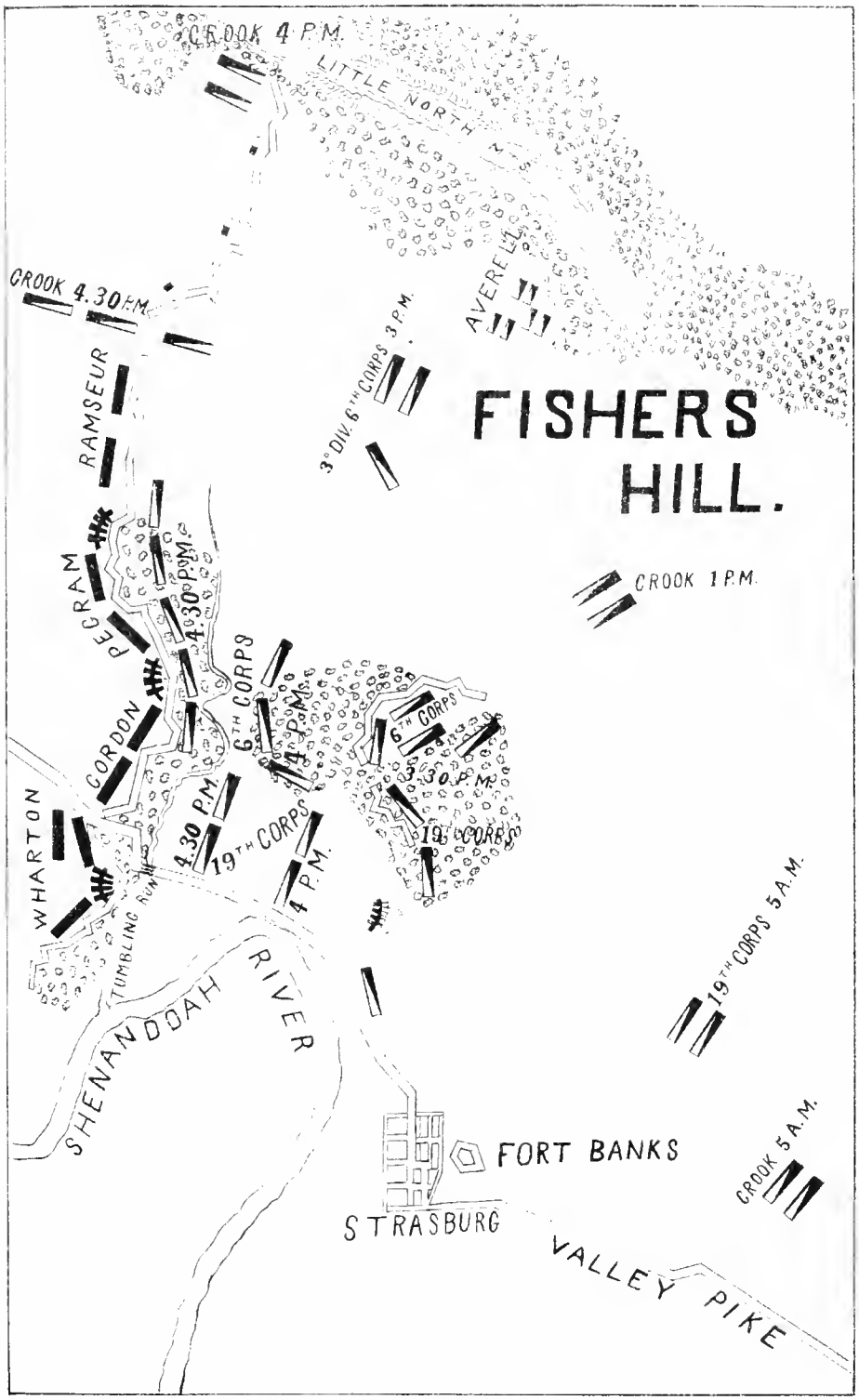
"I congratulate you and the army serving under you for the great victory just achieved. It has been most opportune in point of time and effect. It will open again to the government and the public the very important line of road from Baltimore to the Ohio River, and also the Chesapeake Canal. Better still, it wipes out much of the stain upon our arms by previous disasters in that locality. May your good work continue is now the prayer of all loyal men."

The Fourteenth drew five days' rations previous to the battle; and many of the men came out of the fight with no haversacks at all, while others had to throw away provisions in the desperation of conflict. Those who had rations generously shared them with their more unfortunate comrades, but there was a small allowance at the best.

Early on the morning of the 20th the victorious army moved up the Valley at a smart pace, the cavalry having pressed on ahead of the infantry. Early had gone back to Fisher's Hill, and occupied his old position; his line extending from the Shenandoah to Little North Mountain, the divisions being from right to left: Wharton's, Gordon's, Ramseur's, and Rodes's; Col. Pegram filling Ramseur's old place, the latter taking Rodes's division. Lomax headed the Rebel cavalry in the Luray Valley, Early expecting a flank movement.

On the evening of the 20th the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps were camped on the heights of Strasburg; the Fourteenth Regiment being stationed in an undulating field to the left of the pike. Sheridan had already resolved to attack the enemy immediately, and had determined on his plan.

Fisher's Hill was practically impregnable to any direct assault. Sheridan proposed to turn Early's left flank, — a most difficult achievement, and one which Early manifestly never dreamed of as possible. In the Rebel chieftain's astonishing fulmination, from which we have quoted, he declares that the



HELIOTYPE PTG CO. BOSTON

position has many weak points; but a conclusive proof that he never discovered those weak points until Sheridan's masterly strategy turned his defiant host into a panic-stricken, flying mob, is seen in the fact that his ammunition-boxes were removed from the caissons, and placed behind the breastworks. Sheridan was to attempt to move Crook over Little North Mountain, and hurl him on Early's left flank when he was well occupied with an attack in front. The Rebels in the Valley were not used to any such audacious and well-calculated manœuvring.

Two or three of the Fourteenth boys, on the evening of the 20th, succeeded in getting a few lines into a departing mail, which carried the first authentic notice to the Granite Hills of the losses suffered the day before.

The Fourteenth lay quiet until the afternoon of the 21st, when it was moved by the right flank to a ridge on the right of the pike, where Sheridan was manœuvring for position.

Crook first took position north of Cedar Creek. The Rebels had a signal station on Three-Top Mountain, overlooking every rod of the Union line.

On the night of the 20th, Crook was concealed in a long piece of timber, where he staid all day of the 21st. That night he was marched to another piece of timber, near Strasburg; and the next morning he moved to, and massed in, the timber near Little North Mountain.

In moving Wright and Emory, on the 21st, up in front of the Rebel line, a severe fight was borne by Getty's and Rickett's divisions of the Sixth Corps against a Rebel force holding Flint's Hill, in advance of their main position. Meanwhile Torbert, with Wilson's and Merritt's cavalry, had been sent up the Luray Valley to clear that section, and come into the main valley behind the enemy after they were beaten at Fisher's Hill.

On the morning of the 22d the Fourteenth advanced a mile nearer to the enemy, and lay behind some woods all day. The meaning of that move was, that the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps were being massed in front of the enemy's left centre. After Crook had reached the position assigned, Rickett's division of

the Sixth Corps was advanced in front of the enemy's left centre; Averill going in on Rickett's front, and driving in the Rebel skirmish-line. The Rebel signal-officer on Three-Top saw the whole manœuvre, and supposed it was Sheridan's turning column. Early was informed, and made arrangements accordingly; while Crook, unobserved and unsuspected, was working into the enemy's rear on the other side of the mountain.

While Early was amused by Sheridan's neat device, Crook was ready to strike consternation into the Rebel host. Early must have been clad in one of his humorous moods when he styles this battle as "the affair at Fisher's Hill," as though it scarcely amounted to a skirmish; and again, when he says of his intentions previous to the fight: "Orders were given for my troops to retire after dark, as I knew my force was not strong enough to meet a determined assault." It is evident, as stated above, that the Rebel commander did consider himself in an impregnable position; and he planted himself there to stay until he had whipped Sheridan. As we remember it, his troops did "retire;" but a further draft on our memory places it at a little before "dark."

It was a little after four o'clock in the afternoon that the Nineteenth Corps deployed from the woods into line-of-battle, in full view of the enemy's position, and right under his guns.

The Fourteenth formed nearly on the edge of the bluff, which descends, in a rocky precipice, to the pike running from Strasburg straight to the stone bridge (see illustration), and to the very foot of Fisher's Hill, where it winds through a gorge up to the heights beyond the crest. The elevated and uneven rocky plateau has a considerable trend downward to Tumbling Run, running along the foot of the heights on which the Rebel batteries were planted, additional intrenchments hiding their infantry.

To the left, and on the meadows below, traversed by the serpentine course of the Shenandoah, a portion of the Sixth Corps was advancing to charge those perpendicular heights; while the Nineteenth Corps must first descend that fearfully exposed incline before its columns would beat against a position almost impossible to carry.

The Fourteenth formed its line-of-battle under fire. It was no novelty now: the boys knew what fighting meant, and they closed up with that wonderful tenacity of "elbow touch" which so welded them together at the Opequan. We were afraid of the shells: and, when the order to advance on those belching cannon, gaping with the leer of demons down upon us, was given, there was a decidedly uncomfortable feeling throughout the ranks; but every man stood square to the work. If there was any place for cowards, there happily was no room for skulkers; there was no opportunity for a hasty appeal to the surgeon on a sudden attack of acute ailment: we were in the battle before any body in the Regiment dreamed there was to be any fighting that day.

The sight, when the battle of Fisher's Hill fairly opened, was magnificent, if it was terrible. The Fourteenth left the woods, and faced the enemy's heights about one thousand yards from the guns. The Rebel batteries were posted on three ridges, somewhat elevated above the general heights, which extend across the valley. On the right bluff of their position were six guns; on the middle, or "bald-top," fifteen guns; and to the left, nearest to Little North Mountain, eleven guns.

As soon as the Union columns began their advance, every gun opened, and we were within easy range. They expected that Sheridan was marching to a desperate assault. Down the incline, in splendid array, the Nineteenth Corps went slowly, but with an ominous swing of step that meant desperate work when the time should come.

One third of the distance was traversed by the Fourteenth. Up there on those cruel heights we saw the Rebel gunners at the liveliest sort of work. They were getting the range with fearful accuracy. In ten minutes more the carnage must be appalling; but no Rebel watch-dial was ever to mark that ten minutes.

Capt. Tolman was just giving cautions for preserving the splendid line which the Fourteenth was showing in its advance, when we heard a strange cheer. We had heard that shout once before from the Rebel position: it was on the field of the Opequan, at five o'clock.

What could it mean?

"*There is a Union flag on that gun! I see it!*"

Yes: away up there, on those unattainable heights, on that Rebel cannon in the left group of guns, stood one of Crook's color-bearers, waving that resplendent banner with thirty-four stars upon it, signalling to a triumphant army, that, while it was marching up to death in front, victory had been won in the rear.

Let no civilian attempt to imagine the glad impulse which surged through the ranks. It was, to start for those heights on the dead run.

"Steady! steady, men!" from our commander, Tolman, held every man to his place; and still we marched on in line-of-battle to the charge.

For a few minutes longer the enemy's guns farther to the right kept up the fire, but it was useless.

Crook had struck, and his blow was as irresistible as a thunderbolt. Had the mountain itself yawned, and out of the caverns of the pit had surged legions of demon foes, or had the angelic hosts of heaven descended to the attack, Early's troops could hardly have been more astonished.

The Rebel generals made superhuman efforts to escape from the disaster. Ramseur tried to throw his brigades to the left; Pegram was appealed to, and Wharton ordered up, so Early says. He praises the coolness of his cannoneers, but his infantry ran like frightened sheep, and they had good reason. They supposed that a heavy Union force had come down the valley, and fallen upon their rear, cutting off all retreat.

They started for the river away to their right, and endeavored to escape by fording the Shenandoah, and getting into the mountains. By this mistake of the Johnnies, our cavalry captured most of the prisoners taken. The way to the rear was pretty much open when the Rebel line first broke and fled.

The stampede on the left was in full view of the Fourteenth, and was a most edifying spectacle.

As soon as the guns on the heights were all silenced, and the enemy had abandoned its lines, the Fourteenth moved by the

THE STONE BRIDGE

flank down to the foot of the mountain, filed over the stone bridge, and marched up the pike through the gorge to the eminence in rear of the heights just held by Early's army.

We had captured more than one-third of all his cannon, besides a large quantity of other arms and material of war.

It was in Sheridan's plan to capture the Rebel army entire; and, had the movement of our cavalry up the Luray valley been successful, so as to reach the valley at Newmarket ahead of Early, the object would doubtless have been accomplished.

The following order was sent by Secretary Stanton to the commander of every army-corps in the country: "On receipt of this order you will cause a national salute of one hundred guns to be fired in honor of the great victory achieved by Major-Gen. Sheridan, and the United-States forces under his command, over the Rebel forces under Gen. Early, on the 22d instant, at Fisher's Hill."

The following is one of Early's characteristic comments: "If Sheridan had not had subordinates of more ability and energy than himself, I should probably have had to write a different history of my Valley campaign."

Can any veteran of the Fourteenth forget the performance which directly followed Fisher's Hill? For an hour after the heights were carried, there was a lull and a rest; although the troops were all the while slowly moving beyond the heights, massing, and waiting for the next move. Never was an army happier. It was the glad re-action from a terrible strain. The whole army was, for an hour, a mighty pack of well-disciplined boys. Ranks were kept, and perfect order preserved; but the boys did shout and yell and strain their throats as soldiers can when each man tries to outdo his neighbor. Every regiment cheered every other regiment that it passed. They roared and bellowed and whooped; and every man of us was away inside the truth when he declared, that he "never yelled so in all his life."

No yawning battle-field graves that night for the Fourteenth Regiment. Not one of *our* beloved stark and cold, or maimed and dying, and but two wounded; though many had fallen in

other battalions. Yet a great victory was gained, and the army was once more to pursue a beaten foe. It was dark when orders came for the first brigade of Grover's division to take the advance, and chase the enemy all night without giving him time to rest.

Early declares that "vigorous pursuit was not made;" but the Fourteenth, which was in the very front all that night, would like to have Early give an apple-jack definition of "vigorous." The Rebel general manifested a good deal of vigor in running, and was obliged to burn many of his wagons to keep them from falling into our hands, and then he failed.

Under ordinary circumstances the men would have considered this forced, all-night march as a rough infliction; but never did soldiers set out upon arduous service with more alacrity.

After the first two hours the prevailing hilarity settled down into quiet merriment; and the Fourteenth led the pursuing column at a good smart pace, singing, whistling, and bantering jokes at the expense of the flying Johnnies. The Eighth Corps was well to the rear, having been obliged to march back to Strasburg for their knapsacks.

A little after midnight, as the column was marching down a hill into a hollow, through which and across the pike ran a good-sized stream, and beyond which rose the corresponding hill, suddenly a stream of fire a quarter of a mile long flashed along the opposite hillside, and the rattle of musketry followed. The bullets flew thick about us. The writer cocked his rifle, backed up the hill a couple of rods, and lay down. All was confusion. The Fourteenth behaved well, simply recoiling, not retreating at all, nor firing, — save in a few instances, — but waiting for orders. It was pitch dark, and no one could determine the strength of the demonstration.

A regiment in the rear of the Fourteenth was bound to do some killing, and didn't seem to be over-nice in the choice of a target. We were in more danger from Union muskets in the rear than from the enemy. As soon as possible a line-of-battle was formed across the pike; Capt. Ripley showing great coolness, and rendering efficient service in restoring order.

The Fourteenth formed in line to the right of the pike, a New-York regiment being about ten rods in front. Just as the line-of-battle was well formed, the enemy opened upon us with two field-pieces from the opposite hill; but they mostly shot wide of the mark, though one shell struck directly in front of the Fourteenth's colors, and just in rear of the New-York boys. But few shells were thrown. A Union skirmish-line was advanced; and the army slowly moved forward in the darkness, in line-of-battle. Early had accomplished his purpose. We were pressing him sore. He threw out a skirmish-line to the rear, planted two guns on a hillock, delayed the pursuing column for two hours, and gained precious time. No further disturbance marked the night's race; the Union troops soon filing from line to flank movement, and jogging on as rapidly as they could be pressed.

Lieut. W H. Sargent of Company D was captured by the Rebels, at the battle of the Opequan, and in company with about twenty officers and three hundred other prisoners of war, was still under guard just before the battle of Fisher's Hill; the Rebel army being encamped at Tom's Run, about twenty-five miles from Winchester. Late in the afternoon of September 22, couriers came into the camp, announcing the progress of a disastrous fight. In consequence of this information, the prisoners were hastily marched off under guard, stopping only for a short rest shortly before daybreak. Before resuming the march, some of the prisoners, among them Lieut. Sargent, were allowed to go to the bank of the brook beside which they had halted, to drink and wash. Sargent noticed a narrow ditch running at right angles with the brook, and, taking advantage of a momentary inattention of the guard, concealed himself in it, with the assistance of a fellow-prisoner. He was not missed, and his tired and hungry comrades moved on without him. Here he lay until ten o'clock, not daring to change his position; for hundreds of Rebel soldiers were halting to bathe in the stream within a few feet of his hiding-place, and some of them standing so near that they seemed to be looking directly into his face as

he lay upon his back. Gen. Breckinridge rode into the stream close by his feet, to water his horse. Gen. Gordon's division was the last to pass, and he could hear the noise of the skirmishing which the Union cavalry was carrying on with their rear. After waiting for some time after the last Rebel had disappeared, Lieut. Sargent left his concealment, and looked about him to determine the course of his flight. Across the brook was a highway; beyond this was a field of sugar-cane, then a strip of woods, and, still farther, a wooded mountain. Deciding to reach the mountain if possible, he removed his blouse, in order that the shoulder-straps might not betray him, and crossed the brook to the road; when two mounted Rebel officers came in sight round a turn in the road. He crossed the road, and was just getting over the fence, when one of them asked him what division he belonged to. "Gordon's," replied Sargent, hoping they would take him to be a Rebel; but the officer ordered him to halt, at the same time taking aim at him with his rifle. Sargent was in the cane-brake before he could fire, and, soon entering the woods, found it to be only a narrow strip bordering a large river; on the other side of which was a wide interval, to be crossed before the mountain could be gained. Knowing that his only hope of escape was in hiding in the river, he plunged in; coming up under some driftwood about twenty rods from the bank. Raising his head above the surface, he saw the two Rebels at different points on the bank, looking for him; and, diving again to get farther away, he was observed by one of them, and obliged to come out, and, at the village of Mount Jackson, was turned over to the provost-guard. That afternoon a Union shell exploded in the house where he was quartered, creating great destruction, and causing the Rebels to seek safer quarters. He was finally taken to Libby Prison, where he was soon after paroled.

A difficulty had arisen, and every mile of march was increasing it. The men had drawn no rations since the day before Opequan battle: there was nothing left to subsist upon; and the army was running away from its supply-train, which was coming up from the rear. A halt was inevitable.

At four A.M. Woodstock was reached by the Union advance. The column filed into a field beyond the town, stacked arms, and waited for the supply-train. The men were so weary that most of them slept until ten o'clock, like logs. The long train, with its din and racket, rolled by within a few feet, and never roused us.

That morning Early got his shattered army — those who had not made for the mountains or been captured — back to Mount Jackson; and just beyond, on Rude's Hill, he made a stand. He had a hospital and stores at Mount Jackson, which he determined to save. Sheridan's cavalry made an attempt to outflank him on his right: but Averill did not arrive as expected; and, after pushing him some on the front, the cavalry desisted, and waited for the infantry.

Early improved his time, and considerably re-organized his army; setting it in motion southward on the morning of the 24th, but leaving a strong rearguard on Rude's Hill, intrenched to withstand the Union advance. About ten o'clock the Fourteenth reached Mount Jackson; and there on the heights, just beyond the ruins of a splendid railroad-bridge whose track ran one hundred and twenty feet above the river-bed, was the enemy, advantageously posted. The stream was the North Fork of the Shenandoah, which here enters the Valley from the west. Every Fourteenth boy will remember the wide detour to the right, and wading of the river up to our waists. Early got a good deal of cursing for compelling the men to suffer that wetting: it wasn't kind in the Rebel hero.

When we got around in front of the enemy's position, he wasn't there. The day was memorable in Valley tactics. We had the enemy well in view from every eminence all day. At every available point Early would turn, and show fight with his rearguard, while his main army hurried on. That rearguard surely did well. On every prominent hill-crest during the day one of Sheridan's batteries would shell the retreating foe until out of range; when it would limber up, gallop ahead to another rise, and repeat the entertainment.

The infantry marched by the flank in brigade columns so dis-

tanced as to be able to swing into line-of-battle in five minutes at any time. Several times that day, "On the right into line!" was the order; and then a splendid spectacle was presented as two or three lines of battle suddenly formed away across the valley, to break into column again when the enemy retired.

The first brigade was away on the right of the army, marching farthest from the pike, along the hillsides, and so had the best opportunity for observing the manœuvres of the day without being obliged so often to deploy.

It was Sheridan's intention to bring on an engagement, but he could not tempt Early. The latter was evidently disgusted with Sheridan's style of fighting. Just before sunset Early says that he determined to resist any further pursuit, so that his wagons could escape on the Port Republic road. He planted his batteries, formed in line, but says that Sheridan went into camp out of range. The fact is, Sheridan's cavalry under Powell had, on the morning of the 24th, badly defeated Lomax on the Rebel left, crowded round in his rear by the back road, and gained the Valley pike.

Early could not retreat up the Valley through Harrisonburg. He must turn to the left and east on the Port Republic road. Sheridan went into camp that night six miles south of Newmarket; and in the night Early made another precipitate run, stopping beyond Port Republic. Wickham arrived at Newmarket Gap just too late to re-enforce Early, and had to proceed farther up the Luray.

We have seen that Sheridan's cavalry in the Luray arrived at Newmarket too late to get in rear of the enemy. At this time Early was re-enforced by Kershaw's division.

The Union infantry kept on up the Valley pike, the Fourteenth reaching Harrisonburg on the 25th.

The next day the Sixth and Nineteenth advanced to Mount Crawford, seven miles, and there halted to sustain the various and rapid cavalry movements which Sheridan put in execution. Crook remained somewhat to the rear to await developments. The same day Merritt's cavalry moved to Port Republic, and Torbert's to Staunton and Waynesborough, to destroy Rebel stores and communications. All mills were to be burned.

During each of these movements there was considerable fighting; our cavalry being forced to retire after having accomplished, for the most part, their purposes. At this time Early appears to have shown great vigor and good generalship.

Mount Crawford was the southern limit reached by the Union infantry, where it remained until October 1.

The Fourteenth Regiment, however, made a short stop there, remaining only one hour, then marching back to Harrisonburg, where it was assigned to provost-duty, performing the same until the army retired down the Valley.

Capt. T. A. Ripley was relieved from duty on Gen. Birge's staff, and appointed provost-marshal of Harrisonburg. He also assumed command of the Fourteenth; being the senior of Capt. Tolman, who, in the absence of all field-officers, had commanded the regiment since the close of the battle of the Opequan.

It is moderate to affirm that provost-duty in Harrisonburg was performed pretty efficiently. All Rebel suspects were made to play the liveliest antics. Few spots of concealment escaped the Argus eye and remarkable activity of the provost-marshal. It was the most uncomfortable spot in the entire so-called Confederacy for any man or woman who had any more property in store than he or she could clearly account for. One confiscation consisted of three webs of cotton cloth. But even our fertile-minded provost-marshal was in a quandary how to dispose of the captured cloth. It was finally issued to the men in three-quarter-yard strips. The recipients were more amused than benefited by this novel "ration" of cotton cloth.

During the few days of its stay in Harrisonburg, the Fourteenth enjoyed life, and had a good time generally.

October 1 Merritt re-occupied Port Republic; the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps moved back to Harrisonburg; while Early held a strong position in Brown's Gap in the Blue Ridge, he being within supporting distance of Lee.

On the 5th Early was re-enforced by Rosser's brigade of cavalry; and with fresh artillery, and Kershaw's infantry, he was stronger than when he first moved down the Valley.

FORAGING.

The word "foraging," as used by the Union volunteer, was an exceedingly elastic and comprehensive term. If any unsophisticated civilian imagines that the bummer element of the army monopolized that short cut between demand and supply denominated "foraging," he will learn his error by a most casual peep behind the scenes. In fact, foraging, like charity, covers a multitude of sins: and not merely the flagrant, vulgar category of "scooping-in" sins crept under the convenient mantle; but high-toned transgressions, of euphemistic designations, fraternized with the antics of the rank and file, and it was all — foraging. Gen. Sherman, in his report on the "March to the Sea," thus naïvely discusses this feature of that celebrated campaign: —

"*A little loose in foraging*, they 'did some things they ought not to have done:' yet, on the whole, they have supplied the wants of the army with as little violence as could be expected, and as little loss as I calculated."

Probably the other side would hardly characterize the freaks of Sherman's bummers as "a little loose foraging;" but, by the practices of all nations at war in modern times, the Rebel inhabitants of Georgia, and, indeed, of the entire South, had no cause for complaint. There were isolated instances of entirely unauthorized and wanton destruction of valuable property and family keepsakes; there was some marauding which brought the blush of shame to every honorable volunteer's cheek: but these were rare cases and plain exceptions. Scarcely one gross outrage can be alleged against that mighty host which contented itself with being a conquering army when there was much excuse for whirling through the South a besom of destruction. Let those who magnify single instances of apparent wantonness remember, that, while the high-minded Union veteran deprecated all such ventures, a terrible provocation existed when Rebel women lured the boys in blue into ambuscades and death-traps, and soldiers were shot down from the windows of private houses by Rebel citizens having no visible connection with any army.

Training in the school of the forager often preceded any drill in the school of the soldier. The average battalion showed a proficiency in rallying round a hen-roost or aligning on a rail-fence, quite equal to its early alacrity in rallying round the flag or its ability to handsomely dress on the color-line. No obnoxious imputation can be inferred from this remark, for no coward in battle was ever famous for pig-chasing; while the converse was true, that the regiments most noted for sensing the true inwardness of the commissary resources of any region blessed by their presence were the reliable ones for a brilliant onset or defensive steadiness. Levying subsistence from the enemy was a military duty, requiring no compulsion for its faithful performance. The boys showed a remarkable facility in this department of strategy, and displayed a truly wonderful ingenuity of resource and adaptation of means to ends. The traditions of boyhood watermelon-essays doubtless rounded out the broad culture of our boys in the art of campaign gastronomics.

When one of the companies of the Fourteenth Regiment started for the general camp in Concord, the excursion was enlivened by a bountiful and delicious lunch served through the train; and thereby hangs a tale. Praise was lavished without stint upon the generous, public-spirited man who contributed the immense hampers of roast chicken. But when the benevolent gentleman, who "contributed" so extensively to this refreshment, inspected his depleted hen-roost, he was busied with other than patriotic sentiments. He was of that sort of public nuisance which always carves its opinion on the body of a town-meeting, and he invariably opposed appropriations on economic grounds. But when he made an obnoxious speech against paying town-bounties to the soldiers enlisting to fill the town's quota in August, 1862, there insinuated itself into even his obtuseness the conviction that somebody had made a mistake.

One beautiful midnight, with a full moon, just before the recruits were to depart for the Concord rendezvous, this bounty-saving citizen was aroused by two travellers. He responded so immediately that the item of clothing beyond a shirt was a

matter of no consequence. There were some other accessories of an approaching tableau not worth mentioning, such as the circumstance that there were twenty less chickens on this eminent citizen's roosts than there were twenty minutes earlier; also that twenty men — the number twenty was a significant number that night — lay very low behind the paling, within twenty feet of that front door in which stood the shivering patriot; further, that an adjacent cucumber-patch had just previously been scoured by the aforesaid gallant twenty plus two. It must be considered as curiously unfortunate that the cucumber-patch yielded, on the night in question, a remarkable harvest of rotten fruit, just in that condition of ripeness to furnish a brave soldier with excellent material for hand-grenade practice. One other circumstance was most singular. A magnificent American eagle, roosting on the gable of a private mansion at midnight, in the midst of our great war, must have been considered a significant omen; and it was so regarded by the squad of heroes aforesaid, for two of the men were detailed to invite the sleeping economist to come out and view the national bird.

Our victim has always averred that he saw no eagle; but the conditions were not favorable for accurate observation, even with an eagle on the gable, though the occasion was for him neither monotonous nor lacking in instruction. He did not stop "to reason why," nor to argue with the half-hundred soft seed-cucumbers which hastened in from all directions to congratulate him upon his new possession. In his somewhat hasty desire to step into the house for something, he slipped up on a big, treacherous cucumber; and as he rose from a back hug with the cobble-walk, and dove into the doorway, it is affirmed by several of the boys that he made some remarks. Those chickens were well cooked by perfectly innocent ladies for the "noble soldier-boys;" and the said boys ate them, thinking of the American eagle and his remarkable midnight perch.

There is no intention here of dignifying the petty and contemptible stealings indulged in by reckless volunteers with the characterization of our title. Neither shall foraging account for

the sharp but unworthy trick of that soldier who made one twenty-dollar bill feed him daintily for a fortnight after pay-day, and at the end of that time had the magical greenback still in his pocket. He would visit some pie or apple stand where five dollars in change could never be found. He ate all the pie, apples, cakes, etc., he could stow away; and then he was in a pressing hurry to get away. The pie-vender could not change the bill; and dared not leave the premises for a moment to procure change, for reasons which commend themselves to every veteran's recollection. Our hero could not wait to argue long over a dollar's worth of food already digesting: hence the swindled purveyor of colic-excitants did wait, and probably is still waiting, for his pay.

There were other eminently successful devices hardly definable as foraging. Such were the "requisitions" for whiskey, brandy, sugar, treacle, etc., never made out on recognized government blanks; the said select rations being drawn by officers' servants from the brigade stores, by a strange coincidence, when the commissary was absent. It was not foraging when an officer was caught behind a big tree in a lonely dell of a Virginia landscape, eagerly devouring jellies and other goodies intended for the sick boys in hospital. General foraging was perfectly consonant with manliness, and was not unworthy of the cause. Pile extra rails upon the camp-fires, and let the stories go round, — the breakneck adventures, sly reconnoissance of henneries, apiaries, pig-yards, and pastures; the escapades, and the essays where there was no escape; the mysterious burdens stealing into camp, and confided to the cook, with a judicious allotment to an officer who never could be bribed, but was amenable to reason; the long array of accommodating privates who were willing to oblige the cook by going outside the guards for a pail of water, and using up a great deal of time in finding the spring; the savory odors of tender roasts and incomparable camp-stews, larded with occasional relishes adroitly fished from mysterious nooks, — all these reminiscences return to intensify and heighten veteran memories. The remarks in this article are limited to individual, or at least unauthorized foraging, and ignore all or-

ganized levying of subsistence by moving armies. For necessary sustenance, for coveted luxuries not otherwise obtainable, and for the pure love of fun and adventure, these provision larks were indulged in. The official sternness and personal pliability of regimental and company commanders were most amusing and provocative of laughable contradictions. When a large portion of the regiment was making ready one dark night for an adventure outside the lines, a feat of reprisal and revenge for a shot at a comrade fired by an irate farmer who was losing his straw, the commanding officer ordered the guards to fire on any man venturing to run their beats; and, when the expedition was entirely broken up, he asked one of the leaders, "Why didn't the boys go ahead?"

But such duplicity was unusual; and it was the aim of the officers of the Fourteenth, certainly, to prevent all lawlessness. Their success in the matter of "Old Claggett's" rails, however, was somewhat dubious. Cold weather was coming on when the regiment moved from Adder Hill to Offutt's Cross Roads, to construct and occupy winter-quarters. Across the plain, within a third of a mile of the proposed camp, ran one of those tall and tempting rail-fences so exasperating to the experienced soldier. Knapsacks were hardly unslung when a lively charge was made on that fence. A half-mile of splendid fence vanished in a quarter of an hour. But "Old Claggett" knew his points: he had an elegant brick residence, and a most inviting resort for the chief officers. He was a shrewd slave-owning planter, and understood making friends of the mammon of Union shoulder-straps. Complaint was made at once, but the ignorance of all the under-officers that any rails had been taken by the men was as remarkable as it was universal. The colonel issued the most peremptory orders for the return of every rail. Then was witnessed a curious phenomenon. When the command was fully understood, it took so long to penetrate the general stupidity that a large proportion of the rails were cut once or twice in two before the order was comprehended. Those rails had increased in weight amazingly. When they were lugged into camp, one man took four rails at one trip easily to the rear of

his tent in less than five minutes' time; but, in replacing them, it required two men fully twenty minutes to get one of Claggett's rails back to where, by the line of post-holes remaining, a fence had apparently stood.

Not more than one-third of those rails were recovered; and, when the irate semi-Reb owner egged on the colonel to investigate the lineage of the several cords of broken rails, it was ascertained that not one splinter of them ever came from Old Claggett's plantation. The officers seemed to be satisfied, but the old gentleman never appeared quite happy.

Every day of established camp-life witnessed important or trivial adventures of one or more men, who rarely came in with empty haversacks. Sometimes it was a legitimate dicker, sometimes unparalleled cheek, oftener the sublime audacity displayed by the Yankee soldier in his exercise of the right of "eminent domain." One evening at dress-parade, the colonel was incensed at the absence of several of the drummers. Before he left the parade-ground, three of the delinquents were observed coming into camp. Perceiving that they were observed, they put on a bold front, and passed quite nea their commanding officer. Obsequiously saluting, the spokesman remarked, *sotto voce*, "Colonel, we have got some fine pork in our drums here: shall we leave a nice piece at your tent?" Colonel, in a loud and severe tone: "If you are sick, report yourself to the surgeon; don't come round here troubling me!" Some of that pork was placed where it would do the most good.

One of the most exciting episodes, with its complication of ludicrous results, that ever entered into the experience of the Fourteenth Regiment, occurred on the forenoon following our arrival at Poolesville. No one who had a hand in the mammoth raid on Walters's store can ever forget the wild commotion, the greedy frenzy, and the uncontrollable tumult, incident to the impetuous attack of a whole battalion on a large and well-furnished store, filled with dry-goods, provisions, hardware, groceries — dry, and the wettest of wet. Many years after the war, fine dry-goods taken from Walters's store were seen perambulating the streets of a New-Hampshire city. The keeper of one

of the stores was one of those double-faced, treacherous Maryland Rebels who professed Unionism by day and entertained Moseby's bushwhackers by night. A slight mistake was made, as we shall see: but the regiment was altogether too hungry and footsore to be trifled with. A shout, a rush, a crash — the store was open, and the scrimmage was begun. Flour, whiskey, sugar, calico, and molasses were mixed up in novel combinations. Barrels of molasses, sugar, and whiskey were broken up in the street, though fortunately but little of the latter was gathered up. The scrambling for plunder was desperate in its recklessness, but the individual adventures and the general spectacle furnished comicalities for a volume.

The officers somehow learned of the riot, and appeared on the scene to disperse the men at the critical moment; i.e., when the store had been completely gutted, and nothing remained to confiscate. Crackers, flour, cheese, hams, pork, etc., were pretty evenly distributed through the regiment; with sugar, raisins, and other choicer groceries, in spots. Whole pieces of flannel, webs of cotton cloth, twenty, thirty, fifty yards of calico, dozens of handkerchiefs and socks, long cuts of towelling, and patterns of rich dress-goods, were stowed snugly away that night as pillows for privates' bunks in the old brick church. The officers, whose integrity was loftier than that of the rank and file, never suspected the sources of supply from whence came the abundant luxuries of their mess for several weeks afterward; and some choice textiles obtained from their men they never dreamed to have been evolved from that reprobated raid.

Most of the booty was a burden to the possessors; and the negroes and poor whites in the vicinity drove a thriving trade for a few days, the men being glad to close out their stock of dry-goods for edibles. A good deal of the more valuable plunder was sent home, and what remained afforded fun and excitement in possession and camp-trade for some time. The discomfited trader reported his loss to the brigadier; and the colonel was ordered to investigate, search, produce the offenders, punish summarily, and restore every thing taken. The sternness of the officers was appalling. They had just eaten a hearty

breakfast well seasoned with the loot from Walters's store, and they were eager for the meting-out of swift retributive justice. One bag of flour, half a ham, seventeen shoes with no mates, and a long roll of cheap soiled calico, were discovered after a half-day's search; but the strangest feature of the investigation was, that the valuable goods recovered were not traced to any particular criminal. And so it resulted that Walters was no happier than Claggett.

There was a cause for the raid, and a good one, although vengeance fell on the wrong head. Some time previous to the arrival of the Fourteenth, a detachment of Scott's "Nine Hundred" had been quartered in the church elsewhere mentioned. A force of White's cavalry — Maryland guerillas — came upon the Union detachment, and surprised it, killing several. It was well understood that "Old Higgins" — owning a store opposite to Walters's — had piloted the Rebel cavalry. Scott's Nine Hundred were not accurately informed as to the guilty trader; but when they arrived in Poolesville, on the same night with the Fourteenth, there was burning in their hearts the purpose of the avenger. They began the raid participated in by the Fourteenth. "Old Higgins" escaped, while Walters was inadvertently made the victim. Walters was really an unflinching Union man, and afterward recovered four thousand dollars from the government.

It was a disconsolate apple-vender who drove his ox-cart, on its return trip over the wide stretch of rolling plain, the parade-ground of the Independent Brigade, one crisp morning in January, 1863. He took a load of apples to the camp of the Fourteenth. He took away as heavy a load as he brought, but it was in the form of experience; and if he furnished food to the boys for an hour, they certainly sent him away with food for reflection sufficient to keep him ruminating long afterward. He backed his cart up to the line upon which paced the guard at "support arms." There was a fatality in that halting the tail-board of the ox-cart exactly on the line. Three feet outside would have spared him many reflections. Soon a score of men off duty lounged up to the peripatetic apple-stand; and gradually

the gathering swelled to a sizable crowd, though for more than an hour no particular interest was manifested in the sale, which proceeded slowly, the paymaster not having been interviewed since the regiment left home. Here again the stars were in a bad conjunction for the expected gains of our butternut-coated citizen of "my Maryland;" for, had the men been well in funds, every barrel of apples would have been sold in fifteen minutes.

The only scintilla of prudence evinced by this artless tempter of men, whose appetites were being whetted keener for a good apple-eat by each dozen slowly peddled o t, was in his opening but one barrel at a time; and so strictly did he and his lank, sallow-faced heir attend to business, that the sharpest of the boys found no opening for the confiscation of a solitary apple. The proprietor appeared somewhat disturbed when three of the heaviest among the men leisurely climbed on to the rear of the cart; but he soon grew unconcerned, as were two of the company who became interested in the forward mechanism of the two-wheeled vehicle. Soon afterward an accident occurred. That farmer-peddler has presumably never ceased to wonder how he could have ventured from home with the forward end of his cart not fastened down. At any rate, the cart tipped; down came the heavy weights, apples and all. Then a rush, a yell, and a terrific scramble. The apples from the opened barrels were instantly churned deep into the adhesive mud. Another barrel was burst open; and the fabled fruit of Hesperides was more easily captured by Hercules than were those mud-plastered apples by the surging crowd, now wild with fun, and with mouths made up for a jolly fruit banquet. Hats were doffed, and used as scoops to capture the dubious booty. Two stout Company-C men seized a full barrel, and, rushing through the crowd, secured the prize in a company tent. The unfortunate trafficker with the "mudsill minions" appeared to have lost all interest in hanging about there; and he seemed happy to get off with his team and two empty barrels. The boys merrily invited him to call again, but his parting look

> "Resembled pleasure only
> As the mist resembles the rain."

A sort of foraging more satisfactory to one of the parties concerned was practised extensively throughout the war. The Union soldier traded his surplus coffee, sugar, and salt, for such provisions as were luxuries in the army. In this way both sides were greatly benefited. This "swapping" went so far that opposing pickets of the two great armies frequently exchanged coffee and sugar for tobacco. The dread scourge of war had laid its devastating blight upon the rich Valley of the Shenandoah from the beginning of the war; and wherever an invading army left a track, there nearly every article of subsistence was swept into the insatiate maw of a lean commissariat. When both Union and Rebel armies conducted themselves as invaders, being merciless in requisition and confiscation of supplies, the inhabitants of that unhappy region were cursed beyond almost any section of the South. Raids, sorties, imposing invasions, and campaigns subsidiary to the central strategy, turned the Valley into a military chess-board. The game was a desperate one always, fluctuating in its temporary successes, and, on the whole, a losing one to both sides, up to August, 1864; when Sheridan played a Union game which first puzzled, then bewildered, and finally routed and ruined, the Rebel forces in the Shenandoah.

The Valley was aptly termed the granary of the Confederacy, and this partially accounted for the Rebel tenacity of endeavor to maintain possession. When Sheridan's army began its movements against Early, the lower portion of the Valley was so thoroughly wasted that foraging was an unprofitable venture for the "Yankee bummers." But above Strasburg the Rebel forces had for some time maintained almost undisputed possession, in a good measure conserving the private property of its sympathizers; for hardly a home but contributed from one to half a dozen recruits to the legions of the lost cause. We found a good deal in the Valley to confiscate, despite the wholesale and repeated plundering to which the inhabitants had been subjected; although an astonishing ingenuity was displayed in concealing every thing that a Yankee might covet. Those sections of Sheridan's army which marched up the Valley at some distance

from the pike and the more frequented roads, were fortunate in picking up considerable extra subsistence; a partial compensation for the audacious robberies perpetrated by Moseby's guerillas, who cut off our supply-trains wherever the strictest vigilance was for an hour relaxed, — in one instance cutting out forty wagons from the middle of a five-mile supply-train while the front and rear drivers were in utter ignorance of the attack. The foraging triumphs on the Union side inspirited the army, and gave zest to every phase of the campaign. Similar adventures, and a like exhilaration of Sherman's army, during its march to the sea, are well expressed in the following stanza: —

> "How the darkies shouted when they heard the joyful sound!
> How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found!
> How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground!
> While we were marching through Georgia."

One of the first foraging ventures of the Nineteenth Corps in the Valley was during a halt for dinner. A keen-scented pioneer among the foragers discovered an apiary filled with hives, containing a large quantity of honey. It was "a terrible temptation," and his shout of discovery prompted a general stampede of men who thought a moment before that they could not stir a foot farther without a protracted rest. And then in view of an entire division of the army was enacted a side-splitting comedy, rousing the merriment of a whole column. Each of half a dozen stalwart troopers had shouldered a hive, and more than a thousand others were striving for what remained. It was observed that the successful hive-hunters were very busy with their hands, beating the air; and the motions grew more eccentric and furious. One of them uttered a wail, then sent out an infuriated yell, and, hurling his treasure to the ground, plunged blindly into the crowd of bewildered soldiers eager for the sweets still unrevealed. The other loaded invaders of the apiary directly ascertained that their boxes were too heavy for transportation, and they abandoned their prizes to mother earth. Millions of bees appeared to be in the air; and with a general howl of pain and rage the precipitate honey-hunters scattered,

a heavy detail of angered bees in full chase of every victim, and putting in telling strokes. The unfortunates fell into the ranks in an inglorious plight, the butt of the entire army so far as they had been observed.

While the troops were encamped for a day near Charlestown, three adventurers from the Fourteenth visited the hennery of an estate in the outskirts of the town. Just as they were stocking up for a return to the bivouac, Ashby, with a guard of Rebel cavalry, rode up to stop for the night. Until morning were these trembling Yankees imprisoned in a Rebel hen-house, nor did they dare venture out until the troopers in gray had disappeared. Many of the valley farmers had finished their sorghum-molasses manufacture previous to the Union advance. A barrel of sorghum was soon disposed of. Canteens and cups were filled; men ate until nauseated; in their greed the sticky treacle dripped everywhere, smearing clothing from head to foot, gluing beard and dust in remarkable compounds, slopping, spilling, running: sorghum left its imprint on thousands of highly flavored and thoroughly sweetened defenders of the Union. It was "linked sweetness long drawn out."

We are informed that the cackling of a goose in the temple saved Rome. One Rebel planter in the valley should have sent his poultry for schooling to the Roman goose, for the untimely cackle of a single hen precipitated a fowl calamity upon that estate. Discerning the approach of the Union vanguard, this wily husbandman had gathered his goodly stock of poultry into a large, tight out-building, and closed it securely. The right column of the army, being the Nineteenth Corps, marched between this improvised hennery and the larger barn. Two-thirds of the column had passed, and so well had the owner accomplished his work of seclusion that not one foraging detective had mistrusted the existence of a fowl on the estate. Precisely as the centre of the Fourteenth arrived opposite the hennery, a single fatal cackle ruined the Thanksgiving expectations of that planter, and sealed the doom of about fifty fowls. No time was lost in preliminaries. Down came the door; there was no shouting, and little noise save the furious cackling inside: but

ten times as many hungry men were determined to get into that hen-house as it would contain, and the coveted poultry was quickly divided. So hastily was the irregular allotment consummated, that in several instances two men got hold of one pullet, and neither let go nor went away empty-handed. The column moved right on, but there was many a choice bit of broiled chicken that night round the camp-fires of the Nineteenth Corps. Pigs, sheep, and even young beeves, were occasionally brought in, though such booty in the Valley was rare.

A choice element in foraging was the excitement of its peril, and this factor was generally involved in every venture after extra diet during an active campaign. Our boys were venturesome even to recklessness, with no prospective gain commensurate to the risk. On the afternoon before the battle of Fisher's Hill, when the two armies were in line but a mile apart, and while a sharp skirmish was going on in full view of both combatants, half a dozen of the Fourteenth sallied out to reconnoitre a vineyard between the two lines. They accomplished this venture; and, by exposing themselves to both capture and death, secured — a few quarts of grapes. And that fruit was richer and more delicious than the grapes of Eshcol. The instances cited are few, yet fairly representative of the numberless episodes in the history of every regiment; and such daring exploits are not among the first which the veteran will care to have obliterated from his recollections of the Great Rebellion.

A point had been reached where Sheridan encountered a perplexing problem, and must make an important decision. Should he advance, or retire? A mere holding of his own would prove barren in results, and all the Union troops were needed for aggressive operations. A small force, probably Crook's, must remain to guard the Potomac. One course was to advance on Brown's Gap, try to drive Early out, and then proceed with the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps to Gordonsville, east of the Blue Ridge. But should this be accomplished, and should Grant's army around Petersburg fail to hold the entire Army of North-

ern Virginia, Lee could suddenly hurl, by rail, a sufficient force upon Sheridan to utterly crush him. Again, the army-trains moving up and down the Valley from Martinsburg or Harper's Ferry could not supply the army any farther up than Harrisonburg.

The conclusion of Sheridan was to let the Valley campaign end at Harrisonburg, withdraw down the Valley, destroy all forage, grain, etc., give up his command, and move the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps to the lines of Petersburg. Fortunate would it have proved for the redoubtable Early, had he cordially co-operated with Little Phil in carrying out this plan. But he felt strong and confident again. He declares that he intended to fight the Union army at Harrisonburg, but that, on the morning of the 6th, he found it had left town.

On the morning of October 6, Sheridan stretched his cavalry across the entire Valley, from the Blue Ridge to the Alleghanies, with orders to make of the entire country a barren waste; no dwelling-house to be disturbed; all loyal men to be paid for property destroyed. At the same time the whole army took up its march northward, down the Valley. The march was made by easy marches, very comfortably.

The Ninth Conn., which reached the army at Harrisonburg, after its inaction during the battle of the Opequan, was ordered to march in the rear of the army. Early's cavalry followed at a safe distance until Woodstock was reached, where they became aggressive, pushing Custer as far as Tom s Run, just south of Fisher's Hill. Here, on the 8th, Sheridan told Torbert to "go in" and whip the pursuers, and he would halt the infantry to see him do it. The Fourteenth will remember being halted, on the afternoon of the 9th, and formed in line to the left of the pike, facing up the Valley, and there waiting while a brisk firing was heard a little farther on. It was a neat tilt at Tom's Run; and the Rebels ran, Sheridan's cavalry capturing every gun (eleven) but one, and every thing else on wheels, and chasing the Johnnies back to Mount Jackson, a distance of twenty-six miles. Early's infantry was at Newmarket, having reached there on the 7th.

On the 10th the army marched to the celebrated position on Cedar Creek; with the exception of the Sixth Corps, which deviated to the right, to Front Royal, on its way to join Grant's army. On the 12th that corps moved to the Ashby-Gap crossing of the Shenandoah, intending to proceed *via* Washington.

Early had learned of Sheridan's intention of sending away a portion of his force, and promptly moved back to his old position on Fisher's Hill, arriving there on the 13th. The armies were very near each other. In consequence of Early's aggressiveness the Sixth Corps was recalled, and took position on the right of the Nineteenth.

On the 13th Gen. Sheridan was called to Washington by Secretary Stanton, to engage in a consultation. On the 15th he started, taking Torbert's whole cavalry force with him to Front Royal, intending to make it active to the eastward during his absence. When he arrived at Front Royal, on the night of the 16th, he received a despatch from Gen. Wright, who had been left in command of the army, enclosing another despatch read off from the Rebel signals on Three-Top Mountain. In this despatch Gen. Wright says he fears an attack *only on his right*, which may be turned by a strong force of cavalry. The following was the despatch sent by Longstreet to Early: —

"Be ready to move as soon as my forces join you, and we will crush Sheridan."

The latter abandoned his cavalry-raid, and sent the whole force back to Wright; at the same time sending him the following note: —

"GENERAL, — The cavalry is all ordered back to you: make your position strong. If Longstreet's despatch is true, he is under the impression that we have largely detached. I will go over to Augur, and may get additional news.

"Close in Gen. Powell, who will be at this point. If the enemy should make an advance, I know you will defeat him. Look well to your ground, and be well prepared. Get up every thing that can be spared. I will bring up all I can, and will be up on Tuesday, if not sooner."

One important fact should be borne in mind: Gen. Powell was not "closed in." Sheridan's precautions were not fully

BELLE GROVE.

Sheridan's Headquarters.

enforced. On the morning of the 17th Sheridan arrived in Washington. The same day at noon he started on his return *via* Martinsburg, reaching Winchester on the evening of the 18th.

Early had made a reconnoissance quite near to the Union position on the 13th, and at the same time a small force of Union troops was reconnoitring. A collision ensued, with some smart Rebel battery practice, when a division of our army moved out; but the Rebels rather got the best of it, and our force was withdrawn. There was a smart fight on hand for a while, with the strong prospect of a general engagement.

BATTLE OF CEDAR CREEK.

We now approach one of the most singular events of the whole war, the most remarkable struggle of modern times. In numerous other cases battles have apparently been lost, yet eventually won; but where is there a parallel to Cedar Creek, or Belle Grove as Early terms it? An army surprised in the night, beaten, routed, driven from the field, losing most of its cannon and all of its camp paraphernalia, many of its frightened fragments fleeing more than a dozen miles: yet on the same day, with a re-enforcement of only *one man*, fighting against more troops than whipped them in the morning, engaging in a stubborn contest, setting back the current of defeat, driving the victims pell-mell from the conquered field, turning their defeat into flight and an exultant Rebel host into a humiliated, uncontrollable herd of uniformed fugitives; capturing all the enemy's guns, besides recapturing every gun of their own; camping in the old lines at night; finally scourging with the last terrible and irresistible besom of war the armies of rebellion forever from the fair Valley of the Shenandoah?

Such was the battle of Cedar Creek, in which our gallant Phil Sheridan won imperishable renown, and the Fourteenth Regiment bore a conspicuous and honorable part. And this is the way in which it happened: —

Wright had posted all the cavalry on the right of the army,

and there Sheridan did not much fear an attack. About the 16th Early secured an accurate sketch of the Union camps, and also re-established his observation and signal station on the end of Massanutten Mountain, overlooking the Union lines. According to Early's account, he was forced by lack of subsistence to fight, or fall back, — the work of destruction was telling on the situation; and so he determined to surprise Sheridan. He pretends to utter ignorance of Sheridan's absence, and that he gave orders on the morning of the attack to capture him if possible. The fact was, that the wily general knew exactly when Sheridan left for Winchester, but doubtless did not know exactly when he was to return. Probably he has, for eighteen years, wished that he had never come into possession of the latter bit of knowledge.

Early started a surprise-party which has furnished him food for astonishing reflections ever since. As soon as Sheridan left camp, the Rebel commander began his preparations; and it was a splendid piece of strategy, whoever originated it. The writer has been recently informed by ex-Rebel officers that the credit was not due to Early. Be that as it may, the strategy and the tactics were of a character which deserved success; and, had they triumphed, they would have formed, perhaps, the most brilliant achievement of the war.

Many reasons have been assigned for the failure of ultimate triumph by the Rebel army; while the most important factor, next to the arrival of Sheridan, has been overlooked.

The enemy left his trenches during the night of the 18th, advancing in four columns: Gordon, on the enemy's right, to attack in rear of our left; Kershaw, to attack Crook in front; Wharton, to form on Hupp's Hill for a front attack of the Nineteenth Corps; Rosser, to proceed by the back road, and attack the cavalry on our right. The impression that the Rebel surprise and attack was wholly made in rear of our left is erroneous. The first surprise was in front — of Crook's position. A second surprise followed when Gordon appeared in rear of the Union left.

It must be conceded that Early "took time by the forelock;"

but precisely what hold he had of "time" just before he let go entirely, twenty hours later, he has never informed us.

An intelligent study of the battle requires an appreciation of the distances involved in this remarkable piece of strategy. The distance from Sheridan's position on Cedar Creek to Early's on Fisher's Hill was five and one-third miles. The Union line from Crook on the left to Averill on the right extended three and three-fifths miles. From the breastworks of the Nineteenth Corps to the bridge where the pike crosses Cedar Creek was one thousand yards. Crook was one and one-sixth miles in advance of the left of the Nineteenth Corps, across the pike and extending almost a mile to the left of it; his second division being more than half a mile to the rear of this position, the first division only occupying the breastworks. Gordon marched nearly eight miles in reaching his position in our rear. When he was formed for the attack, he was one and one-sixth miles in the rear of the Nineteenth Corps and fifteen hundred yards to the left of the pike. Kershaw formed on this side of Cedar Creek, just above its mouth, eight hundred and forty yards in front of Crook's breastworks. Hupp's Hill, where Wharton began the attack with artillery upon the Nineteenth Corps, was across the deep ravine through which flowed Cedar Creek, a little over nine hundred yards distant. The Fourteenth, which was on the right of the Nineteenth Corps in the front line occupying the breastworks, was nine hundred yards to the right of the pike, and one thousand yards from the pike in the left rear where Gordon swept across it in his early onset. Just in the rear of the second division was the first division of the Nineteenth Corps, forming a second line but with no intrenchments. The right of the Nineteenth Corps extended nearly to the ravine through which ran Meadow Brook, six hundred yards to the right of the Fourteenth's position. Across that ravine, nine hundred yards distant, was the left of the Sixth Corps. In the Belle Grove Mansion, six hundred and seventy-five yards to the right rear of the Fourteenth Regiment's position, were the headquarters of Sheridan. Middletown was a little less than two miles from the position of the Nineteenth Corps.

Probably no army turned into its blankets with a more perfect feeling of security than that which possessed Sheridan's troops on the night of October 18. There was the perfect confidence that Early had been so gloriously whipped that he would never dare attack the Union force then in the Valley, and that his only purpose was to maintain a strong defensive.

It must be admitted that he "played it on the Yanks" that morning; but we always remember in that connection that "he laughs loudest who laughs last."

Let us now steal into the hostile camp, and follow their movements. The following is Early's account of the surprise, and, in the essential particulars, is perhaps as near accurate and truthful as Early was capable of being when writing the history of his defeats: —

"Gordon was directed to cross over into the bend of the river immediately after dark, and move to the foot of the mountain, where he would rest his troops, and move from there in time to cross the river again, and get in position at Cooley's house, in the enemy's rear, so as to make the attack at the designated hour; and he was instructed, in advancing to the attack, to move for a house on the west side of the valley pike called the 'Belle Grove House,' at which it was known that Sheridan's headquarters were located. Rosser was ordered to move before day, in time to attack at five o'clock next morning, and to endeavor to surprise the enemy's cavalry in camp. Kershaw and Wharton were ordered to move at one o'clock in the morning towards Strasburg, under my personal superintendence; and the artillery was ordered to concentrate where the pike passed through the lines at Fisher's Hill, and, at the hour appointed for the attack, to move at a gallop to Hupp's Hill, — the movement of the artillery being thus delayed for fear of attracting the attention of the enemy by the rumbling of the wheels over the macadamized road. Swords and canteens were directed to be left in camp, so as to make as little noise as possible. The division commanders were particularly admonished as to the necessity for promptness and energy in all their movements; and they were instructed to press the enemy with vigor after he was encountered, and to allow him no time to form, but to continue the pursuit until his forces should be completely routed. They were also admonished of the danger to be apprehended from a disposition to plunder the enemy's camps by their men, and they were enjoined to take every possible precaution against it

"At one o'clock on the morning of the 19th, Kershaw and Wharton moved, and I accompanied them. At Strasburg, Kershaw moved to the right on the road to Bowman's mill; and Wharton moved along the pike

to Hupp's Hill, with instructions not to display his forces, but avoid the enemy's notice until the attack began, when he was to move forward, support the artillery when it came up, and send a force to get possession of the bridge on the pike over the creek. I accompanied Kershaw's division, and we got in sight of the enemy's fires at half-past three o'clock. The moon was now shining, and we could see the camps. The division was halted under cover to await the arrival of the proper time; and I pointed out to Kershaw and the commander of his leading brigade the enemy's position, and described the nature of the ground, and directed them how the attack was to be made and followed up. Kershaw was directed to cross his division over the creek as quietly as possible, and to form it into column of brigades as he did so, and advance in that manner against the enemy's left breastwork, extending to the right or left as might be necessary. At half-past four he was ordered forward; and, a very short time after he started, the firing from Rosser on our left, and the picket-firing at the ford at which Gordon was crossing, were heard. Kershaw crossed the creek without molestation, and formed his division as directed; and precisely at five o'clock his leading brigade, with little opposition, swept over the enemy's left work, capturing seven guns, which were at once turned on the enemy. As soon as this attack was made, I rode as rapidly as possible to the position on Hupp's Hill to which Wharton and the artillery had been ordered. I found the artillery just arriving, and a very heavy fire of musketry was now heard in the enemy's rear from Gordon's column. Wharton had advanced his skirmishers to the creek, capturing some prisoners; but the enemy still held the works on our left of the pike, commanding that road and the bridge, and opened with his artillery on us. Our artillery was immediately brought into action, and opened on the enemy; but he soon evacuated his works, and our men from the other columns rushed into them. Just then the sun rose, and Wharton's division and the artillery were immediately ordered forward. I rode in advance of them across the creek, and met Gen. Gordon on the opposite hill. Kershaw's division had swept along the enemy's works on the right of the pike, which were occupied by Crook's corps; and he and Gordon had united at the pike, and their divisions had pushed across it in pursuit of the enemy. The rear division of Gordon's column (Pegram's) was crossing the river at the time Kershaw's attack was made; and Gen. Gordon moved rapidly to Cooley's house, formed his troops, and advanced against the enemy with his own division on the left, under Brig.-Gen. Evans, and Ramseur's on the right, with Pegram's in the rear supporting them. There had been a delay of an hour at the river before crossing it, either from a miscalculation of time in the dark, or because the cavalry which was to precede his column had not gotten up; and the delay thus caused, for which no blame is to be attached to Gen. Gordon, enabled the enemy partially to form his lines after the alarm produced by Kershaw's attack, and Gordon's attack, which was after light, *was therefore met with greater obstinacy*

by the enemy than it would otherwise have encountered, and *the fighting had been severe.* Gordon, however, pushed his attack with great energy; and the Nineteenth and Crook's corps were in complete rout, and their camps, with a number of pieces of artillery and a considerable quantity of small arms, abandoned."

Early's vigilance, while almost marvellous, was not perfect. Some suspicions were aroused, but none at all of his real intent. Some unusual movement of Rebel troops was observed, but evidently Gen. Wright was not in the slightest degree alarmed. Enough was seen of the Rebel stir to warrant a reconnoissance, and the second division of the Nineteenth was to be ready to move at four o'clock in the morning.

At a little after three o'clock on the morning of the battle, this division was quietly aroused; and the men cooked their coffee and had breakfast. At half-past four the Fourteenth was standing in line under arms behind the breastworks. Capt. Ripley had just sent an officer to brigade headquarters to report that the Fourteenth was in line ready to move, when a scattering volley of musketry was heard away to the left, and apparently somewhat to the rear, although it sounded far in the distance, yet quite distinct. To say it was a startling sound, is to feebly describe the effect upon the men. Still there was not the semblance of alarm. The first division was not awakened.

The attention of the men, for the moment diverted, was again concentrated upon the impending reconnoissance, and the excitement of the alarm was ceasing; when, within about ten minutes from the first shots, another alarm, unmistakable, portentous, prolonged, sounded out the prophecy of disaster.

The writer happened to be looking toward the left and front at the moment when Kershaw's brigades dashed over the breastworks into Crook's camp; and he saw the first musket-flashes as the Rebel advance fired into the tents of the sleeping men. Crook's second division had fifteen minutes' warning, and made a brief show of resistance.

Directly after the first volley there came, borne on the morning air, a faint Rebel yell; and we knew that Early's host was upon us. Then, at the point of attack, there ensued an ominous silence, and there was a long pause.

In the Nineteenth Corps all was alarm, but no confusion; certainly none in the second division. The men were all under arms; but no one knew what to do, and the battalions stood motionless and expectant. There was no fog, but daylight had not fully come. No enemy appeared in sight, and the presence of Gordon in our rear was not suspected.

The worst apprehension was, that Crook had been attacked. In about twenty minutes from the attack on Crook's camp, a battery of artillery opened upon the Nineteenth Corps from its front. It was Wharton on Hupp's Hill. Almost simultaneously our guns in the breastworks at the left of the Nineteenth Corps got to work as Early indicates.

We were in a battle, the fight was warming up; and yet the Nineteenth Corps could see no foe, and was unable to discover from what quarter to expect an attack.

Just then Gen. Birge and staff rode rapidly to the front, a little to the left of the Fourteenth; his errand being to discover an enemy, and to understand the situation. As he was riding up we saw one of Wharton's shells drop in the midst of his staff, almost under the general's horse, and explode. Strange it was that not an officer was killed by the explosion. There was then no development which would authorize our commander — Gen. Birge was in command of the division that morning — to make any special disposition of the troops.

The first division was up and in line. A fog was coming on. Then we heard a long volley in our rear, and a Rebel yell. The whole truth dawned upon us. We looked away across the pike in our rear, and there was a well-formed Rebel line advancing. We were squarely between two fires, artillery and musketry. The first division was formed facing to the rear as well as the confusion would permit. Capt. Fitts of the One Hundred and Fourteenth N. Y. thus describes the situation at that moment: —

"The humming of bullets grew more and more frequent. Quartermaster's and commissary's wagons were hurrying away; many of them, in the ignorance of their drivers, directly toward the pike, to be captured. Staff-officers of the corps and division were dashing hither and thither, vainly striving to effect a union of the disunited regiments against the solid

front of the enemy. There was a continuance of dropping shots, with occasionally a sharp volley; and an incessant stream of fugitives, with arms thrown away, rushed down past us from the pike, their faces expressing the wildest terror. The hills on the right were peopled with a mass of blue-coated troops; and toward the left, beyond the stone mansion which had been Sheridan's headquarters, a line of our soldiers stretched out of sight into the fog. Two or three guns were in position, sending their shells screeching across the pike. But, above all the clamor and roar of our fire, rose the tremendous volleys and the terrific yells of the Rebels as they bore down upon us, nearer and nearer, until their bullets showered into our ranks, and the victims fell thickly about us."

It was Gordon in our rear; while Kershaw had gained the pike to his left, and Wharton had crossed the creek over the pike bridge, and was also in line to sweep along the flank of the Nineteenth Corps.

Yet even then there was no confusion in the second division, save on the left. The Fourteenth stood quietly in line, being under the perfect control of its officers. The men were afraid, but manhood and discipline were quite equal to even that terrible occasion. Shells were coming over in front, although those guns soon ceased firing, and bullets began to drop from the rear. Gordon was reaching *us* with his muskets. The first division was fighting gallantly, although with a disordered formation, and the enemy met an obstinate resistance. Capt. Fitts says, —

"There was a fierce struggle over the crest of that hill, prolonged until the enemy's advance actually made prisoners from our left companies. A storm of balls swept the ground; and the blazing of muskets through the fog, with the mingling of shouts, cheers, and groans, united in the awful demonism of battle. The dead and wounded dropped thickly from our ranks, and scores crawled and limped to the rear, smitten sorely with the leaden tempest. And still we flaunted our flag toward the enemy, and kept up a vigorous file fire."

Col. Thomas's brigade of the first division had faced to the rear, and advanced across the pike to meet the enemy, and fought him there until completely overborne by weight of numbers.

The first division was melting away under the terrific onslaught, and the Fourteenth was under a heavy fire. It grew

so warm that Capt. Ripley ordered the regiment to the other side of the breastworks; and over the men scrambled, and lay down. But the fight waxed hotter and hotter: the Rebel line was so rapidly outflanking us that if the regiment remained it must be captured entire. Under orders the Fourteenth went back over the breastworks to confront the oncoming foe, but was immediately driven from the spot; and its formation was then lost as it retreated to the right.

Different officers attempted to rally the men, and form a line to contest the ground, and always, so far as the writer observed, with success. Blodgett of Company F was killed in the camp, and Hayes, of the same company, soon after. Several others fell near by.

The retreat of the regiment had proceeded but a few rods when Capt. Marston, who had just returned to the regiment, formed a line of all the men he could muster, facing to the left; and they remained until he was forced to order them back. "The Nineteenth Corps fought for an hour a stern, hopeless battle, against the crushing odds that were opposing it, till the dead and wounded were, in some regiments, as numerous as the living; retiring only when it became evident that further defence of that line was useless. As the regiments yielded the hills, and crossed the Run, the Rebel advance was within speaking distance."

But this resistance had told fearfully on even a victorious foe flushed with the elation of a great surprise. Every step the enemy gained, this side the pike, had been sharply contested and dearly won.

Through fog, dismay, and confusion, the Nineteenth Corps had fought as well as men could in the midst of such dire adversity, and had so crippled and broken the organization of the enemy that he was rendered incapable of finally pressing his advantage to permanent victory.

What of the Sixth Corps during all this hour and a half? for the Rebels on their left did not reach Meadow Brook, and press upon the position of the Sixth Corps, until between six and seven o'clock. Surgeon G. T. Stevens of the Seventy-seventh

N. Y has published a work entitled "Three Years in the Sixth Corps;" and, like other authors previously referred to, he has been led into serious, as well as amusing, errors through a reliance upon partial and imperfect data. In describing this battle he has mangled the facts as badly as many a tyro-surgeon mangled our poor boys on the amputating tables. This author tells us that some confusion toward the left aroused the members of the Sixth Corps; but they "turned over in their blankets, and went to sleep again." Soon after, flying and straggling members of the Eighth and Nineteenth Corps were observed pressing to the rear, and firing was heard; but the sight appeared fairly ludicrous to those Sixth-Corps fellows who "turned over and went to sleep again." The fact is, some portions of the Sixth Corps on that morning "turned over in their blankets" once too many times.

To us in the Nineteenth Corps, it seems that the right of our army had time, if it had been improved, to have formed a better line, and to have more firmly stemmed the tide on our new left, — i.e., on the pike south of Middletown, — than they actually did. This surgeon-author speaks of "the Nineteenth Corps, beaten and discouraged." It was not beaten; for it had not had a chance to fight, except by piecemeal, in lumps, in half-battalions, and fragments of brigades: it was simply swept away on flank and rear. It was not discouraged: the sneaks and cowards ran; but, in good pluck and without discouragement, the men rallied every time, at the word, whenever there was any spot or chance or order to rally

They were *mad* clear through, and quite bewildered; but the Nineteenth Corps was not discouraged. A discouraged army does not whip its victors on the same day Here are further effusions of the medical historian who was rolling in his blankets while the Nineteenth Corps was fighting a howling foe on three sides in the darkness and the fog. "The hope of the nation now rested upon the Sixth Corps. The officers of the Nineteenth were, with shouts and wild gesticulations, striving to collect their disordered commands, but with little success." The author demonstrates his ignorance of the battle of

Cedar Creek up to seven o'clock. Three times in the first half-mile of that dreadful retreat the writer was in a rallied line; and, so far as he could observe, every man — in the Fourteenth, certainly — obeyed orders, and stood in the frail line till the enemy, pressing round our left and outflanking us, compelled the officers to order an abandonment of the position.

Altogether too much has the Sixth Corps arrogated to itself the credit of doing the principal part of the fighting on that occasion. That Corps did well — after it got to doing any thing: it always fought splendidly; yet few of its members can be trusted to write history — of themselves.

Had the Nineteenth Corps not been dumped into that ravine; had there been one half-mile more of fighting ground for it before being crowded into Meadow Brook, the first formation of the Sixth Corps would never have been pushed back a rod. As it was, the Nineteenth Corps, surprised, bewildered, overwhelmed, worried the Egyptian pursuing host so sorely that "their chariot-wheels drave heavily."

Let us further consider the condition of the Fourteenth before it was entirely driven from the position it held in the beginning, behind the breastworks south of Meadow Brook. Not twenty rods from its camp a portion of it was halted, as we have seen, by Capt. Marston, who acted with great coolness. In retreating, most of the fugitives made for the pike, or Sheridan's headquarters, in order to retreat with most celerity, and also to avoid the ravine of Meadow Brook. Some bore to the left toward Cedar Creek, and crossed the Run farther down. Color-Sergt. Howard pursued this course, accompanied only by one of his guard.

The State color-bearer, from some cause, abandoned his flag in the brush near the Run, where it was afterward found.

The sun was rising: the Fourteenth had not left its place at the breastworks, but had stood helpless, exposed, yet in unbroken line, until the artillery was captured on the very left of our own brigade: but now it was forced across the Run, and, as the colors went up on one side, the Rebels occupied the crest of the other; and it was hot work there.

Most of the regiment had borne farther toward headquarters, in retreating; but just beyond the Run, on the high ground, near some stacks of grain and piles of rails, Capt. Ripley rallied a good squad of the Fourteenth round its colors, and for ten minutes a smart fire was maintained; but the ground became untenable, and the men were ordered to fall back.

Sergt. Howard did not start back at once, and his single guard stuck by him. When he did go, there was nothing nearer to the enemy than the colors of the Fourteenth.

It was a bright target, and the balls were sent in very lively. One of them disabled the color-guard, passing through his shoulder.

"They've got me, Charley!"

"Have they got you bad?"

"No, I guess not."

"Come along, then!" and he never slackened his pace. It was no time for sentiment or sympathy.

"'By the gods, this is terrible, awful!' an officer near me exclaimed. 'Driven from our camps, beaten, dispersed, — I can hardly realize it. We shall be at Harper's Ferry before night.'

"And, in truth, it seemed much like it. Even the brigades which pretended to maintain an organization were setting back to the rear as steadily as an ebb-tide; while the host of stragglers, an army by themselves, continually increased. Occasionally I heard the sharp tones of some general or field-officer, using language like this: —

"'Halt, men: face about and make a stand!'

"'By ——, this is dreadful! Do you mean to be whipped so soon? — *you*, the victors of Winchester and Fisher's Hill!'

"'Give it to them!'

"'Fire by file: fire!'

"The clattering of musket-shots would succeed, as a portion of the wavering line vainly essayed to hold its ground; and then, as the regiment found itself alone, exposed to the devouring shot and shell from the front, and the clouds of bullets steadily pouring in from the left, where Kershaw pressed forward his victorious columns, it was compelled to yield again and again."

Near the point where Capt. Ripley rallied a line as above mentioned, he was captured; and, although he was exchanged soon afterward, he never served again in the regiment.

Less than a third of a mile back from the Run, and near the camp of the Sixth Corps, another halt was made; and the only colors in the first brigade were those of the Fourteenth.

General Birge gave the order to "rally on the colors of the Fourteenth!"

While holding this position, a large number of the Fourteenth were wounded. But again and again the enemy, over-lapping our flank, made every position taken a useless one.

Early held the key to the position, — the pike, — and the Union army must retreat far enough to shake off that grip.

Farther back there were woods. The army could not stop short of them. The Sixth Corps did its best; and Early admits that our position on a ridge west of Middletown — Cemetery Hill — was so strong that "Wharton's division was driven back in confusion" from an attack.

It seemed a critical time for the enemy; but the Rebel Col. Carter concentrated eighteen or twenty guns on the Union position, which enabled the Rebel infantry again to advance.

We do not credit the statements that the advance of Early was seriously hindered by the plundering propensities of his troops. There is evidence that not Union stores, but Union fighting, impeded the Rebel hero's march to triumph; although he did ride through the captured Union camps, swinging his hat in a frenzy of joy.

After the capture of Capt. Ripley, Capt. Marston took command of the Fourteenth.

The position held by the first brigade, when it rallied on the colors of the Fourteenth, was fifteen hundred yards from the camp; while, at nine o'clock, the second division of the Nineteenth Corps had retreated two and three-quarters miles, with the first division one-quarter of a mile still farther back. The relative corps positions were reversed, the Nineteenth being on the right as it faced the enemy.

For some reason Gen. Wright ordered the Nineteenth Corps

still farther back: in fact, after nine o'clock the retreat of the Nineteenth Corps was in obedience to orders, and not because it was at all pressed by the enemy; although there was considerable sharp firing until nearly eleven o'clock. There seems to be no good reason for the retirement of the Nineteenth so far.

The Sixth Corps at nine o'clock was well posted, and repulsed the enemy as we have seen; occupying the heights one thousand yards north-west of Middletown, and one and three-quarters miles from the camps of the Nineteenth Corps.

It was somewhat after eleven o'clock that Sheridan arrived on the field.

The army was ignorant of his absence, and the announcement of his return had a double effect: it explained the disaster, and inspired the troops with unbounded enthusiasm.

The men then knew that Little Phil had nothing to do with the disaster, and they believed that his presence would have entirely averted it.

The Nineteenth Corps continued its retreat until noon; and then, by order of Gen. Sheridan, the column was halted, and it moved back not another rod.

The Fourteenth Regiment had retreated almost exactly four miles, and was then one and three-quarters miles from the Winchester pike, and two and a half miles north of Middletown. Here the men rested for nearly an hour; when an advance was ordered to complete the formation of the new line of battle, the Sixth Corps not having fallen back so far.

The Nineteenth advanced in two lines, Grover's division in front, and moved toward the enemy four-fifths of a mile, working considerably to the left in the movement; the left guiding on the back road to Winchester, and which there ran north and south. This line was held from one o'clock to four, the first division being deployed, and holding the right of the line; the second division on its left, about one and one-third mile from the pike; the Sixth Corps extending to the pike; while Crook was left of the pike, and half a mile to the rear. Custer was one-half mile to the right of the Nineteenth, and other bodies of our cavalry were posted on the left.

The enemy's front line was within one thousand yards of Sheridan's new line, and remained so until four o'clock; while the Rebel batteries were strongly posted in an apple-orchard and at other points in the northern portion of the village of Middletown.

It is impossible to depict the wild enthusiasm aroused by Sheridan's appearance. We had passed the dread stage of Clan Alpine's lament, —

> "Where, where was Roderick then?
> One blast upon his bugle-horn
> Were worth a thousand men."

Our Roderick was there: his personal power was greater than that of the proudest chieftain of a Scottish clan, and his words of cheer and grandeur of command were worth *ten* thousand men on the field of Cedar Creek. He rode along the line: tempests of applause proved his presence, and throughout the Union lines the Rebel success was an eliminated factor in the problem of the day

Imagination is inadequate to picture the strange, the dramatic situation of the two armies from one to four o'clock. Nor did the living actors in the wondrous drama realize it much more than the civilian reader of this story. Indeed, it had ceased to be a drama or a battle in the Union lines for the hour; and the tired men lay down, ate, rested, chatted, knowing that the tug of war was in the stretch of daylight yet remaining, and over the broken country so recently and so disastrously traversed: yet no trouble was borrowed out of the next hour to disturb the serenity of the present.

The victors had probably not conceived of themselves as the worst-vanquished host of the whole war; nor did the beaten troops, driven like sheep in the morning, consider themselves as the heroic champions of a field magnificent both as a disaster and a triumph.

There was nothing of bravado in this indifference of the Union soldier: it was simply a cool realization of the peril, and a manly acceptance of it as something unavoidable.

A further Rebel advance was expected, and it was anticipated as likely to be very determined. The enemy had kept up an uninterrupted artillery fire, and soon after two o'clock Early's infantry line advanced. The first division only slightly felt the onset, but Grover's division was more fiercely assailed, and took the brunt of the attack. Early gives this account of the attempted advance: —

"After he was driven from his second position, the enemy had taken a new position about two miles north of Middletown; and as soon as I had regulated matters on the right, so as to prevent his cavalry from getting in rear of that flank, I rode to the left for the purpose of ordering an advance. I found Ramseur and Kershaw in line with Pegram, but Gordon had not come up. In a short time, however, I found him coming up from the rear; and I ordered him to take position on Kershaw's left, and advance for the purpose of driving the enemy from his new position; Kershaw and Ramseur being ordered to advance at the same time. As the enemy's cavalry on our left was very strong, and had the benefit of an open country to the rear of that flank, a repulse at this time would have been disastrous; and I therefore directed Gen. Gordon, if he found the enemy's line too strong to attack with success, not to make the assault. The advance was made for some distance, when Gordon's skirmishers came back reporting a line of battle in front behind breastworks, and Gen. Gordon did not make the attack. It was now apparent that it would not do to press my troops further."

He did make the attack, or attempted to make it, and was repulsed by Grover's division.

It was while lying down here that Otis P Kreatzer of Company B lifted his head a trifle above the temporary breastworks, when he was killed by a cannon-ball. He was not touched by the shot, the concussion proving fatal.

Sheridan took plenty of time to get ready. At four o'clock his mill was all ready; and the grist which Early had brought so early in the day, although a little late in getting into the Union hopper, was to be ground "exceeding fine."

An aide of Gen. Sheridan rode up; and then the order ran along the line, "Forward the Nineteenth Corps!" "Forward second division!" "Forward Fourteenth New Hampshire!"

Here again the Nineteenth Corps was to take the brunt of the conflict; and the second division was in the very hottest of the

terrible storm of shot, shell, and bullets. Major Gould, in his history of the Twenty-ninth Me., naturally claims for his brigade — the first of the first division — the chief glory in this decisive advance. This author, while more candid and accurate than most others, has not done justice to Grover's division nor to Birge s brigade.

The Eighth Vt. and One Hundred and Fifty-third N. Y., who were posted to the right of the first brigade, first division, suffered perhaps more than the second division troops: but Birge's brigade, in the face of a withering fire, while recoiling for a moment, fully kept up its portion of the advancing line; and when our gallant Color-Sergt. Howard waved his flag, and started toward the stone wall behind which frowned the Rebel line, the Fourteenth gathered itself, and, with the irresistible impetuosity which it showed at Opequan, it swept on, never again to hesitate.

There was a shrinking, a hesitancy, when the Union advance met the stubborn Rebel resistance.

It was a critical moment; but the Nineteenth Corps put into the concrete of success the plan and expectation of its master, Sheridan. Previous to the onward movement, the available force was considerably augmented by the return to the ranks of many who had been exceedingly intent upon going to the rear after the surprise of the morning. Major Gould, in the volume previously referred to, makes an ingenious calculation, from which he concludes that Sheridan had but six thousand infantry actually in line when he reversed the fortunes of the day.

It is a popular delusion that the cavalry initiated the rout of the enemy. The cavalry only finished a job which the infantry alone had begun.

The temporary confusion on the right of the line was caused by the Rebel left overlapping the Union right, so that Evans's brigade — the same which Birge's brigade and the Fourteenth encountered at Opequan — turned our flank; but McMillan s brigade of the first division wheeled to the right, and by a brilliant counter-charge cut off the Rebel brigade from the rest of

the enemy's line, and sent it scampering away across Cedar Creek to our right, broken and useless.

Early attributes the loss of the day to this rout of Evans's brigade, as the rest of Gordon's men ran when they saw the fate of their comrades; but it is not so. The divisions of Gordon, Kershaw, and Ramseur were splendidly fought by the Nineteenth Corps; and it was only after a most stubborn resistance that the enemy was forced from behind its stone-wall intrenchments.

To the left of the Nineteenth Corps were Rickett's, Wheaton's, and Getty's third, first, and second divisions of the Sixth Corps in the order named. Their advance was later and not so rapid, as the Rebel positions in the orchards and behind the walls at the northern edge of Middletown were well defended to the last possible moment by Pegram and Wharton.

On the Rebel left, Ramseur was mortally wounded while temporarily checking the Union advance, west of Middletown, with some of his troops who were not panic-stricken.

At this stage of the battle Custer charged with his whole division of cavalry, the infantry having first turned the tide of conflict. Pegram and Wharton abandoned Middletown. Every thing on legs was getting into a dead run; and both armies were full bent toward the pike crossing of Cedar Creek, neither Sheridan's nor Early's troops much regarding order: the one in a gallop of fun and boundless hilarity; the other panic-stricken, scattered, "thrashed out of their boots," and covered with the shame of a most humiliating contrast between the boasts of the morning and the ruin of the evening.

For three miles, or to their old camps, the infantry of the Nineteenth Corps pursued the enemy; while the cavalry was the great agency in finishing the work, running the enemy away into the night, and constantly bringing in rich trophies of the victory.

The Rebel infantry, cavalry, artillery, ammunition and baggage wagons, ambulances, and what of the Union camp valuables they had succeeded in making off with, were tangled in an indescribable jam at the Cedar-Creek crossing; and it was there

that the great Union harvest was gathered in, although property and prisoners were taken all along to Fisher's Hill.

In the last part of the afternoon there was some confusion of mind among the artillerists of the Sixth Corps; as they fired several rounds into their own comrades of the Nineteenth, mistaking them for the enemy.

During the final charge Sheridan was mounted on a small gray horse, and wore a private's overcoat as he rode from point to point, exhorting his men to press the foe, and not succumb to the withering fire.

That was an anxious moment for Little Phil, and magnificently did the men respond to his appeals.

We believe that not another man in America could have got that victory out of that army. The men did noble work, and they knew that Sheridan was organizing and directing them splendidly.

In the last charge, in the last moments of Rebel resistance, Sergt.-Major J. Henry Jenks was killed, — the last man who fell in battle in the Fourteenth.

There has been no attempt in this volume to mete out the praise so justly due to a great number of the Fourteenth; but there is one man, modest, but brave and true as any man could be, whom we cannot neglect to mention. Among all the proud memories of that day at Cedar Creek, let the heroism of Charles G. Howard, the gallant color-bearer of the regiment, be ever cherished by his companions in arms. He contributed largely to the glory of the day, and his bravery was conspicuous at a critical moment in the field.

The part which the Fourteenth bore in the battle is perhaps best shown by the official report of the killed and wounded.

This regiment lost more men in killed than any other regiment in the brigade, and nearly twice as many as any other except the Twelfth Me. In wounded, the Fourteenth lost more than any other regiment; nearly three times as many as any other save the Fourteenth Me., and more than one-third of all the wounded in the brigade of six regiments. There were but eighteen members of the regiment missing that night, a fact which speaks emphatically for its discipline.

"Cozzens," the character of the regiment, the butt of the whole line, the hero of one of the most remarkable military funerals on record, — let Cozzens not be forgotten in the annals of Cedar Creek. He redeemed himself. When the fire was hottest, when the fortunes of the day trembled in the balance, Cozzens was sent to supply the skirmish-line with ammunition. Coolly, bravely, faithfully, did he perform his whole duty; and on that field he filled the uniform of a soldier and a man.

The Fourteenth slept in its old camp that night. Sheridan had grandly kept his word.

The first division went on picket beyond Strasburg. During the night the wounded suffered fearfully, and the Rebel citizens engaged in shameful plundering.

Even the Rebel women, living in the vicinity, wandered over the field, robbing the helpless Union soldiers; in several cases going so far as to strip from the groaning victims their trowsers and drawers. The atrocities of that night were worthy of Arabi Pacha.

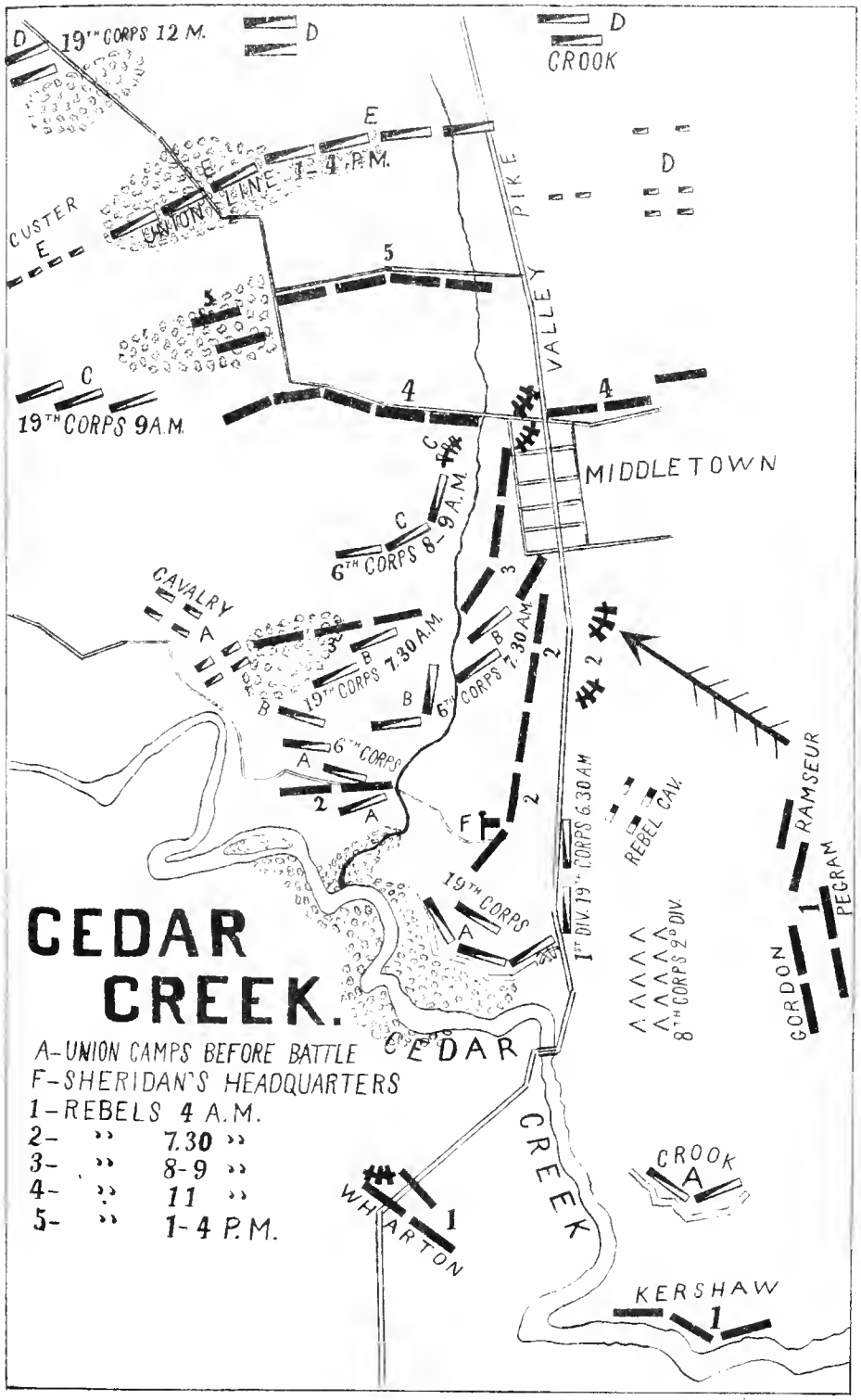
The next morning there were parked, in front of Sheridan's headquarters, fifty cannon which were captured after five o'clock on the evening of the battle. The boys thronged up to inspect the booty.

Unparalleled transformation! The Union army rested on its peculiar yet magnificent laurels, and wondered long and exulted over the whole serio-comic drama.

Early thus sums up, in his unique fashion, the situation on his side: —

"This was the case of a glorious victory given up by my own troops after they had won it; and it is to be accounted for on the ground of the partial demoralization caused by the plunder of the enemy's camps, and from the fact that the men undertook to judge for themselves when it was proper to retire. Had they but waited, the mischief on the left would have been remedied. I have never been able to satisfy myself that the enemy's attack in the afternoon was not a demonstration to cover his retreat during the night. It certainly was not a vigorous one."

Silence is the fitting comment upon such arrant nonsense.



HELIOTYPE PTG CO. BOSTON

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

The following sketch of the battle was written by Lieut. M. M. Holmes, of Company H.

The regiment was partly in line, just at the dawn of that hazy Indian-summer day, when on the extreme left, in front of Crook's corps, was heard the ominous rattle of musketry, sharp and distinct at first, and increasing in force and volume until it became a continuous roar, mingled soon with the booming of cannon. Our division was in two lines; our brigade was in the front line, on a ridge facing, and at some little distance from, Cedar Creek. Our breastworks (that is, in front of the Fourteenth Regiment) were on the slope of this ridge fronting Cedar Creek; so that the company quarters were on a little higher ground, and the tents of the field and staff were on the top of the ridge, which then sloped to a small ravine or depression, rising to another little ridge a half-mile or so beyond, on which lay the second brigade, forming the second line. We were ordered to lie in our intrenchments to repel an expected attack in front. The Eighth Corps, completely surprised, was driven from its position in confusion, and was forced to the right upon the Nineteenth Corps. Our second brigade changed front, and offered a most stubborn and determined resistance to the Rebel advance. The battery at the left of our brigade was captured, and soon — probably an hour after the first volley — the bullets came whistling over our heads from the rear and left rear. On account of the ridge before referred to, but little damage was done; though the boys had to hug the breastworks, or rather lie in the ditch behind them, pretty closely. We lay in the intrenchments until we were completely flanked in the rear, and the regimental headquarters captured; when the order was given to retreat by the right flank, which was done in good order, though the Rebel flank was abreast of, and less than a dozen rods from us. The Rebel line halted at a sutler's tent (which was newly supplied the night before), and even the color-bearers went in to help clean it out. That was one case,

certainly, where the sutler was of great benefit. Capt. Ripley tried to rally the regiment at some lateral breastworks on the right of our brigade; but the Rebels were pressing too closely, and no effectual stand was made until we came to some breastworks on the ridge, next to the ravine by the mill. Here a halt was made, and the Rebel advance stopped; but in the mean time the second brigade had been crushed, and the Rebels again overlapped our flank, when Capt. Ripley gave the order to retreat and form on the next ridge.

The ravine into which we then retreated was heavily wooded, or, perhaps more properly, was full of small trees and underbrush; and the regiment got badly scattered. It was here, or at the mill beyond, that Ripley and many others were captured. Some went to the right of the mill, and some to the left, and some tried to make a stand at the mill. This was about eight o'clock. The next stand was made on a ridge some distance in the rear, — that is, by the colors and a part of the regiment. The remainder were scattered, and many fought in other parts of the line. The color-bearers were Charles G. Howard of Company F, and Charles F Heath of Company H. They never flinched under the hottest fire, and deserve special mention. Here we fought nearly an hour. The Rebels were on the ridge beyond, and kept firing all the time, but made no attempt to charge. Here many were wounded, but none killed. It was a good place in which to test a man's courage; for we were on the slope of the ridge facing the Rebels, and without any protection whatever.

Here occurred an incident which is as vivid to me now as then. Corpl. Amos C. Bailey of Company H, as brave a man as ever wore the blue, during the hottest of the fire was on one knee loading his gun. I was standing two or three steps behind him. A Minié-ball struck him in the left shoulder. He turned to me as coolly as though nothing had happened, and, pointing to the hole in his shoulder, said, "See that!" I said, "Bailey, you'd better go to the rear;" but he replied, "I guess I can fire a while longer." But he soon lost the use of his arm, and started for the rear, taking his gun with him. He has suffered

a dozen deaths from the wound, and been insane much of the time, but, I understand, is better now.

Sergt. Parker was sent to report the exposed condition of a portion of the Fourteenth Regiment, and found Gen. Birge, hatless, sitting on an army-mule without a bridle. Saluting his superior officer, the sergeant said, "Lieut. Holmes of the Fourteenth New Hampshire sends his compliments, and says the men are nearly out of ammunition, and the Rebels are flanking on the left." Gen. Birge replied that he would see to it; but we were soon outflanked, and obliged to retreat, which we did in good order. The next stand was made some distance in the rear, where we were joined by others of the regiment. We were under fire most of the time till about eleven o'clock; but the firing was at long range, and the Rebels did not press us very hard. They were too much occupied in gutting the sutlers' tents and pillaging the camps.

There were several things that helped to "save the day" at Cedar Creek. The brilliant victory of the afternoon was due to Sheridan and the valor of the troops. But if Early had pursued his victory of the morning with the same vigor that he started with, nothing could have saved the army. The first obstacle the Rebels met was our second brigade; and its determined resistance gave our own brigade a chance to retreat, and the first division and the Sixth Corps time to form. But another important factor was the sutlers. The night before, a long train of sutlers' wagons arrived. The Rebel line halted at the sutlers' tents, and it did not advance till the goods were cleaned out. Thus from a little after nine o'clock till one, the Rebels devoted more energy to pillaging the camps than to following up their victory; giving Sheridan time to re-form the lines, and repel their charge in the afternoon.

So far as friends have responded to the author's invitation, we present obituary notices of the killed and mortally wounded. As in the list of the killed at Opequan, so here, there are many

who are not mentioned. For this incompleteness neither the author, nor the committee as a whole, can be held responsible. In the case of some whose names do appear, more extended notices would have been given had the facts been supplied.

CORPL. C. A. PEELER.

Charles A. Peeler was born in Vernon, Vt., February 17, 1839, and lived there until the summer of 1861; when he married Miss Laura B. Smith, and removed to Hinsdale. He was there employed in the woollen-mill until his enlistment, August 14, 1862, in Company A. July 1, 1864, he was promoted to a corporalcy. Being mortally wounded, he died at Newtown, Va., October 22, and was there buried. He left no children. His widow remarried, and is now the wife of Mr. Charles Dickerman.

CORPL. L. D. LEARNED.

Lewis D. Learned was born in Dublin, September 11, 1841. He was a farmer, and resided in his native town at the time of his enlistment as a private in Company G, at the age of twenty-one. He was promoted to corporal, October 1, 1864. His death was caused by a Minié-ball passing through the left breast. He was unmarried, and is buried in Dublin. A few months after Corporal Learned's death, a sister residing in Dublin received a letter containing her own picture, which a Rebel prisoner had taken from the body of young Learned just after the battle.

CORPL. T. A. HAWKINS.

Thomas A. Hawkins was born in Conway, February 10, 1836. He was by occupation a farmer, unmarried, and resided in Dummer, N.H. A young man of good habits, always prompt and faithful in the performance of his duties as a soldier, he won and retained the respect and confidence of those who knew him. He enlisted in Company E; and was promoted to the rank of corporal, February 27, 1864. He was shot through the head, his body rifled of a large sum of money and a valuable

watch, and left on the spot where he had fallen. He was buried in Winchester.

CORPL. S. P. HOLT.

Samuel P Holt was born in Wilton, September 9, 1844, and was brought up as a farmer, assisting his father in Dublin, and getting his education in the schools of Wilton, Pepperell, and Dublin. He was one of the youngest members of Company A; was appointed corporal, July 1, 1864; and died from wounds in Newton Hospital, Winchester, October 24. Corpl. Holt was unmarried. He was buried in Winchester.

C. A. CARTER.

Charles A. Carter, son of Luke and Lucy M. Carter, was born in Jaffrey, January 6, 1843. He was one of a family of eight children, four of whom are now living. Charles Carter was a farmer and mechanic, previous to his enlistment in Company G. He was not married. He was killed by a bullet striking him on the temple, and was buried on the field.

Below appear some of the congratulatory despatches, etc., which followed this brilliant and overwhelming victory. The following letter to Sheridan was sent by President Lincoln: —

"With great pleasure I tender to you and your brave army the thanks of the nation, and my own personal admiration and gratitude, for the month's operations in the Shenandoah Valley, and especially for the splendid work of October 19, 1864."

The following despatch was sent from Grant to Stanton: —

"I had a salute of one hundred guns, from each of the armies here, fired in honor of Sheridan's last victory. Turning what had bid fair to be a disaster into glorious victory stamps Sheridan, what I have always thought him, one of the ablest of generals."

From Sherman to Halleck: —

"We have heard of Gen. Sheridan's victory at Cedar Creek. We can't

afford to burn gunpowder; but our men can make up in yelling, which is just as good."

The following is a joint resolution of the Senate and House of Representatives: —

"*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled*, That the thanks of Congress are hereby tendered to Major-Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, and to the officers and men under his command, for the gallantry, military skill, and courage displayed in the brilliant series of victories achieved by them in the Valley of the Shenandoah, and especially for their services at Cedar Run on the nineteenth day of October, eighteen hundred and sixty-four, which retrieved the fortunes of the day and thus averted a great disaster.

"*And be it further resolved*, That the President of the United States be, and hereby is, requested to communicate this resolution to Major-Gen. Sheridan, and through him to the officers and soldiers under his command."

No account of Cedar Creek would be complete without that famous versification of T. Buchanan Read upon the most conspicuous act of the strange drama: —

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight.

As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed:
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed, and the heart of the master,
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls:
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire:
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops.
What was done? what to do? A glance told him both,
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester, down to save the day!"

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky, —
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame, —
There, with the glorious general's name,

Be it said, in letters both bold and bright,
"Here is the steed that saved the day,
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester, twenty miles away!"

MUSIC IN THE ARMY

The healthy soldier, when at leisure, turned instinctively to his song. In his *répertoire* were to be found martial, patriotic, sentimental, and lighter music. The drum-corps was limited strictly to the first class mentioned. The band, with every available voice in the regiment, formed the orchestra and grand chorus for the rendition of nearly every variety. A curious comparison might be drawn between the songs of a standing monarchical army and those of the volunteer forces of a republic in a war like that of the Great Rebellion. Surely from our boys in blue there was heard the grandest outburst of strains tender and strong, loyal to country and home, that ever swelled on the breeze of any campaign or conflict.

A comprehensive treatment of this topic, in its relation to the Civil War, would, of itself, fill a large and entertaining volume. The bugle-call at reveille, on the skirmish-line, or guiding the brilliant evolutions of squadron and battery, is still echoing in veteran ears throughout the North. The airs of cornet and fife linger still about many a farm, shop, store, and office, welcome reminiscences of times and experiences never to be forgotten.

In subordinate military music the different "calls" formed an important and perpetual element. Doubtless the disgruntled or worn-out soldier would question the rapturous melody of the tantalizing drum sounding the call for another detail to appear in front of the adjutant's quarters. But in spite of all unpleasant suggestions, it was true that much of the genuine romance of camp-life was associated with the routine "calls." There are no more exhilarating bounds from the rest of night into the duties of day, no finer inspiration thrilling the entire nervous system of a vigorous man, than the first burst, crash, and roll of reveille when a crack drum-corps with melodious shrill fife rallies upon the color-line, and rouses an entire regiment as by

an electrical shock. On a bright morning, or in the midst of storm and bluster, nothing so fittingly ushers in the day and stirs to activity as the reveille in a military camp. It is incomparably better than five glasses at Congress Spa before breakfast. The effect is intensified when, in a great army stretching out for miles, a single bugle-note gives the signal, and then, as by magic, from every direction break out and roll on in one mass of accelerating sound the roll of drums, the screech of fifes, and the blare of artillery and cavalry bugles. Where is the human being who can compete with an accomplished trumpeter in waking the music out of a crisp morning atmosphere?

The breakfast-call, thirty minutes later, was more suggestive of slab bacon than of æstheticism; but the accompaniment of tin plates, quart cups, and iron spoons was perfectly attuned to the stomach's sentiment. Then at eight-thirty came the sick-call; and the mournful, ludicrous procession gathered from each company converged at the surgeon's quarters. There was seen the faithful soldier who had fought off disease, and stood at his post until nature, in a good physique, had quite succumbed. Had his comrades but known that the final collapse was near at hand, that their beloved fellow-soldier was marching out of the company street for the last time, that sick-call would have sounded as a dirge, and tender would have been the greetings as he went to hospital and death. Beside him fell in the man who was not sick but discouraged. Next to him was the tricky fellow who simply wanted a furlough, and intended to "play off" just enough to secure it.

But in that procession were always to be found the chronic "dead-beats," — the most contemptible vermin that ever infested our grand army; the worst rubbish that could encumber ambulance, hospital, or barracks. They deliberately cheated the government, the cause, and everybody concerned. They were selfish animals, lazy scamps, and arrant cowards. They shifted every burden of duty on to their overworked comrades, and day after day limped to the tune of the surgeon's call, posing shamelessly before a whole camp in a transparent sham, stripping themselves to an unconscionable littleness in order to

get home at any price, there to perpetuate the sham in order to defraud the government out of a pension, or perhaps to get well marvellously, and perpetrate a second and even a third round of deception and rascality in another regiment. And this was done by men who pretended to something of respectability at home. Rheumatism was the favorite dodge; and the victims became not too helpless, but just helpless enough. The surgeons well knew they were shamming, but it was difficult to demonstrate the fact; and finally a discharge was granted, simply to abate a nuisance. There was a great deal of peculiar music in the surgeon's call.

The calls and marches accompanying guard-mounting at nine o'clock recur to the veteran's mind suggestive of a pleasant parade. A good drummer had the fullest opportunity for displaying his skill while playing the detail to the guard-house, when the band had ceased its escort, the review before the officer of the day being passed, and the parade dismissed. There, too, the dummy musician — who enlisted for a drummer, but who never would know a roll from a drag if he rattled the sticks to all eternity — on those occasions passed a good examination for promotion to the ranks.

Limiting this treatise, for the moment, to the Fourteenth Regiment, does not that wonderful drumming at the dinner-call touch a tender chord of memory?

We recall the pleasant face of our favorite old drummer, Sanborn, beating the long roll as no one else could beat it, his arms playing all about him like forked lightning, his drumsticks rattling down upon the doomed head like half a dozen magnificent hailstorms, each combination of sounds welling up and flying off like distinct peals of thunder with no room for reverberation between the claps. That genial old drummer, gone to his rest, never dreamed of the stir he made in the bosoms of his comrades. His dinner-call is sounding still.

Every call, march, and air of drum-corps and band entered into the very life of a regiment, and was valued beyond the power of a civilian to appreciate. The evening calls of supper, tattoo, and taps, were full of music and meaning, and each

breathed forth its own suggestions. A military camp at the hour of tattoo was a study; games, letter-writing, reading, mending, lounging on bunks, story-telling, pondering on objects far away but near to the soldier's heart — these were intruded upon by the ra-a-a-at-tat-tat-tat of the drum-major, in his preliminary flourish, as he initiated the stereotyped measures of the bed-time concert. A little imagination reproduces the circumstances, the familiar faces, all the accessories and incidents, even to the oddities, hilarity, and banter which relieved the sober tedium of camp monotony, and the painful strain of exposure and danger. The tattoo-calls seemed to wake a thousand memories, only to soothe and lull to rest. It was a master-spirit that invented tattoo.

But taps were hopelessly incongruous. They were always either too late or too early. If the sergeant of the guard, who perambulated every company street immediately after taps, commanding "Lights out!" would but gather up the comments which were occasionally hurled after him, he could present the public with a most remarkable and startling collection of ejaculatory literature. It often occurred that said executor of taps-law was not more than three tents away before candles were lighted again, and penny-ante progressed, necessitating another tour of the camp by the irate sergeant. And something else sometimes happened, for the audacious gamester exchanged his fun for a night in the guard-house.

The acme of musical demonstration was reached in the dress-parade, and it was never determined whether a crack drum-corps or a fine band appeared to best advantage on those occasions. For martial music, purely, a drum-corps stands, *par excellence*, unrivalled; while a band possesses obvious advantages, and constantly tends to promote the *morale*, strengthening the discipline and elevating the sentiment of the organization. One thing was observed: no regiment with a band maintained a first-rate drum-corps. It could not be expected of any command in active service. The Fourteenth New Hampshire was one of the few regiments in the army, which, through all the vicissitudes of an arduous campaign, through swift marches,

rapid retreats, and great battles, still maintained a good band to play the jaunty column into its day's march, and the wearied files into the welcome camp at night.

Deviating, through this one paragraph, from the general character of this chapter, it may be well to give some facts concerning the band of the Fourteenth Regiment. It was organized October 16, 1862, just previous to the departure of the regiment for the seat of war. The largest number which the band ever mustered was twenty-one, seven of them coming from one company, G. Some of the members enlisted with the express understanding that they were to be detailed as band-musicians; but there was no band enlisted as such. George A. Day of Company F was engaged to organize the band, remuneration to be guaranteed him out of the regimental funds. George W Hodgdon of Company D was the first leader, and held that position until his discharge in June, 1863; when Mr. Day was appointed to succeed him, but did not assume direction because of absence on account of sickness. Mr. W H. Bolster, a non-enlisted man from Keene, was hired to conduct the band; and he remained its leader until July, 1864, when he left the regiment on its arrival at Fortress Monroe from Louisiana. While in New Orleans, a French-citizen musician, James Maurepas, was hired by the regiment; and he served faithfully during the remainder of the war, coming home to Concord with the band, and then returning to Louisiana. The band of the Fourteenth was highly prized, and its members faithfully performed their every duty. In battle they did brave and efficient work in succoring the wounded. Five of the original members, who attended the first rehearsal in the woods at Concord, served at their posts throughout the war, and played in the State-House yard the night after the regiment's final discharge. Their names are George A. Day, Morton M. Smith, Frank T. Moffitt, Nahum Mower, and Thomas Mower.

Up to the time of the Civil War it was a popular notion that armies marched to battle inspired by the patriotic strains of bands, and the martial airs of fife and drum. So far as modern warfare is concerned, this is a pure illusion. Musicians of every

name certainly were found on the battle-fields of the Union; but with the exception of buglers, and those were rare, they were present, not carrying instruments of music, but bearing stretchers, etc., with which to assist the wounded. The exceptions to this statement were few. A military band was a real sanitary auxiliary. Men in the hospital were invigorated by the airs they had come to love as they did a hymn-tune of their boyhood; while all who had the "blues," or were in the first stages of disease, were revived and strengthened.

The Fourteenth Regiment will not forget the burial of Gen. Plummer at Washington in 1863, when all day under arms in the extreme heat, marching five miles in slow time with arms reversed, and no refreshment, the return march to camp, after dark, was made in a drenching thunder-shower. The battalion was never in a sorrier plight than on that dismal night at nine o'clock, when it filed out from Pennsylvania Avenue up Seventh Street, with a mile and a half more of wearisome tramp into camp. There was hardly a semblance of files or formation. Sand and water disputed with the men's feet for the occupancy of their government brogans, and it was pitch dark. Suddenly, without notice, the regimental band, which had not paraded, and had come down to meet the regiment, wheeled into the head of the column and struck up the most popular piece in their *répertoire*. To say that the instantaneous effect was magical, would be a piece of poor description. First a cheer, loud and long, then a feeling of marvellous refreshment and renewed strength. The spirits of the men were wonderfully revived; stragglers found their places in the ranks; the files aligned and closed up; the step was caught, and the regiment marched into camp easily and with enthusiasm.

On the banks of the Potomac, in the mud of Virginia, on long voyages at sea, among the bayous of Louisiana, and on the incomparable pikes of the Shenandoah Valley, our band cheered us along by its timely interjections of stirring strains. But not all instrumental music in the army was enlivening. Tenderly mournful were the burial-dirges of band or drum-corps, coming with a frequency which established a dreadful monotony of

death, the file of soldiers marching in common time, with arms reversed; the tune being always that most beautiful and simple of death-marches, "Pleyel's Hymn."

How strange to die as thousands of our boys died! how strange the funeral, the requiem, the interment in a foreign soil and an unmarked grave! Every softened note of the fife, every throb of the muffled drum, lacerated tender cords in the hearts of surviving comrades. And some of the mourners must soon themselves prolong the sad procession, with no drop of their family blood to throb over their coffins.

But the music of the Union had many parts and moods and renderings. We have alluded to some of the instrumental performances; but vocal music in the army was well-nigh universal, and in quality it ranged from the veriest crudities of expression up to the productions of skill and taste. In nearly every regiment the musical side of army-life furnished a somewhat curious and usually interesting study. In many cases a regimental glee-club was organized, which formed the nucleus of a general effort to improve the talent of the command. More frequently single amateur musicians, without concerted endeavor, developed the musical ability of their own companies; the different circles uniting in grand anthem or chorus when the entire battalion was stirred by a common impulse, or more closely unified in the expression of an unusual and all-pervading sentiment.

Vocal music became a part of the soldier's life as soon as the various company detachments were assembled in the State rendezvous, and the men became somewhat acquainted with each other and their surroundings. It was in the long barracks at Concord; after the novel *cuisine* of a company cook-house had been tested in the meal which at home was called supper; when twilight was mellowing every object of vision; the men were lounging on their bunks, — curious substitutes for the beds just vacated at home, — or sitting on kegs or boxes in the alcoves between; the minds of all were very susceptible, for new and wonderful phases of duty and association were leading men of a steady lifetime into the realm of romance and a strange experience; already indescribable thoughts of home and loved

ones were beginning to mould the inner life of all the true-hearted ones into a tenderer devotion. In such a mood, home behind and a great war before, it was most natural that a timely song should best avail to voice the subtle and general sentiment. Perfectly congruous with the occasion, yet rather inappropriate as it is recalled, was the Southern melody which first trembled, then swelled through the barracks of a Union regiment when it was girding itself for the sanguinary strife. It seemed indescribably sweet to our boyish imagination, as we lay there in the bottom bunk, on its fresh government-blanket with the big "U. S." in the middle, wondering if the two-hundred-pound recruit above was likely to fall through and crush us; thinking also of the supper-table at home, and a plate that was not turned and — might never be again; when the plaintive sweet strain of the plantation-song stole along from a single voice at the farther end of the barracks, caught up and augmented in volume as it rolled along, whose refrain was, —

> "Alabama again! Alabama again!
> I'm going to go back to Alabama again."

In the army, patriotic, sentimental, and comic songs mingled in grotesque selection: but the lighter and more mirth-provoking airs made little headway, while the questionable songs which might be expected to gain a place in the freedom of unrestrained camp-life were almost wholly tabooed; certainly they never attained any popularity. Some of the finer plantation melodies, and the home compositions consonant with the spirit of the great era, welled up in the rich and grand vocalization of the mighty army, all the way from Gettysburg to the Gulf, making resonant every camp and bivouac between the Potomac and the Rio Grande. Julia Ward Howe's noble hymn, written in the inspiration of actual contact with the serried hosts of the North, pouring down to crush treason and its cause, voiced the highest sentiment of the Union army, and was only sung when that sentiment was evoked by an occasion which touched such a lofty chord.

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored.
He has loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword,
His day is marching on."

Members of the Fourteenth heard the author read this magnificent battle-hymn in the Distribution Camp at Alexandria, soon after it was written; but the very grandeur of the piece precluded its general use. And there was one more popular, and of absolute universality wherever the Union flag was unfurled. The verses were varied indefinitely but the key to them all was, —

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His soul goes marching on."

As the war dragged on from months into weary years, the song was occasionally changed, the air and chorus being retained: —

"We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour-apple tree,
While we go marching on."

The *verve* of an army never shone out in such grand emphasis and amusing absurdity of expression as when it swelled the chorus to the above lyrical anathema upon the petticoated leader of the slaveholders' Rebellion.

This tribute to the arch-traitor reminds us that the Johnnies had their camp-songs. Some of them, like "Maryland, my Maryland," and "Dixie," were meritorious, and quite familiar in the Union camps. There were others extant among the legions of the Confederacy which did not rise above the dignity of doggerel. Here is a specimen of the rhythmic measures employed to fire the Southern heart: —

"The South, what though despotic Abe
Now strive her power to kill,
Forever may her banner wave,
And drive him at her will."

One of the Rebel carols is a glorification of their valor in capturing small Yankee merchant-craft with well-manned gunboats, carrying a heavy armament of English cannon. And thus they sing their triumphs: —

"And when our bloody work is doue,
We sit us down at set of sun,
And then recount what glorious fun
It was to see the Yankees run
And strike their flag e'er the fight begun."

Just where the blood flowed in the above circumstances, we are unable to imagine. The sentiment prevailing among the Southern soldiery, and more especially with the women of Rebeldom, is so well voiced in one of their "battle-hymns," that three stanzas are here given, including the Italics and punctuation of the author: —

"O *Christian* Dixie's land,
Where "darkies" dwell *in peace*,
Dear *Christian* Dixie's land,
Where Heathen orgies cease.

What lures to Dixie's land,
Invaders from the North,
Is it for Afric's sons
To grace their household hearth?

Oh, touch not Dixie's land,
Ye Yankees full of art!
Her sons shall ne'er again
Be one with you in heart."

If the poets of the sunny South could have saved the Confederacy, it ought to have become almost immortal.

To the soldier musician in the armies of the North, there was an indefinable charm in negro-melodies; and they were listened to always with delight. The following is the first verse of a favorite in the Fourteenth: —

"In the Louisiana Lowlands, not many years ago,
There lived a colored gentleman,
His name was Pompey Snow:
He played upon the banjo,

And on the tambourine;
And, for rattling of the bones,
Oh! his like was never seen.

In the Louisiana Lowlands,
Lowlands, Lowlands,
In the Louisiana Lowlands low."

The following is one verse of a song quite popular; at one time, in and out of the army, and much sung throughout the country. The air, and in fact the words almost, have been appropriated by the Sunday-school hymners.

"The soldiers are gathering from near and from far,
The trumpet is sounding the call for the war;
The conflict is raging, 'twill be fearful and long:
Then gird on the armor, and be marching along."

The songs of the soldier were accommodated to his moods. There were rollicking, saucy waves of temper sweeping over a company or regiment, when some soloist would strike up, and draw out a chorus of tremendous emphasis, if not of dulcet harmonies. And this is what they sang:—

"When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah, hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah, hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all get —— ——
When Johnny comes marching home."

Sometimes it was a tender, plaintive note which sounded the key of the general melody. Beautiful, touching, suggestive of associations dearest to the soldier, is that song so familiar and popular during the latter part of the war: —

"We're tenting to-night on the old camp-ground:
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, — a song of home,
And friends we love so dear.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace.
Tenting to-night, tenting to-night,
Tenting on the old camp-ground."

The atrocities and brutal inhumanities of the Rebels to Union prisoners drew the attention and excited the execration of the entire North. The sympathy awakened in the army for the suffering, perishing comrades in Southern prison-pens intensified the meaning of the song expressive of the soliloquies of the Union victims, and enhanced its popularity in every regiment. We give the last verse and the chorus: —

"So within the prison-cell we are waiting for the day
That shall come to open wide the iron door;
And the hollow eye grows bright, and the poor heart almost gay,
As we think of seeing home and friends once more.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching:
Cheer up, comrades, they will come,
And beneath the starry flag we shall breathe the air again,
Of the free land in our own beloved home."

There were two other songs which expressed the deep sentiment, the grand enthusiasm, and the sublime purpose of the Union volunteers, beyond all others sung around the loyal camp-fires. The one first referred to was the culminating music of the war, and celebrated the wonderful feat of strategy planned by Grant and executed by Sherman.

"Bring the good old bugle, boys! we'll sing another song, —
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along, —
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Hurrah! hurrah! we bring the jubilee!
Hurrah! hurrah! the flag that makes you free!
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia."

The climax of musical effort in the history of the Fourteenth was reached on that delightful early-autumn evening in the

Valley, when the army, after a brisk day's march in pursuit of Early, bivouacked in an undulating field, flanked with forests, near Charlestown. Rails were plentiful; great bubbling springs supplied pure water in abundance; the men were in excellent trim; the enemy was giving way; and the gleeful conversation about the big piles of crackling rails attested the high spirits of the entire army. The usual culinary operations had been performed, and coffee had been exchanged for chat before the twilight deepened. From around a conspicuous fire on a hillside, there came the clear notes of a favorite soloist. From every regiment in the vicinity the song was re-enforced by the leading vocalists. Like a contagion the melody spread; and, at every camp-fire gathering strength, the volume was swelled and rolled along till the entire army-corps was drawn into the chorus: —

"Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!
We will rally from the hillside, we'll rally from the plain,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!

The Union forever, hurrah! boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitor, and up with the star!
While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom."

Other pieces followed, and other grand outbursts are not forgotten; but that patriotic vesper hymn, "The Battle-Cry of Freedom," as rendered in the picturesque bivouac of Charlestown, remains pre-eminent among all the heroic chants and choral triumphs of Sheridan's army.

While the battle of Cedar Creek practically ended military operations in the Valley, the tension of war was kept up for some time. Early returned to Fisher's Hill within a week, having gathered force enough to make some show and bluster; but Sheridan never considered him worth much attention, save that for more than a month the army was actively vigilant, the men being well employed in picketing, reconnoissances, etc.

November 12 Early was on our front in full force, while both sides did considerable manœuvring without bringing on more than a skirmish conflict. October 25 Lieut. L. W Wright assumed command of Company A.

November 8 the Fourteenth voted for president of the United States; the Union candidate being President Lincoln, while those who denounced the war as a failure supported Gen. George B. McClellan. The New-Hampshire soldiers' vote was, Lincoln, two thousand and sixty-six; McClellan, six hundred and ninety. In the Fourteenth it was four to one in favor of Lincoln. The wonderful success of Sheridan's Valley campaign was an important factor in deciding the presidential election.

Soon after the middle of November the troops began preparing winter-quarters; but nothing elaborate was attempted, as the men did not expect to remain in the old Cedar-Creek position during the winter. The army of Sheridan had decked every mound about Cedar Creek with the imperishable laurel of a dazzling glory, and the famous position had served its end; the men did not care to remain unless Early was to repeat his pranks from Fisher's Hill.

During the first part of December the Sixth Corps left the Valley for Petersburg. Soon after, the Eighth Corps returned to Western Virginia; while the Nineteenth Corps daily expected orders to join Gen. Grant, but it was destined never to do so. On the 22d a cavalry reconnoissance brought back the news that Early was finally out of the Valley. Our work was done, but we did not know it.

The very last of December the Nineteenth Corps moved back from Cedar Creek, through Winchester, to a position near Stephenson's Depot, where excellent quarters were built in "Camp Sheridan." The practice of standing to arms each morning was maintained up to, and considerably beyond, this time. A heavy snow-storm greeted the troops at the very entrance to the new camp, and there was an exceedingly unpleasant state of things for a while.

Company A now had still another commander; Lieut. L. W. Wright becoming adjutant December 6, and Capt. Blanchard

taking command of the company. At the same time Adj. C. D. Wright became colonel, and assumed command of the regiment December 29.

COL. C. D. WRIGHT.

Carroll D. Wright was born in Dunbarton, July 25, 1840; his father, Rev. N. R. Wright, being a minister in the Universalist Church. From his birth until the breaking-out of the war, his father preached successively in Hooksett, Washington, Reading (Mass.), Alstead, Swanzey, and Franklin (Mass.). Carroll was educated in Washington, Alstead, and Chester (Vt.) Academies, and in 1860 became a law-student under the direction of Wheeler & Faulkner, in Keene.

At the time of his enlistment, September 13, 1862, he was a law-student in the office of Tolman Willey, Esq., Boston, Mass., residing in the adjoining city of Cambridge. Mr. Wright was elected second lieutenant of Company C, and entered the service as such. February 28, 1863, Lieut. Wright was made A.A.C. of subsistence, on the brigade-staff. The service of Lieut. Wright in Washington is partially given in the proper place. June 27, 1865, he was assigned as A.D.C. on the staff of Gen. Martindale, in Washington. Soon after, he was transferred to the provost-marshal's office, where he had charge of the patrols and the guards at bridges and ferries. November 7 he returned to the regiment, and was made acting-adjutant; and on the 7th of the next month received his adjutant's commission.

June 28, 1864, while the Fourteenth was at Morganzia, La., Adjt. Wright was again taken from the regiment, and made A.A.A.G. of the brigade. He continued in this position throughout the Valley campaign, discharging his duties with marked fidelity and conspicuous ability. He rendered important service on the sanguinary field of the Opequan.

December 28, 1864, he was mustered as colonel of the Fourteenth, his commission being signed by Gov. Gilmore, December 6. When appointed colonel of the Fourteenth, Col. Wright had but partially recovered from a severe attack of typho-

COL. CARROLL. D. WRIGHT.

malarial fever; and the exposure of camp-life in winter was too severe. He retained command of the regiment for but a brief period, yet for a portion of that time he was in command of the brigade. Col. Wright resigned his commission February 9, 1865, and was discharged from the army March 18. Not until some time after the war closed, did he measurably recover his health.

After the war closed, Col. Wright, the third, last, and only living colonel of the Fourteenth, resumed his law-studies; and in October, 1865, was admitted to the bar at Keene. Col. Wright's intention of settling down to the practice of law in Keene was frustrated by his broken health, and he engaged in the furniture business. Recovering, he was admitted to the bar in Boston, and began, in October, 1867, the practice of patent-law with great success. In 1871 he was elected to the Massachusetts Senate, and re-elected the next year. In 1873 he was appointed, by Gov. Washburn, Chief of Bureau of Statistics of Labor; which office he now holds, and in which he is a recognized authority throughout the country and the world.

In 1876 Col. Wright was a Republican presidential elector for Massachusetts, and served as the secretary of the State electoral college. He took the census of Massachusetts in 1875 and in 1880. In 1879 Col. Wright delivered a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute, and was a University lecturer at Harvard in 1881. He is an expert on the factory system for the United-States census, and has officially investigated the system in Europe.

A bare statement of the services of Col. Wright is sufficient. His eminent fitness for the highest position in the Fourteenth Regiment is unquestioned; and throughout the existence of the organization Col. Carroll D. Wright helped to make it what it was at its best, and was and is an honor to it.

December 6, 1864, Capt. F. L. Tolman, of Company E, was made major of the Fourteenth. He continued in command of the regiment until the 29th, when Col. Wright assumed the authority.

V

THE GEORGIA CAMPAIGN.

It was the lot of the Fourteenth Regiment to round out its service and close its career in the war of the Rebellion, in a most interesting if not dramatic manner. Its final experiences were less thrilling and imposing than those of the veterans who confronted Lee at Five Forks and Appomattox; yet its last months of duty in the South, while not easy nor free from the dread ravages of disease, were still constantly eventful and full of somewhat novel episodes. An entirely new field was entered; and the scenes and services of the regiment in 1865 were important to the organization itself in placing it among those who saw most of the Southern country, and encountered the war in most of its varied phases.

Suppose the Fourteenth had remained in the Valley until mustered out: its final service must have proved tame, and its end unsatisfactory. As it was, the regiment was in scenes of excitement to the close of the war; and, in fact, bore a share in the culminating event, — the capture of the arch-traitor, the petticoat hero, the starver of our Union boys, the still unreconstructed, rabid Rebel, Jefferson Davis. Furthermore, the Fourteenth enjoyed the rare opportunity of studying life in the heart of the South, during the secession era, but after the Rebellion was practically crushed, and in a locality where a Yankee soldier had never before been seen. The Southern life of the olden time was all undisturbed; and society, under the "peculiar institution," was not broken up, although upon the verge of irretrievable collapse.

On the 5th of January, 1865, the second division of the Nine-

teenth Corps left its winter camp, and quitted the Valley forever. It was but the initiatory step to the dissolution of the organization; for while the first division remained in the Valley until April 20, the order discontinuing the grand old Nineteenth Corps was issued from the War Department, March 20. Sheridan left Winchester, February 17, and marched up the Valley to Waynesborough with all the cavalry, where he captured the remnant of Early's army, the apple-jack hero himself barely escaping with a small guard. Our corps commander, Gen. Emory, remained at Stephenson's Depot in command of the troops.

When Sheridan left the Valley to join Grant, Gen. W S. Hancock took command of the department, and at once made himself immensely unpopular by issuing an order forbidding all men in the ranks to wear boots. It was an unnecessary and contemptible order, and caused much suffering in the midst of the prevailing snow, ice, and mud.

A portion of the second division left the valley on the 5th of January, 1865; but the Fourteenth did not start until the 6th. At eight A.M. the line was formed; at one P.M. the regiment took the train, reaching Harper's Ferry at three, and there tarrying until six o'clock. Major Tolman was again in command, Col. Wright having gone to the hospital seriously sick.

MAJOR F. L. TOLMAN.

Flavel L. Tolman was born in Fitchburg, Mass., May 4, 1840. He left home when but eight years old, there being a large family; and from that time he earned his own living. For the first four years after leaving home he worked on a farm, for his board, clothing, and schooling, — very little of the latter.

When thirteen, he determined upon bettering his situation, and started for the city. Securing a position in a store for two weeks, he remained four years, rising rapidly to a responsible position. But he never forgot his rural home, and never lost his taste for farm-life, — a point wherein he happily differed from the average country boy hurrying to the city. Mr. Tol-

man showed the true grit and industry in his earlier years, contending with obstacles which would have abashed a less resolute youth.

When nineteen years old he bought a farm, and married Eliza Brown of Templeton, Mass., his bride being but seventeen. When the war broke out, the necessities of business and the ties of home restrained him sufficiently to induce him to forego his desire to enter his country's service. But in 1862 he determined to go, and enlisted in Company G, in August.

He entered the service as orderly-sergeant, and March 1, 1863, was promoted to be second lieutenant. He was advanced to a first lieutenantcy October 17, 1863. On the 1st of January, 1864, Lieut. Tolman became captain of Company E; and December 6, of the same year, he became major of the regiment. It will be seen that Major Tolman's rise was rapid, and he was possessed of eminently popular qualities. There were few officers in the Fourteenth so generally and so highly esteemed by the men throughout the regiment. While captain, he commanded the regiment immediately after the battle of the Opequan, and thereafter until its arrival in Harrisonburg.

As major, he again commanded the regiment, from the resignation of Col. Wright until the commissioning of Lieut.-Col. Marston. Major Tolman won a most honorable position in the service of his country; and, in the crucial hour of battle, his fortitude and coolness commanded the high respect of all whom he led.

After his return to civil life Major Tolman suffered severely from disease, but afterward was fully restored to health; and has since had the direction of one of the finest stock-farms in New England.

IN HOSPITAL.

A single colossal feature of the war illustrated the progress of civilization, and the curious contradictions of modern warfare. In fact, the American people were noble in their sanitary charity, and the government was mercifully inconsistent: securing every ingenious device for killing men; demanding of its de-

fenders an endurance and sacrifice which could only result in disability for a terrible percentage of the quotas mustered, — it astonished the world, and shamed the martial powers of Europe, in the wonderful extent, completeness, and humanity of the appliances for ministering to the sick and wounded of our armies, as well as for the disabled prisoners taken from the enemy.

The veteran who appreciates the magnificent enterprise and administration of the government, in its care for the diseased, wounded, and crippled defenders of the Union, will not only refrain from all harsh criticism, but will award the full meed of praise. Such a system of general hospitals, so furnished and supplied, the world has never seen. The medical staff, the remedies and appliances, the ambulance department, the railway transportation of the sick and wounded, — all the details affecting the safety, comfort, and restoration of patients, — were managed with an efficiency surpassing the expectation of the most sanguine.

That there were cruel suffering, privation, and exposure, cannot be denied: and there were instances when "somebody blundered." Such mishaps and sufferings were inevitable incidents of a great war, and were cheerfully risked by the brave men who could suffer, as well as die, without complaining. No roseate and inexperienced view is here presented. The writer, badly wounded, was obliged to tramp a long way on foot, after a great battle, and then endure transportation during a whole night, reclining on the bottom of a government-wagon with no springs, a little straw keeping him and four suffering comrades from the hard flooring. Jolting over a rough road in such a plight for sixteen hours is not a discipline calculated to prompt any undeserved laudation of Uncle Sam's sanitary facilities: but we understood that the government was doing its best; and when in that old church at Martinsburg, in the early morning, we lay down for rest and the sweet refreshment of delicious coffee and soft bread; and when the train bore us on, on, out of the flash and flame and death-grip of a sanguinary campaign, into the wondrous rest, peace, and healing of the palatial wards of Mower General Hospital, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia,

— we thanked God for a government whose resources and tenderness were alike inexhaustible.

The United-States hospital-service involved many factors. If a soldier survived to reach one of the monster sanitary asylums referred to, every chance for life he possessed was carefully conserved. The difficulty lay back of that. Every observer knew that a surgeon on the battle-field or in a field-hospital was a reckless amputator. It was less trouble to lop off a limb than to restore it to use again. Cruel and criminal was much of their needless, hideous carving. Yet there were occasions when such a reflection would have been unjust. When the wounded came in by cords, overwhelming the weary surgeons, amputation or neglect were alternative; and the latter generally meant death.

In the regimental, post, and general hospitals, angels bright and ubiquitous ministered patiently and nobly to the suffering ones. The nurses, male and female, were worthy almoners of the grand charities they represented. In the darkness and sickening atmosphere of that church in Martinsburg, Va., where several hundred men lay so thick that moving was difficult, there was witnessed a spectacle which glorified woman, and woman's work for the soldiers of the Union, in a manner which left an indelible impression upon all who were privileged to see. A lovely woman, possessing to a remarkable degree the charms of her sex, was there ministering to the groaning company. A stalwart soldier, who had just lost a leg at Cedar Creek, struggled on to his one foot, and essayed to move across the church. He was unequal to the task; when that woman stepped to his side, placed her shoulder under his own, and supported him in the disagreeable journey. Her service there was an unspeakable sacrifice, and the incident is adduced only to illustrate a devotion so common that its gentleness and worth and beauty were not adequately valued. It

> "Showed us how divine a thing
> A woman may be made."

This heroic devotion was made possible, and was supplemented, by the universal uprising and enduring endeavors of the women throughout the North who remained at home. Organized into ladies' aid-societies, the fertility of invention, delicacy of adaptation, and volume of results, were beyond computation. Every community throughout the several States helped to swell the immense contributions of comforts and delicacies which found their way to every camp and hospital where human weakness and suffering were clad in the honored blue.

The Sanitary and Christian Commissions were the agencies for distribution; the latter organization adding to its efforts in the direction of physical relief a systematic provision for the intellectual and spiritual wants of the soldiers. This commission recognized the fact that a soldier was a *man*, with manly aspirations and an eternal destiny. The warnings, invitations, and consolations of the Christian faith were most appropriately brought home to those who existed in the closest proximity to the realm of immortality. Both the Sanitary and Christian Commissions were so admirably managed that they won the indorsement of government and the confidence of the whole army.

Life in hospital was exceedingly agreeable to the volunteer up to the period of convalescence, when, if he was ambitious, it became irksome. There were those who exhausted every artifice to remain as long as possible, but most of the men returned to their commands with alacrity. There was one class of men in the army, which was made useful as nurses, and they might as well have been enlisted as such, for they were worthless in the ranks: so it came about that the hospitals were manned by those volunteers who naturally took to nursing, but were beyond the age of active service. One man in the Fourteenth was sixty-three years old when mustered, but passed for forty-five.

Camp Distribution, near Alexandria, was the inevitable and undesirable outlet from hospital to regiment, although the provisions for comfort and entertainment were excellent. Several

thousand men were there constantly; an ever-shifting company waiting for transportation to their regiments, and often waiting for months.

A soldier's regiment was his home, but it was a very nomadic institution. Wounded members of the Fourteenth left their command in Northern Virginia, and rejoined it in the southern portion of Georgia. The sick side of a soldier's life was always pathetic, frequently pitiable. To be shot down in battle was to die like a man; but to waste away, far from home, losing day by day the vitality and ambition of life, was a transformation to be dreaded by the victim and deplored by his comrades. But to mitigate this calamity, and to heal the gaping wounds of battle, the power, the philanthropy, and the Christian consecration, of the land united in a purpose and an achievement which stands as one of the crowning glories of the age.

The transportation of the regiment out of the Valley suggests the romance and vicissitudes of railroading throughout Upper Virginia during the war. Every mile of road had its episode. At Martinsburg occurred the wholesale destruction of Baltimore and Ohio Railroad property by Stonewall Jackson. After battering out of all former semblance such machinery as he could not make use of, and burning the coaches, cars, and buildings, Jackson determined upon carrying away with him six or eight of the Baltimore and Ohio engines. The familiar remark, to the effect that a man would carry off a red-hot stove if it were not for the difficulty in handling it, would seem to apply to the making-off with half-a-dozen locomotives with no rail upon which to run them. This obstacle, however, did not deter Stonewall from getting away with the locomotives; one of his officers so rigging them up that powerful teams managed to pull them back through the country to a railway-line in possession of the Confederates, upon which they were placed and used during the war.

This same officer, who accomplished results which hardly any

other man would have thought of as practicable, was afterward the master of transportation of the road from which he confiscated the engines.

The Fourteenth became quite familiar with the Baltimore and Ohio road, and traversed the beautiful sections of country which it penetrates, under rather unfavorable conditions for tourist enjoyments: yet few of the veterans can forget the importance of the road to ourselves or the marvellous beauty of its routes.

"During all the stormy and disastrous years of the war, the management proved the master-hand at the helm. Running through the reports of that period of calamity and distraction, the same indomitable tone is manifested, — the unflinching purpose and the determined will to conquer difficulties. The road first, all else after it.

"No man rendered greater service to the country in her darkest hours of peril, and no instrument could have been more powerful in rendering this assistance, than an unobstructed railway. Bridges were burned, only to be replaced the following day. Miles of track were torn up, and put down again almost before the destroying forces were gone from sight. Engines were stolen, and new ones filled their places as rapidly as wheels could be turned in covering the distance. Entire trains were sacrificed to the flames, telegraph-wires demolished, and station-houses razed to the ground, and disaster followed upon disaster. The main stem of the road penetrated the heart of war operations; and, increase as might the destruction following in their wake, the unshakable man in Baltimore devised counter movements, and was a very Napoleon in strategic force and quickness of action."

At eight A.M., January 7, the Fourteenth arrived in Baltimore, and remained there three days awaiting transportation. A portion of the regiment occupied barracks, while the remainder went into tents. On the 10th the regiment went on board the steamship "Ariel," and about noon of the next day the steamer sailed. On the morning of the 12th the "Ariel" arrived at Fortress Monroe, and in the afternoon sailed through Hampton Roads to Newport News, where the men went ashore. The next day they re-embarked, and started for Savannah.

On the night of the 15th the vessel lay off Port Royal, and on the morning of the 16th proceeded to the mouth of the Savannah River; and on the 17th the Fourteenth reached its destination.

During the war Savannah was one of the most beautiful cities of the South. It was compact, regularly laid out, picturesquely located, and its streets were bountifully adorned with shade-trees. Some of the streets, notably Broad Street, were wide avenues containing four rows of trees; the centre rows forming a continuous park. When the war broke out, the city contained about twenty thousand inhabitants.

Savannah was a favored city throughout the conflict until near its close, and was not subject to the ravages of war. It was a thriving port of contraband trade for the Confederacy, and its inhabitants were prosperous beyond most sections of Rebeldom. Savannah was an intensely Rebel town, and the Fourteenth found it conquered but not subdued.

When the second division occupied Savannah, the troops were taken up the river on small transport-steamers; a narrow cut having been made through the river barricade which had proved an effectual bar to the passage of Union gunboats. This barricade was sunk about three miles below the city, at Fort Jackson. The Rebel government of Savannah had torn up the fine stone paving of Whitaker Street with which to fill and sink the pontoon obstructions, and relegated one of the best streets in the city to a sand-bank or mud-hole, according to the season.

When the Fourteenth entered Savannah, Sherman's army was leaving it; the inhabitants bitterly hating the "Yankee bummers." The city was in a peculiar condition. Terror, hate, doubt, foreboding, were sentiments which predominated among the inhabitants at first. The civil government was entirely superseded: the city was taken entirely out of the hands of its inhabitants, and was governed by military officials throughout; one of the Fourteenth men being a street-commissioner. Not a citizen of Savannah had a store or a shop open: the trading was all done by permits from the commanding general; business of every kind was dead; and the railroad communication had been destroyed by Rebel and by Union troops, from opposite motives.

Savannah was a body corporate in a state of suspended animation. The Fourteenth was at once assigned to provost-duty,

and it was done in a manner to inspire confidence and win the respect of the Rebel partisans. The regiment was more experienced and proficient in provost-duty than any other in the department; and its excellent discipline and reliable service was a potent factor in restoring confidence, and reviving a sentiment favorable to the government, at a critical period.

The Fourteenth was, with the exception of the two first days, quartered in buildings in the heart of the city, until the last of February, when it went into camp in stockaded A tents, in a railroad cotton-yard west of the city. It was also relieved of all special duty in the city at the same time. The duty of the regiment in the city began on the 19th.

On the 27th the last of Sherman's army, the Twentieth Corps, left Savannah to join his force moving through South Carolina. On the 28th occurred an extensive conflagration, involving the destruction of the arsenal filled with shells and other dangerous explosive combustibles. Details of the Fourteenth heroically removed shells from the burning magazine until they began to explode. Pieces of shells were thrown into all parts of the city; and the troops were obliged to withdraw to the shelter of a safe distance, and allow the fire to take its course until the next day. The scene was one of great excitement and terror among the inhabitants.

An immense number of refugees flocked to Savannah after its occupation by the Union army. White Unionists who had been hiding in the mountains, swamps, and forests of Georgia, South Carolina, and Northern Florida, to escape the conscription; deserters from the Rebel army; and sufferers from Sherman's march, — sought the protection of the Union lines, many of them utterly destitute.

Thousands of negroes followed in Sherman's trail, some of them travelling hundreds of miles in the search for freedom. During the winter strenuous efforts were made by the Rebel authorities to prevent their escape to Savannah. They were pursued by bloodhounds, and often shot down like dogs when caught; and sometimes, out of a large number who started from

the interior, only two or three would reach Savannah, and these in a most forlorn condition.

To provide for the colored refugees and the most destitute of the whites, refugee-camps were established, under the charge of Lieut. M. M. Holmes, of ompany H.

What to do with the negro, was a vexed problem to the government; and in the absence of any settled policy each army-commander acted largely according to his own views.

On the 16th of January, 1865, Gen. Sherman issued General Order, No. 15, which provided that "The islands from Charleston, south, the abandoned rice-fields along the river for thirty miles back from the sea, and the country bordering on the St. John's River in Florida, are reserved and set apart for the settlement of the negroes now made free by the acts of war and the proclamation of the President of the United States."

Gen. Rufus Saxton was appointed "Inspector of Settlements and Plantations," and a regular system of settlement of the sea-islands was adopted. These islands are very rich, and produce the celebrated sea-island cotton. A steamboat made regular trips between Savannah and the islands; and providing each man, woman, and child with rations for thirty days, Lieut. Holmes sent forward over twenty thousand between January and July, while many others were found employment in Savannah and elsewhere. Scantily clad, and weakened by the hardship and exposure experienced in reaching Savannah, many died during the winter; but in the spring and early summer the mortality was small, which was partly owing to the weather, and partly to the better regulations of the camp.

Corpl. H. E. Poor was detailed at the white camp. With few exceptions, the refugees here did not remain long, but found employment or a place to stay elsewhere; many of them, however, still drawing government rations. For many weeks after the capture of Savannah, almost the entire population drew rations from the government.

FORT PULASKI.

March 5 Capt. C. P Hall, with his company (C) and enough men from the rest of the regiment to make up the number to sixty, received orders to be ready to take steamer for Fort Pulaski. They did not get off till the next morning, owing to lack of transportation. They landed at the fort about nine o'clock, and relieved the troops who were occupying it. Capt. Hall took command of the fort and the adjacent islands.

Fort Pulaski is situated on Cockspur Island, Ga., at the head of Tybee Roads, commanding both channels of the Savannah River. The position is a very strong one. It was captured from the Rebels in April, 1862, by Gen. Q. A. Gillmore, after a bombardment of thirty-two hours. Its capture demonstrated the fact—new to this country — that bricks and mortar cannot stand before rifled cannon. The walls of the fort, seven and one-half feet thick, and twenty-five feet high above high water, were battered down so as to make two openings through to the casemates, and the ditch, forty-five feet wide, upon the outside of the fort, was so filled with the *débris*, that the troops marched through the opening when they took possession of the fort.

At the time the fort was occupied by the Fourteenth, the breach had been repaired; but shells were still sticking in the walls in several places. It had an armament of sixty guns, ranging from twelve-pounder James rifles to ten-inch Columbiads and hundred-pounder Parrott rifles; twenty-two thousand pounds of power, a proportionate amount of shot and shell, and all the material necessary to make the outfit of an old-line fort complete.

This opened a new field to our boys. Capt. Hall received an order the next day after he took command to drill his men regularly upon the heavy guns. They did not know the difference between a casemate and a barbette gun, a Columbiad and a Parrott, the chase of a cannon and the re-enforce. But a search brought a copy of heavy-artillery tactics, and the next mail from New York another: so that a fortnight had not

elapsed before the boys were somewhat familiar with sponge and rammer and handspike; and three months had not passed before they responded as readily to the commands, "Load!" "In battery!" "Fire!" as to the "Right-shoulder-shift—arms!" of their musket drill.

During our stay there, we fired over two thousand pounds of powder in salutes, one hundred and fifty guns at the surrender of Lee, and two hundred guns upon the day of public mourning for President Lincoln. We were differently situated here from any other place in our service. The river abounded in fish and the very nicest oysters; and the boys had them fried, stewed, fricasseed, "on the half shell," and many another way suggested by the ingenuity of a soldier. There was a bakery connected with the fort, so that the boys had soft bread instead of hard-tack.

We had communication with Savannah and Hilton Head (S.C.), by telegraph and steamer. We had a number of sail and row boats, with a good boat's crew who could make quick trips to Savannah, eighteen miles away, when the steamers were not frequent enough. Many of the boys enjoyed more boating and sea-bathing here than in all their lives previous.

On the 15th of May, Chief-Justice Chase, then on a tour of inspection along the coast, visited the fort, accompanied by his daughter and Gen. Gillmore, in command of the department. As they came up the river, they were received by the "regulation" salute of fifteen guns. During the three hours' stay, Gen. Gillmore explained to the distinguished visitor, from several positions, the details of his remarkable siege of three years before. As Judge Chase stepped on board the steamer to proceed on his tour, he said to Capt. Hall, taking his hand, "Captain, when you write to your friends, tell them that a New-Hampshire boy has been to see you."

During our stay at Fort Pulaski, an order was received to be on the lookout for a Rebel ironclad which was expected somewhere along our coast. From the first, a schooner carrying a thirteen-inch mortar had lain in the Roads, below the fort, ready for any emergency; and now a gunboat, commanded by

Commodore Morris of "Merrimac" and "Monitor" notoriety, was sent into the river opposite the fort. The mortar-schooner also moved up and took position just below the gunboat. A plan of signals was agreed upon, so that the action could be concerted if the anticipated visitor should appear. But the conflict was in the Bay of Biscay, and the Rebel cruiser never appeared on this side the sea. Had the attempt been made to pass up the river, the plan was to sink the schooner across the channel opposite the fort, and to fight her with a battery of four hundred-pounder Parrott guns, stationed behind a breastwork of sand just at the water's edge; while the gunboat would fight from above the schooner.

But little use was to be made of the fort. It must be said, that, at one of the interviews for arranging the plan of action, Commodore Morris was so beastly drunk as to unfit him for any business; and during the three weeks of his stay, I never saw him, on ship or shore, when he was not under the influence of liquor. And this is the man of whom the poets have sung as "the gallant Morris." In fact, it has been told me that in that very action with "The Merrimac," he was much of the time below deck and "very weary," while his lieutenant was managing "The Cumberland." Liquor was the curse of our army, and its blighting touch was felt even in the Fourteenth.

At midnight upon one of the last days of May, a war-vessel steamed up the river, anchored off the wharf, and sent a boat ashore. Upon landing, the corporal of the guard escorted the two officers which the boat contained to the fort; where they presented papers showing that they were from Richmond, Va., with orders to deliver three very important prisoners into the custody of the fort. These were the noted Rebels Campbell and R. M. T. Hunter, famous in connection with the peace negotiations early in 1861,—the latter once Secretary of State of the Confederacy,—and ex-Secretary of War Siddons. Lieut. King, with a suitable guard, conducted the prisoners from the boat; and they were given two rooms, where they were kept closely confined at night, while in the daytime they were allowed the privileges of the inside of the fort, always under the eye of the guard.

Campbell and Siddons were tall, spare men, of the Clay type of Southrons, very morose and exclusive in their manner; but Hunter was one of those fat, "jolly good fellows," who soon become acquainted and make friends wherever they go, however uncongenial the elements by which they are surrounded. The very next morning he began negotiations with the boys to get him some whiskey from Savannah, giving them greenbacks to make the purchase and get something for their trouble. He would talk very freely of political matters, and seemed especially to delight in recalling memories of his twelve years in the United-States Senate, speaking of the character of its members, and relating incidents of Congressional life. He was a good story-teller, and candid in his judgment of men.

Nothing could be drawn from the others save the briefest answers to questions proposed. Upon their landing at the wharf, Siddons handed his valise to one of the boys to bring to the fort, half a mile distant; but the "Northern clodhopper" turned upon the Southern aristocrat, saying, "I have quit carrying carpet-bags for Rebels;" and the gentleman realized on that midnight march that things are not as they were.

Early in May, Fort Pulaski was made the quarantine-station for Savannah, and the post-surgeon was appointed quarantine-officer. We were ordered to place a twelve-pounder upon the wharf, and, in case vessels refused to heave to, fire across their bows to remind them of what was required. The next morning Commodore Morris came on shore, and asked what that gun meant. Upon being told, he said, "*I* have control of these waters. If you fire upon any vessel, I shall consider it an insult, and shall open upon the fort at once." He was told that he could do so if he thought best. But there was no occasion for his putting his threat into execution. Upon reporting the matter the next day to Gen. Grover, commanding the district, he replied, "You have your orders."

The detachment was relieved June 5, and returned to the regiment at Savannah. Lieut. King, who had been detailed in March as acting assistant commissary of subsistence, acting assistant quartermaster, and provost-marshal of the post, was

not relieved till about ten days after the detachment. Those who were at Fort Pulaski have some of the pleasantest memories, of the time spent there, of their entire army life.

Early in March the convalescent wounded men returned to the regiment in considerable numbers, thirteen arriving by one boat on the 1st.

Sunday, the 5th, the regiment had dress-parade. On the 6th the entire division was reviewed by Inspector-Gen. Williams; and the next day the quarters were inspected by Gen. Williams, accompanied by the division and brigade commanders.

March 11 Lieut. A. W Richardson took command of Company F, a position which he held to the end. About this time it was rumored, that, while the division was to leave the city, the Fourteenth would remain. Many officers in the regiment occupied important positions in the city, and the administrative phases of military duty were growing in responsibility as the final collapse of the Rebellion approached. The excellent *morale* of the Fourteenth, together with its peculiar fitness for the service then required, made it probable that it would remain. On the morning of the 13th the regiment was again inspected by one of Gen. Grover's staff.

In the afternoon the regiment changed its camp, moving into A-tents, half a mile south of the city, about on a continuation of Whitaker Street with the fine parade-ground between the camp and the city. The boys will remember the magnificent park at the head of Bull Street, and on the edge of the city nearest the camp.

On the 14th the regiment voted for State officers. We are unable to give the totals, but in Company F there were seven Republican and three Democratic votes cast. On the 17th the Ninth Conn. remembered St. Patrick's Day, also their own disgrace in the Valley; and they made a fine parade through the principal streets. On the 18th the brigade of colored troops stationed in the city was reviewed by Gen. Williams, and made a remarkably fine appearance.

On the 21st, fatigue-details from the regiment began work on the defences two miles east of the city. The immense half-moon breastworks of the Rebels were deemed inadequate, and a desperate attempt to recover Savannah to the Confederacy was among the possibilities to be provided for.

During the latter part of March, diarrhœa was prevalent in the regiment.

On the afternoon of the 24th the troops were reviewed by Gen. Grover, and directly following the parade of the white regiment came a review of the colored brigade. The Fifty-fourth Mass., especially, made a fine appearance on the march.

A brigade dress-parade on the 26th, with a review of the brigade, marked an era in the associations of the Fourteenth; as the old first brigade was dissolved, and the Eighth and Eighteenth Ind. became a part of the brigade, with the colonel of the Eighth, Brev. Brig.-Gen. W W Washburn, as brigade commander. He became popular with the Fourteenth, and he was a man of decided ability. On the 29th came the monthly inspection; and April 1 the brigade was reviewed by Gen. Washburn, while on the 2d there was a brigade dress-parade.

These parades and reviews were continued; and we have alluded to them particularly in order to show the excellent state of discipline maintained in the Fourteenth, while in so many commands there was a laxity, as the war drew to a close, which amounted almost to demoralization among those troops not immediately confronting the enemy.

The quartermaster, at this time, issued a novel but timely article, — a mosquito-netting. Not half the men knew how to adjust them to advantage; and some, in disgust, cut them up, and spread the pieces over the head at night.

April 12 the writer went with the excursion, on the steamer "Blackstone," to Hilton Head and Charleston. The officers of the department participated in a grand ball at Hilton Head, given by Gen. Q. A. Gillmore and staff, and then proceeded to join in the celebration connected with raising the original flag on Fort Sumter, which Major Anderson hauled down to the enemy in 1861, and which Gen. Anderson raised again with his own hands April 14, 1865.

It was a notable event; and when, as the battle-scarred ensign touched the peak, the flags waved, the score of bands struck up patriotic airs, the shouts of the assembled thousands welled up from within those battered walls, and the thunders of more than one hundred cannon from forts, batteries, and men-of-war, shook the very harbor, — then it seemed that the downfall of a cursed conspiracy and the triumph of the Union were fittingly proclaimed on ground desecrated by the one and forever hallowed by the other.

Six flags of our brigade were taken to Fort Sumter on this occasion by the color-sergeant of the Fourteenth, by order of Gen. Washburn; and the colors of the regiment were rarely flung to the breeze amid more enthusiasm than was stirred on the sand-bags and *débris* of ruined but grand old Sumter. And yet on the evening of that gala-day in Charleston Harbor, while the ships were brilliant and the waters a blaze of light from the splendid naval illumination, — at that very hour the noble and beloved war President, of a Union restored, was shot down by a Rebel assassin. The news did not reach the troops in Savannah until the 18th.

The army loved Abraham Lincoln, and sincerely mourned his loss; sorrow being tempered by the strong desire for an adequate expression of the universal indignation.

April 22 Capt. O. H. Marston of Company K, having been made lieutenant-colonel of the regiment, assumed command, and held it until the battalion mustered out of service. No colonel was appointed to succeed Col. Wright, because of an insufficient number of men to allow of more than two field-officers.

On the 25th the troops of the post were reviewed by Gen. Q. A. Gillmore, commander of the department. On the 30th the regiment was mustered for pay, and the same day a report was received of Johnston's surrender to Sherman.

May 2 the troops in Savannah paraded in memory of the martyred President, minute-guns being fired all day. It was ordered that regimental colors be draped for six months.

Thus the army witnessed great dramatic contrasts, and experienced wonderful revulsions of feeling. It was but a few days

before, when, in the wild, glad delirium of joy, and the intoxication of triumph, the soldiers of the Union were celebrating the downfall of Richmond and the surrender of Lee. Some of the Fourteenth boys engaged in the combination-whiskey ration business to such an extent, that, in celebrating the fall of Richmond, they were found in a lethargy equal to that into which the Southern Confederacy had fallen.

However the grand old Army of the Potomac might rest on its arms, we in Savannah were impressed with the feeling that great vigilance and activity were indispensable farther south. No one could predict what the desperate Southrons might do.

It was asserted that the scattered fragments of the Rebel armies would retire to the mountains of North Carolina and Georgia, and there continue the struggle. Again, it was feared that the South would be overrun and converted into a realm of terror by marauding guerilla-bands. Among the possibilities was the attempt to retain the Gulf States, contracting the Confederacy to narrower bounds. Jeff Davis had escaped; and it was not known what fanaticism he might be able to excite, and maintain for an indefinite time. No one anticipated the actual and utter collapse which so directly followed Lee's surrender. The Fourteenth expected to see important service before secession should be finally and indisputably stamped out.

May 3 Gen. Washburn took his brigade out for drill, and it was never handled in better fashion. The day was made gala and conspicuous in Savannah by the firing of nine hundred guns, and by other demonstrations, in honor of Lee's surrender.

On the 5th the Fourteenth received orders to be ready to march at once.

The stay of the regiment had been pleasant. Most of the officers occupied better quarters than any they had previously enjoyed. Important positions were held by officers and men. The rank and file enjoyed remarkable privileges. Acquaintances and even friends were made; while it is to be just whispered that several of the Yankee boys became "engaged" to the Savannah girls, — some of the troths being plighted in good faith. Members of the regiment were engaged in teaching

in the colored evening-schools, and in many ways ties were being formed which made a continuance in Savannah very agreeable. But the instability of military associations with places was emphasized by the order alluded to.

THE VOLUNTEER GRUMBLER.

Among the grievous chronic complaints with which perhaps every camp and regiment was afflicted, that of growling won for itself a distinguished consideration. There was hardly a company which could not boast of its champion fault-finder; and this unhappy patriot never enjoyed a fair day, a good ration, or a brilliant dress-parade.

His cursing apparatus anticipated all the triumphs of the Gatling gun, and he was at all times judicially impartial in the delivery of his denunciatory volleys.

If he was a pest, it is to be set to his credit that he saved camp-life from monotony: if his constant refrain was *miserere*, and he ever demonstrated himself an unabatable nuisance, still he formed a handy and legitimate butt for jokes, and often unwittingly gendered and diffused a tonic joviality throughout his company street; while some of his ilk were promoted to be patriarchs of discontent, their surpassing qualities as unmitigated scolds entitling them to a regimental or even wider notoriety.

This unamiable defender of the flag vented his lugubrious whines on all occasions, and he astonished the raw recruits by the promiscuousness of his complaints. His plaint anticipated reveille, and survived tattoo. After listening to his hourly diatribes for about two years, we became accustomed to them, and, if not so eagerly anticipated, they were at least as familiar, as the dinner-call or taps; and if by any miracle his howls could have ceased for a day, a sense of loss would have pervaded the entire battalion.

But he never died; he never was shot; he was so tough that diarrhœa or chills-and-fever never could make any respectable headway in his system; he never was in hospital, except long

enough to get some points against surgeons, nurses, diet, and medicines. Whatever was, was wrong with our snarling comrade; and it was with great pity that we pondered the possibilities of his home life. There he must have been a tyrant: in the army he was a fangless serpent. If he remained in camp, he declared that he never got a chance at a good thing; if he was detailed for duty, he complained that the hardest service always fell to his lot. The rations were either poor or insufficient. Somebody was constantly taking some advantage of him: he was always losing something, and darkly hinting at theft.

He had not character enough to warrant knocking him down, and in games of meanness he took the laurel at every joust. There was nothing sly about the growler: he showed a bare breast, and the spot which in ordinary men held a soul was transparent on all occasions. His "cussedness" was genuine, rugged, and artlessly open. He always escaped punishment for any infraction of discipline, for what court-martial would so demean itself as to try him? and "general repulsiveness" could not be adjudicated or recompensed even on a "drum-head."

It can be inferred that there was small chance for getting even with this nuisance. He annihilated single antagonists by a discharge of sewage-wrath, of which he had an undisputed monopoly.

A general attack he received with complacency; torrents of gibes, sneers, and denunciation merely serving as grateful appetizers for the next ration. In fact, the only occasions on which "Old Incorrigible" was thoroughly happy were those when he was being thoroughly abused. He enlisted with a whine, served his full time with an unending growl, and was mustered out with a ribald curse.

While the reader may be assured that this character is not in the least overdrawn, he must also understand that its illustrations were few and far between.

"Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time."

"God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man."

At 4.30 A.M., May 6, the Fourteenth broke camp in Savannah, and at seven o'clock marched out of the city across the rice-swamps, westward, and into the splendid hard-pine forests so abundant in Georgia. The column, under our brigade commander, Gen. Washburn, consisted of the Fourteenth, the Twelfth and the Fourteenth Me., the Eighth Ind., and a section of the Third R. I. Battery. We were informed that Augusta was our destination; that we were to go *via* Sister's Ferry, where the steamer would form our temporary base of supplies. It was important that Augusta should be occupied by a Union force, and there was sufficient hazard in the expedition to relieve it from all monotony, or suspicion of uselessness.

The first day's march was a hard one, in oppressive heat and almost intolerable dust, while no water could be obtained throughout the forenoon. The column halted at 1.30 P.M., and bivouacked in the woods, having marched thirteen miles. On the 7th, reveille sounded at two A.M.; and at four o'clock the brigade was in column. A bridge being down over Ebenezer Creek, a detour of five miles was necessary. The march this day was through long stretches of forest. Halted at noon, and bivouacked in a beautiful pine-grove, five miles from Effingham C.H., having marched seventeen miles.

On the 8th the march was resumed at 4 A.M., the Eighth Ind. leading the column. The different regiments, by turn, led the march. A cloudy, rainy day. Sister's Ferry was reached at four P.M., marching seventeen miles; and the boat was waiting for us. Three days' rations were issued, and three more loaded upon wagons. Several sick ones were transferred to the boat.

It is to be borne in mind that there were but eight companies of the Fourteenth in this expedition; Company C was at Fort Pulaski, while H was on special duty in Savannah. The column left Sister's Ferry at seven A.M., the men being in excellent spirits, cheering; while the bands led off with lively airs, the Fourteenth being in advance, and a brisk lead the regiment made of it.

There was an exciting competition between the regiments, in

the matter of speed, on this march; and the Fourteenth was considerably chagrined to find that the Indiana boys could decidedly outmarch it. For yelling, and "loping off" at an unconscionable gait, those Hoosiers were pre-eminent. They should have been distinguished for something: they certainly were not for fighting, at the Opequan.

Another topic served to keep things lively on this march. The Fourteenth Me. was a veteran regiment; had been home on the "veteran furlough," and had recently returned in an entirely new outfit. There were a good many new officers, and some of them — possibly the colonel — did not quite sense the situation in relation to red tape, etc. The men were made to carry knapsacks, packed according to regulations, — the other regiments had hardly a score of knapsacks throughout, — and their blankets must be neatly rolled. The officers marched in full dress, and insisted upon keeping the files rigidly dressed and distanced, all the time. The officers were certainly well-intentioned, but they did not exactly appreciate the best methods of enforcing discipline. They might have considered that the war was over, or nearly so; that the weather was hot, the road dusty, and the marching hard. They were unreasonably and unmercifully guyed, but they deserved some of it. Another consideration assisted in swelling the torrent of ridicule heaped upon this battalion by the wicked members of other commands. The three-years' volunteer had about an equal contempt for a nine-months' man and a veteran enlistment, — that is, a three-years' man who re-enlisted just before his term expired, in consideration of a furlough and another bounty. The latter contempt, must, in all candor, be ascribed partially to envy. At any rate, the Fourteenth poked a great deal of fun at the Pine-tree vets.

"What did you get?" — "A cow and a calf and a bale of hay!" — "Get one more bounty, and Uncle Sam'll make you mounted infantry!" — "What do they carry those knapsacks for?" — "That's what they carry their bounty in!" And when some officer, fully uniformed and equipped, — there was not one such in the Fourteenth at this time, — was noticed, striv-

ing to hold his men up to the strict order of march, he was made a most unhappy target.

"Give that calf more rope!" — "Let him alone, and he will hang himself!" etc., were the remarks, which could not be traced either to the maker or the object, but they were easily heard. Some of the most interesting features of this march will be found portrayed in the article entitled "The Negro."

At two P.M. of the 9th, the bugler sounded the halt; and the brigade, having made fifteen miles, bivouacked at Poor Robbin's Tavern. On the 10th the Fourteenth Me. led the column, and the other regiments pressed it hard, the Indiana boys twice marching clean by their Maine comrades; but a stop was at once put to that manœuvring.

On the 11th the Eighth led off; and a real John-Gilpin race they led us, stretching out the day's work to eighteen miles. Gen. Washburn's splendid gray horse was a conspicuous figure in these marches.

On the 12th the Fourteenth was in the advance, and sixteen miles were covered. The march to Augusta demonstrated that the Eighth alone was superior to the Fourteenth in marching qualities. This afternoon the bivouac was made near Waynesboro', on Brier Creek.

We were in excellent territory for foraging, and pork was abundant. There was little compunction over this extra commissariat, for we were passing the plantations of Rebel officers of high rank. The colored population literally swarmed in upon the troops. In some companies there were more darkies than soldiers carrying muskets.

On the 13th the column was *en route* at four A.M., and made twelve miles before noon. A halt of four hours; and six miles more were covered, when the column camped within six miles of Augusta.

We were in one of the most delightful sections of the whole South, — a really magnificent country, unscathed by war, and with no hint of its terrible desolations. The Rebel Gen. Wheeler was brought into camp, a captive.

The next morning the brigade was in motion at four o'clock;

and at seven-thirty the Yankees entered Augusta, in a kind of triumphal procession; bands playing, and colors flying, — the first Union soldiers ever seen in the city. The Fourteenth at once occupied, as barracks, an idle shoe-manufactory, which had turned out a good deal of work for the Rebel armies. The Fourteenth marched up Broad Street to these barracks, which were on Ellis Street; while the rest of the brigade kept on to the arsenal, to take possession, and hold it.

Ascending to the eminences overlooking Augusta, the Northerner cannot fail to be impressed with the scene about him, semi-tropical and of transcendent beauty. Verily, the dream of a splendid Southern empire was not a baseless fantasy. There was much to stimulate such an idea, and we must believe that the mind of the North did not wholly appreciate the sincere devotion of the Southern people to their cause. There was enough in it to arouse the ardor and chivalric daring of the very best and manliest element in the South. There was not enough in it to make it right; and the unhappy people were fighting the whole tendency of the age, and endeavoring to stem the irresistible drift of destiny. Let the Union volunteer concede all that he ought, to the foe which so gallantly and untiringly opposed him. They believed in the righteousness of their cause; and, in their woful blindness, they fought on to their own destruction. It has been said that only the politicians engendered and perpetuated the strife. Never was a falser explanation proposed. The Southern *people* were in that struggle, and their souls were fired by the principles behind it. The exceptions do not affect the truth of this statement. To the Southern mind, the conception of a mighty Southern empire was a grand one. They did not rise into the grander thought of a free land, an indivisible Union, majestic in its sway, revered from the pine to the palm, and admired on every continent, not for itself, but for what it was and could be — to *man*.

If the stay of the Fourteenth in Augusta was brief, it was eventful; and it was scarcely settled in its quarters before it was called upon to perform an extraordinary service, one which no regiment among all the loyal legions had witnessed, and which no other ever should participate in.

At two P.M. forty extra rounds of ammunition were issued to the men, and the officers were directed to load their revolvers. There was a smack of the serious in these preparations, and rumors were as numerous as the negro fugitives.

The following graphic account of our celebrated escort-duty is furnished by Capt. J. W Sturtevant.

The brigade had encamped the night previous in a beautiful grove six miles outside the city. In entering the town the march was up Broad Street, through crowds which lined both sides of the wide avenue, largely made up of negroes and members of Wheeler's cavalry, who had come into the city the day before, and surrendered their arms at the United-States Arsenal. The negroes made no attempts at concealing their delight; and the obeisances of the aged uncles and aunties, as they uttered their hearty "Bress de Lord! we knew you'd come!" left no room to doubt the sincerity of their welcome.

Wheeler's cavalry, in their ragged uniforms of every shade of butternut, looked on in sullen silence. After reaching the head of Broad Street, the Fourteenth countermarched, and moved down the street to the shoe-shop barracks. Immediately after the occupancy of the building, a guard was placed at every exit from the building; and the entire command was kept in close quarters until afternoon. All efforts to learn the cause of this unusual proceeding were unsuccessful, but rumors were abundant and alarming.

Still in ignorance of destination or duty, the regiment was marched, early in the afternoon, to Telfair Street, a thoroughfare leading from the depot to the steamboat-landing at the lower part of the city. On this street the entire regiment was deployed in squads of three men and a non-commissioned officer, and at intervals of about ten rods. The instructions were, to keep the street clear, allowing only persons residing in Telfair Street to pass to their homes, and then requesting them to remain there; to prevent all gathering of crowds at the street-corners, and to report at regimental headquarters any unusual gathering or commotion. Doors, windows, and blinds were

closed on all the houses on the street; and the anxious looks of the occupants, as they occasionally peered from a half-opened blind, plainly indicated their fear that something serious was likely to happen.

During the afternoon citizens reported the rumor as current among the residents, that President Davis had been captured, and was to be brought through the city on his way to the North. Crowds began to gather at the street-corners, increasing to such an extent as to make the execution of instructions almost impossible. About five o'clock, the whistle of a locomotive drew the crowd towards the railroad-station. All Augusta was out of doors, and crowding into the streets that crossed Telfair.

The writer was stationed at the corner of Telfair and Washington Streets, about half-way from the depot to the steamboat-landing. Fronting on both these streets was the residence of Mrs. Chew; gathered in her parlors and on the veranda were the *élite* of Augusta, including Mrs. Howell, sister of Jeff Davis, Mrs. John Morgan, widow of the Rebel cavalryman, and others. Directly across the street were the buildings of the Georgia Medical College, then used as a Confederate hospital: a hundred or more one-legged and one-armed Confederates occupied the grounds as interested spectators.

Washington Street on both sides was completely packed, the larger part of the crowd being Wheeler's cavalrymen. All eyes were turned toward the depot: presently a procession came in sight. In advance were half a dozen old coaches, packed inside and on top with cavalrymen, each with his carbine in hand. Following this escort were two open barouches, the first containing Jefferson Davis and Mrs. Davis, Alexander H. Stephens and Mrs. Stephens, and Gen. Wirtz; the second contained other members of the captured party, and officers in command of the guard; several coaches of cavalrymen bringing up the rear.

As the barouche containing the presidential party drew near the residence of Mrs. Chew, Mr. Davis rose in the carriage, and, removing his hat, bowed to the party on the veranda, whose sobs and evidences of grief must have been plainly audible to

all in the carriage. Looking to the right and left, his eye rested on the wounded and maimed soldiers of his late army on the one hand, and his recently disbanded veterans on the other. It was an anxious moment for that little squad of blue-coats that were nearly surrounded by their bitterest foes, and outnumbered by more than fifty to one.

Would they attempt the rescue of their commander-in-chief and their vice-president? It seemed an easy thing to do, and, in the bitterness of their disappointment at the sudden failure of the "lost cause," a very natural one to attempt.

The silence which had thus far prevailed was broken, not by cheers for their chieftain, but by cries from the Confederates on both sides of the street: "Got any of that gold with you, Jeff?" — "We want our pay!" — "Give us some of that gold!" — "I haven't seen a dollar of my pay for more than two years!" And amid such cries of derision from his own troops, the carriages moved on to the landing; and the late President and Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy were soon on board a government transport, and under the hated flag they had tried so zealously for four years to trail in the dust.

The regiment returned to its quarters on Ellis Street, and thus terminated a day's experience that is not likely to be soon forgotten.

On the afternoon of May 16 the Fourteenth left the city, marching three miles to the extensive arsenal grounds where it rejoined the brigade. The camp was formed in the grove within the arsenal area. We there enjoyed an extensive prospect from elevated grounds. The surrounding landscape was one of the most beautiful to be found in all the South, and every feature was delightful. The men remained here in comfort and contentment.

On the 18th affairs took on a new phase. The second brigade arrived, and relieved the first of all duty. It was rumored that we were to return to Savannah. The men at once eagerly caught at the notion that we were to be ordered home.

During the first evening of the Fourteenth's occupancy of

the arsenal grounds, the astonished inhabitants of the adjacent country witnessed a pyrotechnic display not provided for in the regulations, although it was entirely at Uncle Sam's expense. It seems that the Rebels had left a large store of signal-rockets, colored fires, etc., in the arsenal, which were captured by the Union troops. An inquisitive Yankee of the Fourteenth hunted them out, and they were judiciously distributed. When evening arrived the camps were startled by a series of most erratic signals. Various interpretations were put upon them; and, while neither officers nor men could tell where they came from, what they indicated, or who was responsible for the display, all were agreed that they were witnessing some especially fine fireworks. 'Tis true they were manifestly in the hands of amateurs; for the rockets were indifferent as to choice of a horizontal or vertical range, and several tents were perforated by those heavenly projectiles, to the great disquietude of the inmates. The next night the performance was repeated; and the investigation which followed was in season to ascertain that the material had all been used up, and that several hundred dollars' worth of valuable fireworks had been "let off." A Company-F corporal could have given the officials "some points" on the rocket business.

During the occupancy of the arsenal by the brigade, Gen. Washburn held daily reviews and brigade dress-parades, which were more excellent exhibitions, on a large scale, than any we had witnessed since entering the service.

For two weeks and a half the brigade remained at Augusta, and then the welcome orders came, and the march back to Savannah began. On the 31st the column made fifteen miles, camping at Goose Creek. June 1 it was hot, with a sandy road; and the men were exhausted when fourteen miles were covered, and the bivouac was made at Brier Creek.

The march of June 2 was the hardest of the entire route, the heat being excessive. The stragglers were so numerous that only three men, in some companies, were in their places to stack arms when the halt was sounded. Fifteen miles. On the 3d, seventeen miles were covered, and half the distance to Savannah.

MAJOR FLAVEL L. TOLMAN.

Through this territory plums and berries were to be found in abundance, and were much enjoyed. During the 4th, 5th, and 6th, the march was continued, — on the latter day twenty-two miles being made before one o'clock. The camp was fixed within nine miles of Savannah.

One member of some regiment in that column will not easily forget the return march, nor the night ride on a rail to which he was treated. His companion in that excursion did not tarry another day; and he ascertained, to his entire satisfaction, that the boys had not lost, in the army, their respect for wholesome morality.

THE NEGRO.

No volume relating to the Great Rebellion can pretend to completeness, even in a narrow and particular field, without some allusion to the negro. A dark, portentous cloud, he was spread by others, never by his own machinations or volition, over the entire land and all its interests. Not the occasion, but still the real, though innocent, cause of the war, the negro was a problem in whose solution every regiment was vitally interested and had a part. The transition state of the negro, the government's purposes and acts, the contraband doctrine, voluntary or enforced emancipation, negroes in the trenches, arming the blacks, the Emancipation Proclamation, — these several questions were vigorously discussed within the Fourteenth Regiment; and it must be conceded, that, in the earlier part of its service, the regiment was quite conservative. A majority would not have voted for a general freeing of the slaves; and, on a call of the roll in July, 1863, not one-third would have declared themselves in favor of arming the black man in order to save the Union. But the men grew. And in no respect was the prevailing sentiment more satisfactorily advanced toward justice and high conviction than touching the status of the slave, his rightful position among men, and the duty of the government toward him.

When, in the autumn of 1863, two of the ablest officers in the regiment passed an examination surpassing all competitors

in the land, and were commissioned colonels of the first regiments of U. S. colored troops which were allowed to assist in maintaining the Union which was to disenthral them, a better opinion became not only strong, but dominant, in the Fourteenth. When Col. Fellows, but recently a popular lieutenant in Company D, with a good band playing "John Brown," led the rhythmical tramp of a thousand men with sable faces down Pennsylvania Avenue, the brave, strong tread, the gleaming muskets, so well aslant, borne at a "right-shoulder-shift" which no white volunteer could excel, — prejudice was conquered; and from the groups of the Fourteenth lining the sidewalks, such a cheer went up as told the shrinking Rebel sympathizers crouching in the rear, that whatever they might have done with the body of the old hero of Ossawattomie, "his soul goes marching on!"

In General Orders, dated October 11, 1864, Gen. Butler, in command of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, said, —

"In the charge on the enemy's works by the colored division of the Eighteenth Corps, at Spring Hill, Newmarket, better men were never better led, — better officers never led better men. With hardly an exception, officers of colored troops have justified the care with which they have been selected. A few more such gallant charges, and to command colored troops will be the post of honor in the American armies."

Political references have no place on these pages, and the negro question will not be discussed from that standpoint. There is another aspect, much more to our purpose. Thousands of incidents have chased each other through the public prints, some of them true; others are partially correct, while more were manufactured to order. The compiler of this book cannot compete with the luxuriance of the American paragrapher's imagination. Yet we are not wholly discouraged in a search for material. While every Union regiment was brought into contact, in various ways, with that singular race whose peculiarity of situation and relation embraced more opposing and contradictory elements than can be attributed to any other for a thousand years, the Fourteenth Regiment enjoyed a range

of observation of, and extended facilities of contact with, the negro, equalled by few organizations in the army.

In his best conditions, and in his sorriest circumstances; as a free man, slave, contraband, and soldier; as a pupil, and a vagabond; respectable, and contemptible; serving, and in authority; in school, dance, and prayer-meeting; as a thief, and as a respected preacher to his people; on steamboat, parapet, railroad, and plantation; under the eye of a jealous master, and rollicking in unbounded and unthinking liberty, — we saw and studied the black man of the South. We went to him in all his haunts: he came to us in every feature of a soldier's service. We found him, first, in Maryland, in 1862: a slave still, though in a milder form of servitude; under a stolid face hiding a heart bursting for the freedom so soon to be. We observed him in the turbulent transition periods in Virginia; where he looked both ways for freedom, and found it in neither. We saw slaves really contented in their cabins on Massa's plantation. The almost pastoral life and little zeal for slavery in the Shenandoah Valley presented a new phase of the negro's life; and he could not be made to appear as very much of a slave throughout that region. The situation of the blacks in Maryland, during the first years of the Rebellion, was anomalous and perplexing; and the presence of Union troops aggravated the difficulty of the situation. There was a general, widespread uneasiness; and the puzzled slave not only dared not express his sentiments, but was fearful of having any sentiments. There was the hope and expectation of freedom consequent upon the war; but slavery was still the legal condition, and the temptation to follow the army was checked, not only by the commanding officers, but by the fear of the master's retribution.

No one who observed the wonderful circumspectness of conduct exhibited by the negro in the trying transitions of that period, can deny to him qualities far above those inhering in abject ignorance and inferiority. The troops performing the arduous observation and picket duty on the Potomac, above Washington, experienced many kindnesses from the slaves in that region. In Louisiana a different and a lower class of the

African race was encountered. The negro there was enjoying a condition of more abandoned and pronounced freedom, and revelled in a general and careless ignorance. The bright ones were brighter, but the mass was of a lower grade, than in Maryland and Virginia. In Louisiana we beheld the thorough viciousness of African servitude, and the disastrous consequences of the evil were apparent at every turn. Ignorance and vice were aggressive everywhere; while the exceptions were conspicuous, and demonstrated the better possibilities of the race.

It was in Georgia that we saw the negro at his best under the "peculiar institution;" and the members of the Fourteenth were afforded the rare privilege, to a Northerner, — now gone forever, — of securing varied and satisfactory glimpses of negro life at the South in all its romantic incidents and circumstances as they existed under the old *régime*. In Savannah, the ex-slaves, fresh from the cotton-fields, exultant in the first burst of freedom, crowded into the camps and *rendezvous*. Extravagant in their anticipations, they fully expected that the government would provide for every want. Several members of the Fourteenth assisted in initiating a systematic education for these freedmen. The writer instructed a large class, varying in age from thirteen to sixty, and including three preachers who came to learn the first principles of reading. Their assiduity, aptness, and progress were almost unprecedented; and their gratitude for help extended was expressed with touching sincerity. Most of the blacks abhorred the Rebellion, despised their late masters, and expressed a lofty contempt for the stay-at-home and well-scared slave-owning planters. A widely spread sentiment among the Southern darkies is graphically portrayed in the following stanza: —

"De massa look way down de riber
Where de Linkum gun-boats lay,
An' he pick up his hat, an' he lebe bery sudd'n,
An' I spec he's runned away.

De massa run, ha! ha!
De darky stay, ho! ho!
It mus' be now dat de kingdom's comin',
An' de year of Jubilo!"

When Gen. Washburn's brigade marched from Savannah to Augusta, we traversed a region whose inhabitants had never looked upon a Yankee soldier. The entire section had escaped the ravages of war, save as the lower portion was intersected by Sherman's line of march. But no army, Union or Rebel, had marched over, or encamped on, the territory in the vicinity of Augusta. The bitter execration of the whites, and the undiluted wonder of the blacks, were stirred beyond description by the advent of a Union army. The final collapse of the Rebellion had not penetrated this isolated region in the amazing revulsions of its overwhelming disaster and general demoralization; yet the whispered prophecies had preceded us, and hundreds of slaves rushed upon the column, hailing their deliverers. In every possible manner these slaves, intoxicated to bewilderment by liberty realized, but not understood, strove to attach themselves to the army. They turned their backs unhesitatingly upon home, friends, and every association of a lifetime, and purposed to follow "Father Linkum's sojers," they cared not where.

The culmination of romance was attained one night in the sylvan camp, as the army bivouacked under the magnificent pines which stretched away in miles of open yet imposing forest. The surroundings harmonized with pictures of ideal camp-life. No shelter-tents were pitched, as the umbrageous canopy was ample. The weather was so warm that the men threw off their blouses, and lounged at twilight on nature's rich forest carpet; the whole situation being delightfully picturesque and novel to the Northerner, even though a veteran of the war. When the moon appeared, the beauty of the romantic picture was enhanced, and every fairyland effect intensified. As the evening advanced, the rollicking, untamable darkies, who thronged along as camp-followers, — every officer had from one to three servants, — became restless and irrepressible. Their spirits rose with the moon, and entirely out-stripped it. Their gymnastic antics were startling and absurdly comical. In their contortions and genuflections they would have shamed the best of Barnum's athletes. All sorts of animals were heard

through the forest, as if gathering for a midnight powwow; and some of the uncarthly screeches portended darker orgies. The natural mildness of the scene was half transformed into the accessories of some weird and horrible rite of the Druids. The conditions were favorable, and the contrabands were determined on a breakdown of proportions adequate to the occasion.

Each regiment in the brigade had its own group of grotesque performers, who did their level best, encouraged by the shouts of approbation; but there was one independent arena deserving of especial mention. About eleven o'clock, those slaves who had swarmed in from all directions became well warmed up to work. There was singing, shouting, dancing, wrestling, and a plentiful interlarding of negro expletive dialect. The actors on this occasion were confined to young men and boys; the older ones retaining sufficient dignity to refrain from all extreme demonstrations, and to appropriately "cuss" the small-fry of "foolish niggahs" who would "cut up." Somewhat apart from the main army, in a quiet dell, secluded by a close copse fringing a spring of water; there, shut in by such a density of foliage that the moonlight was useless, and the darkness was intense enough for the great pine flambeaux to throw a lurid coloring over that strange grouping of two races, — there was witnessed the highest effect of this luxuriant tropical slave-life in its outburst of jubilation over a long-waited-for, earnestly supplicated liberty. A dozen of the brightest negro boys we had encountered since leaving Yankee-land were grouped in the foreground, and an ever-enlarging amphitheatre of blue-coats furnished all needed stimulus to the thoroughly aroused performers. The older ones "beat it off," and the younger ones danced. The beating-off consisted of a jerky, rhythmic chant, with the curious accompaniment of a smart clapping of hands and slapping of thighs in exact time. As the dance progressed, the vocal accompaniment was raised in pitch and volume, the time being gradually accelerated. It is moderate to aver that the audience there assembled had never before witnessed a similar display. The extravaganzas of Southern slave-life were acted out in all their fantasies. The serious and

comic were so strangely blended that the verity of the scene might have been questioned, except that a live, prancing darky is so palpably material that gross weight and dimensions could not be mistaken. Those fellows seemed to dance on their heads and on their bellies with as much agility as upon their feet, swaying to each side, plunging forward, darting across the area; then modulating voice and motion to regular cadences and staid movements, anon sprawling prone: a somersault, and the dancers lay supine, but only for an instant. And thus the singular acting went on, the storm rising until a perfect fury of excitement and motion whirled them about as a tempest. The climax must come; and when it was reached, the performers whirled exhausted to the ground, the torches scattered, the crowd dispersed; and at midnight, with leaves beneath and a bit of shelter-tent spread over them, the men turned in, to dream of black hobgoblins dancing a Sambo breakdown on the rim of a full moon.

There was one characteristic of the negro encountered on this march in which he differed essentially from those in Maryland, Virginia, and Louisiana. Wherever troops had become familiar to the slave, there he had learned, if not to distrust a soldier, still to use all his wits in dealing with him. It must be conceded that the Yankee volunteer was apt to selfishly impose upon the negro; and the latter had pretty much come to accept the doctrine enunciated by one of his race, who, after running a plantation a year, in partnership with its owner, found the books were so kept that he was in debt to the white sharper, —

> "A nought is a nought, a figger is a figger:
> All for the white man, none for the nigger."

But the negroes of Northern Georgia placed the most implicit confidence in the "Yankee sojers," and fortunately we did not remain in the locality long enough to destroy the illusion. With an absolute trust born of a faith that could not question, they threw themselves into the arms of "Massa Linkum's army." Our march into the city of Augusta was rendered

touchingly impressive by an incident worthily remarkable and singular as an illustration of the prevalent feeling among those who were just passing out of the dark realm of bondage into a light so dazzling that they still "saw men as trees walking," and were yet unacquainted with the perspectives of freedom. As the column of the invading brigade swung past the fine suburban estates a little outside the city, an old negro, a venerable patriarch, with four generations about him, drew near, and was at first unable to speak. His long woolly hair and beard were white with age: he was tall, massive, and fine-looking. At length he raised his arm; and, stretching it out as if in benediction, he exclaimed, "Oh, chillun, I never 'spected to live to see dis day! I bress de good Lord fur dis day. It am de hope of de black man. De kingdum has cum, suah 'nuf! Ye's cum straight from de Lord; ye's brought de deliberance; I bress ye all!" We had been laughing at negro idiosyncrasies throughout the march; there were men in the ranks who would make light of the most serious matters: but when this doxology burst forth, eloquent in its every inflection, from the lips of a man who had been a slave ever since Washington was President of the nation, not a man but was mute, serious, and subdued. We had there seen our Uncle Tom, while in the forest diversion previously Sam and Andy had indulged in gambols fully as eccentric as the placing of prickly burrs under Massa Haley's saddle. Nor did we miss a genuine Aunt Chloe.

While on a private skirmish after mulberries outside of Augusta, two members of the Fourteenth wandered out to a large plantation; and as the planter happened to be absent, we sauntered down to the "quarters." There was the "old cabin home," a genuine Uncle Tom's cabin, and Aunt Chloe was in. She did not know exactly how to receive us, and answered positively that there was nothing in the cabin to eat. But, after considerable parley, three facts were made clear. We informed her that Massa was away; that we were Yankee soldiers; that our bag of coffee was before her, and there was but one way for her to get some. She suddenly recollected that "suah 'nuf, dar is one hoe-cake lef';" and she forthwith proceeded in a

lively fashion to rake the ashes from off as luscious a hoe-cake as ever lay on a cabin hearth. The entire colored population of Augusta seemed eager to render every possible service to the "Linkum angels," and no remuneration was expected. They were ready to steal provisions from their masters for the benefit of the Yankees, and thousands of dollars in Confederate money were brought in by them for distribution among the men.

The religious side of the negro's life has found a large place in literature, and has been caricatured without limit and beyond reason. Not all of the slaves were extravagant and absurd in their ideas and practices in worship. One of the largest congregations in America is a colored church in Richmond, Va., and it is also one of the most dignified in the conduct of worship. But there have been ample grounds for the comic portrayals of negro services. Members of the Fourteenth were the unsuspected observers of a meeting which went about as far in exemplification of the startling and ridiculous as appears to be possible. It would have been utterly impossible for one ignorant of the religious peculiarities of the race to suspect that the antics indulged in were really inspired by a devotional frame; yet if there was a single impressive characteristic of the service, it was that of its perfect sincerity, — its all-absorbing earnestness. The edifice in which the gathering was held was a government barracks, with tiers of bunks against the walls. The principal portion of the audience perched or roosted on those bunks; the upper-tier occupants hanging over so far that there was a perpetually imminent danger of a fall, if not from grace, still from a considerable elevation. The service cannot be classed under any known ecclesiastical designation. It was a combination of love-feast, breakdown, praise-meeting, walk-around, class-meeting, and a mighty serious religious jollification. It is a matter of regret that the spectators were too late to observe the opening of the exercises; for twenty years have not allayed the wonder how, and by what beginnings, the stage of performance first perceived was ever reached. The culminating rapture of the evening was far ahead; the congregation had not even reached the degree of

convulsive paroxysms, being only worked up, during the first hour, to a state of deliberate frenzy The first look yielded the undoubted assurance of infinite possibilities in that meeting. Passionate oratory, sweet, plaintive, enlivening melodies, rapturous prayers, and unctuous, stunning interjections, competed for the crowning approbation. If there was any recognized leader, it was impossible to single him out. Nearly all of the livelier participants took a hand at directing affairs, and in one portion of the service every active member led in his turn.

The meeting was run by relays or reliefs. When the upper-bunk reserve worshippers felt that the devotional fire was not glowing with sufficient intensity, they leaped into the arena, and assumed direction of affairs, affording the displaced ones a breathing-spell. Every approach to exhaustion was a signal for prayer; and the entire ring fell upon its knees, half a dozen supplicating audibly at once, while the upper perchers contented themselves with shouting till they were hoarse. A small stock of expressions sufficed for the exhorters, as the continual ejaculatory interpolations from all hands constituted two-thirds of the address. The music formed the marvellous feature of the programme. When a season of prayer had been concluded, the occupants of the floor sprang to their feet, and formed a ring, when one of them led off: —

"I'm goin' to heaben when I die,
When I die, when I die;
I'm goin' to heaben when I die,
Hi-o, Lord! hi-o!"

The next man then sang a solo consisting of the line rendered by his predecessor, adding one of his own: thus, —

"I'm goin' to heaben when I die,
The Lord he's a-callin' you and I.
Hi-o, Lord! hi-o!"

The chorus came in with the addition of each line, the whole audience singing all that had gone before. There was nothing mirth-provoking in this part of the service, but an indescribable fascination in the fantastic song, accompanied with stamping of

the feet, and rhythmic undulations of the body. The mind and heart of even intelligent observers were led in channels of genuine devotion. Hour after hour, sometimes until three o'clock in the morning, the exercises wore on, until the most intense zealots were worn out; and the strange drama was suspended, only to be re-enacted, perhaps, on the following night.

The insight obtained by the Fourteenth into actual slave-life at the South included the most interesting and important phases of that powerful system, at whose doors history must lay the crime of the Rebellion; and our experiences in this department were valuable beyond estimate, being more comprehensive than those of most regiments; and the recollections here suggested of master and slave, and their relations to Southern society as it was observed in *ante-bellum* days, are especially to be cherished when it is considered that the original of the picture, the entire condition of things herein depicted, is obliterated forever. Wherever the negro was seen, he was a study, not so much for his intrinsic peculiarities, interesting as they were, as for the illustrations they furnished of a system, an organized life, wholly foreign to the New-England economy. The Union soldiers of the Fourteenth saw the negro at his best and at his worst, — as a slave and as a freedman, as a chattel and as a man.

VI.

HOME AGAIN.

THE war of the Rebellion inculcated one lesson which a large proportion of the American people had never sufficiently pondered. This lesson is the worth of home-life, and the comforts and advantages connected with the ordinary avocations of peace. The great army of the Union learned this lesson thoroughly amid the deprivations, the burdens, and the separations incident to a prolonged and desperate conflict. War was an inexorable schoolmaster, and the lesson was well conned. Deep beyond expression was the yearning for home, and a relief from the irksome exactions of military service, as soon as the dawn of peace permitted the veteran volunteer to turn the whole strength of mind and heart away from war and toward the home, friends, and calling he had left nearly three years before. It was understood that those regiments which had longest to serve would be retained until a complete peace status should be reached throughout the South, and the Fourteenth expected to remain in service during the summer. When Richmond fell, and the glorious culmination of Appomattox and Johnston's subsequent surrender was announced, there was an eager desire to be ordered home. Yet in the Fourteenth there was no clamor, and the men were not even restless. This is doubtless to be accounted for by the active duties devolved upon the regiment, and the obviously important post it occupied in the very centre of the late Confederacy. The events of the time were so startling, the transitions so sudden, and the entire situation so peculiar, that the soldier's life in Georgia could not settle into a discontented monotony, even when the clash of arms had

finally ceased. The Fourteenth was favored beyond anticipation, the welcome order for muster-out being issued much sooner than it was expected.

When the column resumed its march on the 7th, at half-past four in the morning, it was within nine miles of Savannah. We moved over the rough "corduroys" constructed by Sherman's army, and passed through the formidable defences relied upon to keep the Yankees out.

As the brigade neared the city, it was met by a staff-officer with orders for the Fourteenth, relieving it from brigade connection in order to be mustered out of service. Never were there lighter hearts; never a battalion took merrier step. The end of the cruel war, of the long separations, was indeed nigh at hand. Who but the veteran knows how much that order meant?

The remainder of the brigade went into camp outside the city, while the Fourteenth camped near the cotton-yard it had occupied when first reaching Savannah. The information was given that the regiment would be discharged as soon as the muster-out rolls could be completed. The men learned that home was a great deal farther away than they, in their eager expectation, supposed. On the 9th the regiment moved into quarters recently occupied by a New-York regiment.

On the 12th the company officers began making out the final rolls.

On the 18th of June the regiment held its last dress-parade. Could that fact have been realized at the time, it would doubtless have made a deep impression upon every thoughtful member of the regiment. The last dress-parade of the Fourteenth! As these words are written, after so many years of vicissitude and change, the grandeur and might of our battalion, as displayed on many a field, rises before us in all their romance and impressiveness. Verily, that life in the Fourteenth Regiment was well worth the living.

The weather was intensely hot, and disease was threatening a fearful havoc in the regiment. On the 23d the muster-out rolls were complete; or, rather, it was supposed that they were.

On those rolls the recruits were not entered. A heavy rain set in; which, continuing several days, increased the general unhealthiness.

On the 28th those who were not to go home with the regiment turned in their arms and equipments, — a token of the coming dissolution. Orderly-Sergt. Parker, of Company C, died the 30th, after an illness of but eighteen hours. There were other similar cases.

July 3 the eighteen regiments stationed at Savannah were reviewed by Gen. Birge. It was the last review of the Fourteenth, and the last marshalling under our able brigade commander of the Valley campaign.

Before the Fourteenth ceased from duty in Savannah, large numbers of Rebel officers came in and gave themselves up. They were paroled, and allowed to wear their uniforms, — most of them had no other clothes, — but every military insignia must be removed: particularly the brass buttons were all cut from their coats. To this proceeding some of them wrathfully demurred, but the officers were inexorable. At one time Capt. Berry had a dozen of these displumed knights before him; and, when he proceeded to dispossess them of those buttons with the lamented "C. S. A." upon them, they refused to be shorn. When notified that it was a matter of minus buttons or minus freedom, they agreed to cut them off if left to themselves. They were gratified, and went off wearing buttonless coats.

July 6 the baggage of the Fourteenth was sent to the dock, and orders were issued to have the line formed at half-past four the next morning. For nearly six months the regiment had been stationed in Georgia, and the men had become as much attached to Savannah as to any place we had occupied in the South. A large number of the boys declared their firm intention of returning there as soon as they had made a coveted visit in the North, — a determination which hardly a man of them adhered to when the old home was reached. But where are the expectant females who waited for the fulfilment of ardent vows made by Yankee lovers?

The boys took their last survey of Savannah, and a lively

evening they made of it. Pleasant acquaintances had been made, and parting calls were numerous.

Reveille was sounded at two o'clock on the morning of the 7th; battalion-line was formed at three; and the regiment was on the wharf at four. Went aboard the steamship "Constitution;" and six o'clock the lines were cast off, and the Fourteenth, winding down the tortuous channel, was homeward bound.

For more than half a mile down the river-bank Capt. Starr, post quartermaster and master of transportation, accompanied the steamer on his fine pony. Capt. Starr was very popular with the Fourteenth. An incident connected with his meeting Jeff Davis must find a place in this chronicle. When the ex-President of the ex-Confederacy arrived, a prisoner, in Savannah, it was the duty of Capt. Starr to provide transportation to Hilton Head. As he stepped on board the small river stern-wheeler which brought the notorious prisoner from Augusta, Davis was gazing over the rail. The officer in charge of the captive said, "Mr. Davis, allow me to present to you Capt. Starr, the quartermaster of this city." Mr. Davis held out his hand; but the captain put his own behind him, and, looking the Rebellion leader square in the face, replied, "*No, sir!* Mr. Davis." Afterward the captain said, in explanation, "I wonder if Jeff thought I would take his hand? I have seen too much of this cruel war for that."

Hilton Head was reached at eleven o'clock; and it was then ascertained that the rolls must be altered, in order to include the recruits in the muster-out. A further delay was occasioned by the fact that some of the company rolls were not properly made out. This was a trial of the men's patience, which did not endanger the supremacy of Job. The regiment remained aboard the ship, which was tied up to the great government pier.

On the 8th three companies were mustered out; and the muster of the entire regiment was dated from that day, although the mustering-officer's work was not completed until the 11th. At four o'clock that day the Fourteenth sailed on its last voyage, "The Constitution" having the bark "Annie Kimball"

in tow. On the 13th Cape Hatteras was passed, the boys recalling the fearful experiences of a previous voyage. The heavy fogs and frequent showers contributed to the discomforts of the men, and the long trip was not hugely enjoyed. One overmastering sentiment possessed the members of the regiment, and that was the desire to get home.

At half-past ten, on the night of the 17th, the vessel rounded Cape Cod; and the next morning a most delightful sail was enjoyed up Boston Harbor. At nine-thirty A.M. "The Constitution" touched the wharf, and the Fourteenth landed in the Hub. At twelve o'clock a collation was served in Faneuil Hall; and at four P.M., after the men had enjoyed a good deal of tramping about the city, the regiment marched to the Lowell Depot, amid the cheers of a large concourse of spectators, — the battalion showed its excellent discipline to advantage, — and took a special train for Concord.

After nearly completing the three years for which the men enlisted, the Fourteenth re-entered the capital of New Hampshire, at half-past eleven P.M., July 18. The men were served with supper at the different hotels, and then were marched to Camp Gilmore, south of the city, where A-tents were provided.

As a regiment the Fourteenth was home again. But not all. We do not forget the graves on Southern battle-fields, nor the decimated ranks where grim disease had done its dread work. Four hundred and forty-two original members, or forty-five per cent, returned home at muster-out. Including recruits, five hundred and seventy men, or forty-two per cent of the total membership, — about thirteen hundred and fifty, — was the strength of the regiment when it returned to the State. Company A brought home the most men, — fifty-four original members, sixty in all; while Company I brought the smallest number, — thirty-four original members, a total of forty-four.

Two or three items of general interest may properly find a place here. The last fight between Union and Rebel troops was on the 13th of May. The grand review at Washington was on May 22–23. When the war closed, 63,442 Rebel prisoners were released; and the final surrender of Lee included 174,223 men.

March 1, 1865, the Union armies mustered, on the rolls, 965,941. The great bulk of the Rebel armies never surrendered at all, but quietly returned to their homes. Of the Union forces, 91,000 were killed in battle, or died of wounds, while the total Union loss was over 300,000.

An appropriate reception was planned in Concord for the Fourteenth; but as the men, on the 19th, received a leave of absence, — a week's delay was found to be necessary before discharges could be granted, — the plan was never fully carried out.

On the 26th the men returned to Concord, and signed the pay-rolls.

On the 27th of July the men were paid off, and discharged from the service.

The Fourteenth Regiment, as an active military organization, passed out of existence in a most commonplace manner. It would be agreeable to look back upon some closing formalities befitting the occasion, and consonant with the high dignity of the regiment's service, and the honorable name it had won. A final dress-parade would have measurably satisfied a sentiment which is doubtless more general and intense to-day than when the boys had just put army-life behind them, and emphatically declared that "military is played out." With blare of trumpet and roll of drum the Fourteenth mustered in 1862. Without demonstration or ceremony the same organization melted away in 1865, and its members

> "Folded their tents like the Arabs,
> And as silently stole away."

The Fourteenth passed into the history which it helped to make and glorify, and its component parts became simply citizens of that Republic which they had done their full part to make secure and free.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

In the interest of this volume a member of the Fourteenth recently made a tour of the scenes of its service and campaign in Virginia. A present view, even by proxy, of the localities which entered so largely into the most important life-era of our veterans, must furnish an entertaining portion of this memorial. Certain descriptive passages which might properly have appeared in the history of the Shenandoah campaign are incorporated in this chapter.

The journey to Washington was strikingly similar, in some particulars, to the passage of the Fourteenth to the seat of war. The route by boat and rail was much the same, and Baltimore was reached at the same hour in the early morning. But the arrival in Washington was different from that in the fall of 1862; the train stopping at a station on Sixth Street, south of Pennsylvania Avenue, it being the same in which President Garfield was shot; the route being by the Pennsylvania Railroad, which furnishes an elegant and quiet transit from New York to Washington by a route unknown in "war-times." Washington is wonderfully transformed, and the veteran soldier visiting the national capital will gaze with surprise upon the great advances made since the war.

The numerous hospitals, extensive corrals for horses and mules, immense warehouses for quartermaster and commissary stores, winding miles of wagon and ambulance trains, the varied and almost immeasurable paraphernalia and panoply of colossal campaigns, provost-guards, patrols, detachments of soldiers of every arm of the service, general officers with their staffs and orderlies galloping through the streets toward camps in the suburbs, or on their way to outlying forts or *rendezvous*, — all this, so familiar to the members of the Fourteenth for nearly a year, has entirely disappeared; and the brilliancy of a finished metropolis has superseded the shambling, dirty, and nondescript city of 1862.

About the Capitol the transformation is most bewildering, delightful parterres and costly and artistic granite coping having

supplanted the huge fences, sheds, bowlders, and construction *débris* incident to the great enlargement of the Capitol progressing while the Fourteenth enjoyed the title of "Lincoln's Pets." And in many portions of the city the *post-bellum* embellishments have wrought, as by magic, to transform the provincial Southern town of large dimensions into a magnificent city. Even the Washington Monument has been roused from its worse than Rip Van Winkle lethargy, and is now casting off its mantle of shame by rising to worthier altitudes.

But there need be no cherishing of regrets over remorseless transitions. Washington is to-day a perfectly familiar spot to the veteran Union soldier, not only in its bold, salient features of general aspect, but in important and most interesting particulars. In some respects the changes in the capital amount to a splendid transformation, while other portions remain precisely as when the city and its environs formed a monster military camp.

The boys who were stationed at Benning's Bridge would perceive no intrusive hand laid upon so much as a negro-cabin; in fact, it seemed as though the identical curly-pated urchins were punching the identical ebony toes into the identical mud sloughs which filled the foreground of a common picture twenty years ago. While the old soldier who used to guard Rebel prisoners at the "Old-Capitol Prison" would now feel himself lost, standing before the corner so much frequented by the Fourteenth, and would not recognize in the palatial block of residences the former whitewashed walls of the famous prison, now topped out with the common architectural outrage, a mansard roof; and while the detachments which so long stood guard on Sixth and Seventh-street Wharves might now feel lonesome in searching for their old quarters and familiar sutler and huckster shops, — the famous heroes of the "Central Guard-House" would revel in the grates, bars, cells, guard-room, and even the hose-bath parlor, all undisturbed, standing as though the squad and provost-marshal had marched off but yesterday. There was nothing incongruous, save several barrels of apples stored there by adjacent marketmen. We have seen a crowd

in those cells and corridors, — both of prisoners and guards, — who had a taste sensitive enough to remove such an incongruity without delay.

The old guard at the War Department would find a splendid structure on the corner of Seventeenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, instead of the well-remembered warehouse, dignified into the chief department of government, where Lincoln, Stanton, and the renowned commanders of the armies, held decisive consultations, while members of the Fourteenth stood guard within and without. The G-street Wharf detachment could never find their barracks, their beats, or any familiar object: the change is complete. But the heavy detachment so long posted at the south end of Long Bridge could suffer no such disappointment: the building occupied as barracks, guard-room, officers' quarters, and, above, for the improvised lyceum with its memorable debates; the grounds outside; the back-yard, with its big trees, in whose bark there remain the initials of several members of the Fourteenth, — every thing remains in about the same condition as it was when the post was vacated by the Fourteenth in January, 1864. The passenger-station of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, another post of duty for members of the Fourteenth, is in nearly the same condition as during the war. The most noticeable alteration is in the grade of the avenue in front, which has been so raised as to leave the depot down in a hole.

Every point in Washington covered by details of the regiment was visited by the veteran on his tramp, but let it not be supposed that any spot was visited before the pilgrimage was made to Camp Adirondack. Striking New-York Avenue through familiar streets, we reach the well-remembered gardens of Ernst Loeffler. The old man is still there, though 'twas a palsied, almost helpless, hand we grasped; but the greeting was cordial. Beyond Loeffler's, hardly a change in the landscape has occurred until the camp is reached. The brook, embankments, crooked paths, buildings, are exactly as they were, and we were almost tempted to attempt a recognition of the very footprints of "our boys." The camp itself, in

"Gale's" or "Patterson's Woods," is scarcely altered, save as a high board-fence about it, and the usual structures of a German beer-garden, change somewhat the general aspect. The trees are all there; the shallow gorge separating the tents of officers and men, the open parade-ground in front, and the running stream in the meadow below, — these are satisfactory in their likeness to the days of camping in 1863. The grading of the location of the tents of Company F's line-officers was easily discerned; the company street of H was distinctly traced; the locations of the company cook-houses were plain to the eye; while the sinks seem to remain just as they were left by the regiment. The well-remembered milk and newspaper vender, Heidemiller, is dead; but his son has supplanted the old farm-house with an elegant residence.

From Washington we proceed to Harper's Ferry, not by the circuitous route through the Relay Station, but over the new line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which furnishes the tourist with the best of accommodations. Passing within two miles of Poolesville, dashing round Point of Rocks, and while deeply buried in a revery which held us in the spell of war romances, we suddenly stop in the wild scenery and architectural dilapidation of Harper's Ferry.

Not a breath seems to have stirred a leaf in that slowly disintegrating town since the hero of Ossawattomie sounded the dread bugle-note that crazed the phalanxes of the Old Dominion, and raised a political dust which only four years of blood drenching could lay. Curiously enough, the first sight for us to contemplate on leaving the cars was a veteran of the Eighty-seventh Penn., dragging a hearse out from the renowned engine-house, "John Brown's fort," as it is now placarded in big sign lettering. Let the old bullet-battered freedom castle remain a hearse-house, and a reminder of the fact, that, when Virginia dragged the "old fanatic" from the *débris* of an infuriated bombardment, she drew a hearse which carried to its entombment the decomposed body of an arrogant aristocracy. Such thoughts possessed us as we wandered through those streets, especially constructed for the benefit of the native "forty-rod

whiskey" victims; for no man, until worked into a certain state of inebriety, pretends to walk like a gentleman there. We climbed Cemetery Hill, peered within the gaunt walls of the viscerated stone church, then mounted the eminence which overlooked the picturesque but blighted town. Across the Potomac we gazed upon Maryland Heights, treacherously abandoned at a critical time in the great struggle; over the confluent Shenandoah rose Loudon Heights, veiling the field of Moseby's deadly surprises; with a soldier's "about-face," we surveyed the roll and rise of Bolivar, where Miles disgracefully surrendered, yielding to the Rebels the key to a grand strategic point. Not without reason has this wildly beautiful landscape been lauded by European tourists of culture as containing the finest scenery in America.

Hall's Island, where the Fourteenth camped in the fearful February temperature of 1864, and the heights overlooking the town, previously occupied as a temporary camp, and also for a night in August of that year, were visited, and campaign memories revived.

We turn away from Harper's Ferry, glad to escape the sorrowful picture of its irretrievable stagnation, yet gratified that the associations of the war and the reminiscences from heroic campaigns came down with unchanged adjuncts, unmarred by restorative gloss and paint. If the bugler who sounded the "halt," two decades ago, died before he could wind again the grand "forward," along these vista ranges of high-walled verdure, it is certain that one potent force is not baffled, even here. The railroad service in this region, scant in extent, has been contemptible in administration. But a new era has dawned upon the Valley; and its resources are being adequately developed, through the energy and excellent service afforded by the Baltimore and Ohio corporation, which runs the best-appointed express and way trains in all this section, furnishing the choicest of facilities to business-men and tourists. This branch of the Baltimore and Ohio extends from Harper's Ferry to Staunton; and every veteran of the Valley campaigns will be startled to behold the lightning-express dash through breastwork and rifle-

pit, over battle-fields and through defiles, portentous of Rebel ambuscades and guerilla skirmishes.

To a Yankee it is a curious spectacle, — plenty of people hanging around, but tying up to loafing-posts, aimless, idle. We were obliged to scour the Valley about as assiduously as the war bummer did for fresh pork, before we could find anybody doing any thing. We were in the midst of a more leisurely human existence than New England ever luxuriates in. Even the carpenters in the village appeared to be waiting for the tools to saw, chisel, or plane themselves up to their limp grasp. The "New South" is not here, in any material characteristics.

A strange inconsistency confronts the traveller in the Shenandoah Valley. Whatever may be antiquated or crude in the sluggish, semi-Southern life of this naturally magnificent valley, the principal thoroughfares are notable for their excellence. These remarkable "pikes," so valuable in contrast with intersecting "dirt roads," — furrowed and ridged in the dry season, and veritable "sloughs of despond" in the wet, — are unsurpassed by any road-bed, city or suburban, save the "shell road" and an asphalt paving. All through the Civil War, over the "Winchester Pike," the Martinsburg, the Strasburg, and the Harrisonburg, there surged, as through a great artery of the nation's life, the best blood of the Union and Rebellion. Scouts, guerillas, Ashby and Custer, Moseby and Averill, dashed up and down, in terrible play of battle shuttlecock, and ever reciprocating sanguinary tilts. Multitudinous batteries of artillery, leagues of ammunition, baggage and commissary wagons, thundered and toiled over these famous pikes; while the blue and the gray lined the rich adjacent fields in startling alternations.

Here Patterson, Miles, Hunter, Sigel, Shields, Banks, and Sheridan displayed their Union panoramic tactics, confronted by the indomitable persistency and fine strategy of "Stonewall" Jackson, and the dash and valor of the bravest fighters for a wicked and hopeless cause. No splendid ancient way, immortalized by Roman legions and the tramp of the empire's victorious hosts, could unfold such romances of war as were enacted

along the pikes of the Shenandoah. We struck the pike in fine condition for our Valley tramp, sending our baggage whirling along, by express-train, up the sinuous winding of a stream whose war whisperings to anxious Northern homes became scarcely less pathetic than those of the Potomac and Chickahominy. And in this particular we experienced the first novelty of contrast: for in the Valley campaign of 1864 we, first, carried all our baggage on our backs; second, we had no baggage to carry. Folding our overcoats, and strapping knapsacks, we sent them to Washington, and never saw them any more. Somebody kindly cared for that baggage.

We strode down the eminence which is the crown of Harper's Ferry, tramped cheerily along the "dirt" road, stumbling over the diabolical volcanic pavement of the little village of Bolivar, and over Miles's fizzle field. Rising, by easy grade and a twist in the road, to the summit of Bolivar Heights, our "dirt" road leads us to the pike; and, rounding the high curve, we stop and behold a scene of natural beauty such as no New-England landscape of fertility ever afforded. Such a spectacle, so lovely and affluent a landscape, must stay any pen not mechanically automatic. We stood there, in the grand display and culminating glories of the harvest season; and the wide-spread carpet of fertility stretched away up the Valley to the vista's limit, the rich soil rolling its harvest billows well up the sides of the majestic mountain ranges on either side, which royally cradle the Shenandoah.

The most prosaic tourist can hardly repress an exclamation of astonishment, when this vision of prosperity unfolds before him, from stream-bed meads of grass away to hillside vineyards. On rolling miles of fields the stooks of corn stood thick, save where the scene was varied by the rich green fields of winter wheat, charmingly interspersed; with occasional foils of unrivalled timber belts heightening the effect. To the civilian this picture must appear as an inspiration: how, then, shall the veteran depict the contrast between the devastation and ruin of 1864, and the luxuriant agricultural magnificence of 1881?

Between Bolivar Heights and Berryville the most productive

acres of all the Valley spread out in perfect convenience for tillage. We should immigrate to this region at once, could a New-England community, with its privileges, be set down here in bulk.

From Bolivar Heights to Halltown is a pleasant saunter, affording, in its pike-side views of home-life and agricultural methods, an epitome of all planter interests in Northern Virginia. Coming into the "town," I looked for the ruined mill which formed the salient feature in my memory's photograph of the place. But one other spot in Halltown, during the war, rivalled the picturesque old mill, with its unveiled, glaring, broken wheel. There was a sutler's shop, where cat and dog meat pie was disbursed, at twenty-five cents per ounce; and where no hardened "substitute" ever dared eat pieces from different pies at the same meal, fearing that the ingredients, on coming together in one stomach, might remember and revive their ancient feuds.

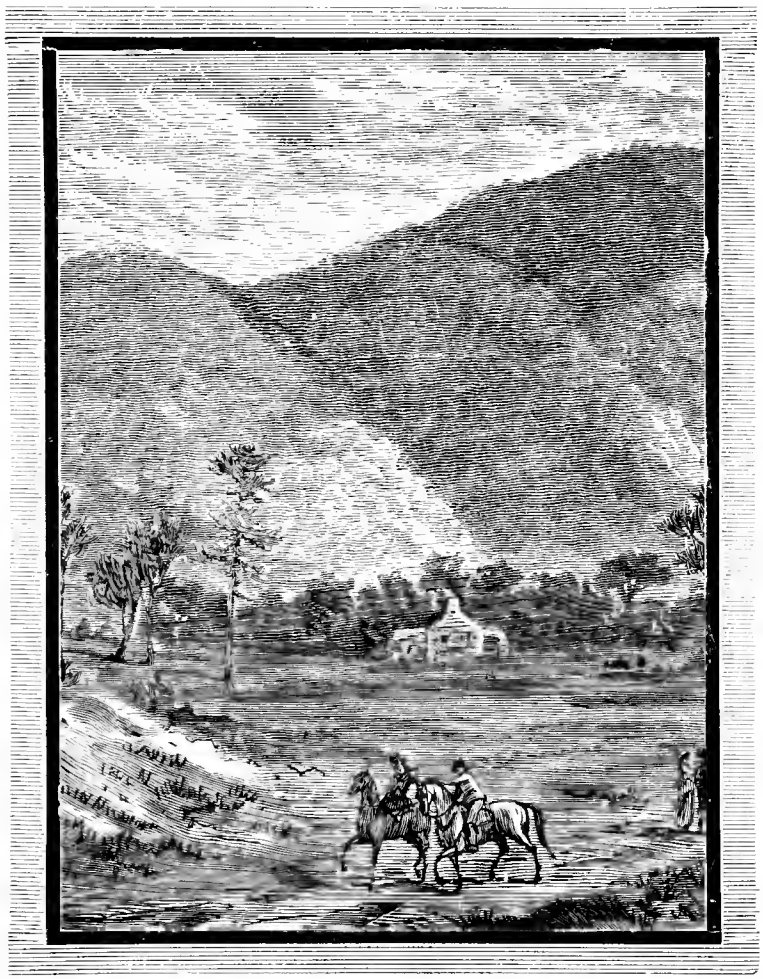
Just here we caught a hint of the general transformation from the dearth and death of rebellion's era. The breeze which erst bore to us the bugle-order or reveille drum-beat, now is heavy with bleachery odors; and we discern a great establishment, and greater stooks of straw. The old mill is no more: a big paper-mill holds the fort. Clambering up the strategic ridge, we easily locate the old camp, even to our own precise battalion front. From another standpoint we behold the same landscape which so delighted us on Bolivar. The same exuberance of fruitful tokens and wheat-green fields circle wide and far on every hand. Curiously we noted corn-stooks where once fluttered our shelter-tents; and, since the corn was harvested, the ridge had been ploughed, — the corn, in shocks, still remaining, — and the old company streets and color-line were green-carpeted with fresh-sprung wheat. The breastworks and rifle-pits are clearly discernible; though here, as elsewhere, they have been pretty thoroughly levelled by the plough. Some singular exceptions we shall hereafter note.

A startling episode of our tarry in Halltown was experienced when we approached a group of men, at the edge of the town,

all clothed in gray or Rebel butternut. What more like a genuine Rebel picket-post, such as we were made familiar with in all this region? The coincidence was sufficient to revive campaign memories, and identify the present with the past, as though but a day had intervened. The pilgrim veteran will not be pained by any innovations or changes in this vicinity to mar the mental picture which he retains of this fortified camp, where Early pressed his reconnoissance so close that we viewed a skirmish-fight stretching away across the Valley, — a fine duel of the liveliest sort. Plodding on, our reveries of marches, "Johnnies," and hardtack were interrupted by a spectacle calculated to excite intense disgust in the mind of every well-disciplined veteran. There was a time when no pig was known to sound an inviting grunt. But here is a pig, and on the highway of tramping armies in the good gone days; and he leers upon us with the impudent confidence that bailiffs, rather than bayonets, dominate hereabouts. To aggravate our misery, we actually see a goose; and then, worse still, at least half a dozen chickens. We feel for our haversacks, and look around to see if the colonel will notice our falling out of line for a little foraging, wondering greatly that the boys ahead had failed to "scoop in" the feathered treasures. Alas! half the dear fellows are under the sod, who raised the exhilarating shout we seem to hear; the haversacks are rotten with age; and 'twas almost two decades in the past when that rare hunger roused us to such roaring roasts on Rebel rails.

As eighteen years ago, so now, we find ourselves quite footsore, plodding into Charlestown. Like a strangely impressive incident of yesterday do we recall our passage through this historic town. Our own column of the army passed through the main street. As we filed into it from the open country, the route-step changed to a rhythmic tread, the arms were brought to uniformity, the colors were unfurled, and our regimental band struck up, —

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on."



IN THE VALLEY.

Then was witnessed one of the grandest effects that ever stirred an army to enthusiasm. There was little in the long and dusty marches, sweltering heat, and enforced privations, to suggest sentiment or romance to the soldiers in this arduous campaign. But rare were the occasions in any department throughout the Civil War when the soldiers of the Union were exalted to such an heroic frame as was this army, inspired by the associations which surround the place where the fearless old champion of the slave gave up his life. Never did we see this Union host in such a terrible mood for battle. There was an almost irrepressible eagerness for a fight with the entire Rebel army; and the feeling was in no measure lessened as we marched past the jail where the dreaded man was confined, past the court-house in which he was tried, and over the field where he was hung. Here were the pious relics of a large-hearted though "fanatical" patriotism; and from this shrine proceeded, partly, that baptism which made our battalions invincible in every conflict.

We find the court-house repaired; the jail, gutted by avenging fire, is entirely rebuilt: and we turn toward the field of execution.

Passing along the street through which the old man rode, seated upon his coffin, we tried to imagine the prisoner's thoughts, — a solitary man, surrounded by the serried hosts of the "Old Dominion." However we may disapprove his wild endeavor, no one can pass over the path of his last brief journey, look over the green fields to the greener mountains upon whose summits his dying gaze was fixed with a calmness equal to their own serenity, and fail to realize something of the grandeur of his unselfish nature.

We encountered a smart scion of the F F V's. He was manifestly just from college, and he must have bewildered himself as much as he puzzled us with his mathematical erudition. "Can you tell us where John Brown was executed?" He halted gracefully, struck an imposing attitude, regarded his watch-chain with complacency and us with patronage.

Let his reply be chronicled with faithful precision: "You

observe that church yonder. Well, draw a line directly through the combing of that church; continue it on three or four streets to where another line running diagonally crosses it; and just where the two lines intersect, you will find the place, in the open field beyond the town, where the execution took place." We retained sufficient presence of mind to return thanks, and then leaned over a hog-yard fence till this simple direction could be transferred to the ubiquitous note-book. Not being "up" in double-entry trigonometry with cipher premises, we turned in despair to a sprightly darky, who had a double-shuffle breakdown in every joint, and asked him the same question. "You jes' climb over dat yer fence dar, and make fur dat yer stump, and dar's de spot." We stood by the stump of the tree in whose shade the gallows was erected on which was enacted a tragedy which we had sung to the music of the Union. When one old man died here, a great Southern empire breathed easier.

Standing there in the awe of an event which was the prophet and precursor of terrible things, we dreamed of the days when —

"Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,"

enlivened our swinging gait through this old town, the home of the worst bushwhackers in all the region, where Rebel wives and daughters glared, through breaks in closed shutters, at the hated "Yankee minions," as we pressed the "splendid chivalry of the Confederacy" up the Valley at a smarter pace than they had ever learned before.

We pressed on to Berryville, where Sheridan's army halted to gather itself for the terrible tiger-spring of September 19, 1864. It was a curious old hotel in which we stopped, much like the country taverns of a romance. When we stopped in that town on a former occasion, we distinctly remember that the best room, twenty feet square, with two soft beds, etc., was not assigned to us; but three of us did recline on a hubby side-hill, under a very impalpable shelter-tent, with plenty of room to turn over provided all could be waked and induced to move at once.

The next morning we interviewed some promiscuous darky recollections of the campaign times; a dubious white man who was "teeth and toe-nails Union,"—a kind of loyalty more frequent in the marital than the military state,—and then we strolled a mile along the pike toward Winchester, to the spot where Moseby hung three of our men on one tree. Back to Berryville; and the tramp to the camp-ground of the Fourteenth previous to the great fight of the Opequan was sought out. J. Edward Barnett, a Rebel soldier in Poogue's battery, Hill's Third Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, escorted us over the *locus in quo*, and explained the situation where the Yankee's recollection was at fault. A call was made on John W Luke, whose house, just in rear of our lines, was much frequented by Union officers. Away in front, across the field, sloping down from our rifle-pits, is the plantation of Henry Hewitt, familiar to our men as a resort for water.

We wandered over the rolling hillside, where so many of our boys slept their last night on earth; we looked away over the familiar landscape to the west, where some of the bravest and best who ever ennobled any army caught the light of their final sunset; and we sat down as in a mysterious presence. The quiet Sunday in that pleasant spot, preceding the dreadful Monday's carnage, came back to us in memory; and we saw the dear comrades who marched out that night, but never into another camp, as they grated their corn, fried their batter, boiled their coffee, and filled their places in the camp-fire circles. It was the last camp-ground of scores of the Fourteenth, and the ground was sacred. We followed the route of the army toward the battle-ground, tramping along the pike. The Opequan ford, Wood's Mill, Abraham's Creek, and the gorge, were passed; and then we stood on the battle-field of Winchester.

> "A thousand fantasies
> Began to throng into my memory,
> Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire!"

When last we stood on that field, the air was heavy with the smoke of conflict. The terrific noises of battle deafened the

ear, and the ground shook under the flying squadrons of Sheridan's cavalry.

Where the men fell thickest, and most of our boys met their death, we trod over broad acres of the most peaceable wheat beautifying the earth with refreshing greenness. This battle-ground is disappointing: no landmarks remain, and it is very difficult to fix upon important locations. The two belts of timber, which formed the theatre of the heroic exploits of the Nineteenth Corps, have entirely disappeared; and the general aspect of the field is altogether altered. We had our dinner on the battle-field, in a house built by Mr. J W Jarrett, at the very point where Jackson's old division double-quicked up and checked our first advance. Mr. Charles B. Spangler, of the Tenth Va., who was fighting us that day, was our escort over the field. We plodded into Winchester at night loaded down with bullets and a ten-pound cannon-ball fired at us by the Johnnies on that day of victory and glory.

Winchester is the same half-nice, half-shabby, predominatingly nondescript town that it was in the days when Union and Rebel armies played shuttlecock with it. We found just two hotels in the place, and that was two too many, of the kind. After a careful investigation, the sound conclusion was reached, that, at whichever of these two houses you determine to stop, you should be sure and go to the other. Entering the hall, a pandemoniac bedlam was the first attraction, — a wiggling, kicking pyramid of small-fry being piled in the centre of the apartment. There was no discrimination on account of color or previous condition: for woolly pates and white legs were twined in comical and inextricable snarls; ages, sexes, and colors being fraternally mixed.

From Winchester to Cedar Creek we pressed on in the early morning, every inch of the way historic and eventful to Sheridan's army. We took breakfast with the famous Rebel Larrick, who shows the solid shot the Yanks fired into his hotel, which further received a general battering from the Union musketry. We visited Miller's Mill, held by both sides in the afternoon of that fluctuating day.

Cedar-Creek battle-field is almost precisely as when fought over; save that the Baltimore and Ohio Branch Railroad is doing a thriving business, running its trains through the stream-bed portions of the field. Here we found the station-agent and postmaster, A. L. Ebersole, an excellent host; and we ate a good dinner at more leisure than when the Johnnies were running us over that very spot in '64. Here, again, we were fortunate in the relic line; Mr. Ebersole furnishing us with choice mementos of the celebrated battle. Mr. George Staples, an opponent on that day when Sheridan was "twenty miles away," then a member of the Lynchburg Artillery, was ploughing on the field; and agreeable reminiscences of the fight were exchanged. Curiously, he was met at the very point where the Rebel column was first observed by the Fourteenth Regiment, charging upon us, on the 19th of October.

The line of breastworks extending from the pike to the ravine, which ran a little to the right of the Fourteenth's location, are in almost perfect condition, not having been cut by plough or spade. The large white mansion, now embowered in ornamental trees, which Gen. Sheridan occupied as his headquarters, fills its place in the landscape with the same picturesqueness familiar to the Valley campaigner of 1864. Cedar Creek winds in its romantic sinuosities to the still more crooked Shenandoah, with not an iota of apparent change in the scenery. The far-away hill, — Round Top, — beyond Strasburg and Fisher's Hill, with its belt of cleared timber over the summit, used by the Rebels as an observatory, is undisturbed in its war-time aspects.

We visited Strasburg, and climbed the still well-preserved parapets of Fort Banks, from which the Rebels on Fisher's Hill were bombarded by Gen. Banks, with the brilliant result of each side being able to hold its own intrenchments.

From Strasburg we tramped on to Fisher's Hill, the pike running near the Shenandoah in one of its most delightful sections. Here the Sixth Corps advanced to the attack; while along the rocky elevation, rising abruptly from the pike, the Nineteenth Corps poured its line-of-battle. Here again we

fell in with an ex-Rebel whom we sent trotting toward Richmond from these heights. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad runs between the woods out of which we debouched when coming under fire and the line of attack followed by the Fourteenth.

Striking the ridge of timber, from which the regiment emerged to begin the battle, we followed its course exactly until the pike was reached, and the stone bridge (see illustration) was crossed, and the army started on its all-night pursuit of the demoralized foe. Woodstock, Mount Jackson, Newmarket, were passed in turn; but feet were too sore, and legs too tired, to plod farther on foot, "just for the fun of it," and the remainder of the journey up the Valley was taken in an elegant car of the Baltimore and Ohio road. There is no campaign of the war more interesting for study to the veteran or civilian traveller than that of Sheridan's in the Valley; and nowhere, through the South, are such facilities afforded.

From Harper's Ferry to Lynchburg every mile has been fought over, and the railroad mentioned whirls its frequent trains directly across these famous battle-fields. Here are shrines worthy of enthusiastic pilgrimages by all who wore the blue. The towns along the lines of march and battle would never awaken a sad reflection in any Rip Van Winkle who might have "skedaddled" during the late "unpleasantness," and returned perhaps yesterday. Had he left his pair of mules hitched to the post of a corner grocery, doubtless he would have found them undisturbed. Certainly, not a clapboard appears to have fallen off, nor a shingle to have been replaced. There were the uncouth wagons, shaped like a Chinese junk, with the negro driver still pulling the jerk-rein, and bawling out his mellifluous "Wah-hoo! Yi-yay!" Farmers rode into towns in pairs, dressed in gray or butternut; and we couldn't get rid of the notion that they were Moseby's guerilla patrols.

Harrisonburg will be remembered by the Fourteenth. We did not forget to call upon that good Union Dutchman, Feuchtenberger, who slyly supplied our boys with soft bread. He is rich, but runs his bake-shop still. There is life and enter-

prise, and much of beautiful architecture, in Harrisonburg; and from its heights of observation the grand ridges, which enclose the loveliest valley of all the South, settle back into vistas which reveal wondrous glories under the gilding touch of the setting sun.

Our march is finished. We unsling the old knapsack, and hang it on the tent-pole, and dream of fifty years to come, when some sprightly paragrapher shall say of one of our decrepit veterans whom he remembers, that he —

> "Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
> Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won."

While the Union soldier, returning for a reconnoissance of the fields of his marches and sanguinary triumphs, will be made to feel that he heard the last reveille, cooked his coffee, and rolled his dew-heavy blanket, but yesterday, and will find himself strangely at home amid the scenes of his flitting conflict-life, — still Nature has put on a new gown in which to greet him, and the grand old Valley displays a magnificence which no campaigner ever gazed upon.

VII.

STATISTICAL TABLES.

THE statistics grouped in the following tables have been procured from three sources: *first*, and chiefly, from members of the regiment in response to circulars calling for the information given; *second*, from the official records in the office of the Adjutant-General; *third*, from relatives and friends of members whose address was unknown, or who were deceased.

That the records of some companies are less complete than others, is not the fault of the committee: the most time and effort has been expended on companies whose tables are most incomplete. The indifference of many members has been a serious hinderance to the work, and is wholly unaccountable.

That positive accuracy has been secured is not claimed, nor is it to be expected: every effort has been made, however, to secure it.

It is proposed to print, from time to time, on slips suitable for insertion in the volume, such additions to Tables VIII. and IX. as time is sure to bring. Members are earnestly requested to forward to the secretary, promptly, such record of the decease of comrades that may come to their notice as is required to complete the Table VIII. and such information as is now wanting in Table IX.

TABLE I.

ORIGINAL ROSTER.

FIELD, STAFF, AND NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Occupation.	Date of Commission.	Date of Discharge.
Robert Wilson, *Colonel* [1].	Keene.	51	Lawyer	Sept. 19, 1862,	Sept. 6, 1864.
Tilest. A. Barker, *Lt.-Col.* [1]	Westmoreland	55	Mail agent	19, 1862,	Feb. 5, 1865.
Samuel A. Duncan, *Maj.* [2]	Plainfield	26	Coll. prof.	22, 1862,	May 4, 1866.
Alexander Gardiner, *Adj.* [3]	Claremont	30	Lawyer	20, 1862.	
William A. Heard, *Q.M.* [4]	Sandwich	35	Merchant	16, 1862,	Oct. 15, 1863.
Wm. H. Thayer, *Surg.* [4]	Keene.	40	Physician	19, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Marshall Perkins, *A.S.* [4]	Marlow	40	Physician	23, 1862,	8, 1865.
Franklin C. Weeks, *A.S.* [5]	Chester	27	Physician	23, 1862.	
Elihu T. Rowe, *Chapl'n*, [6]	Plainfield	48	Teacher	Oct. 3, 1862,	20, 1863.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Occupation.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
Wm. H. Bryant, *Sgt.-Maj.* [2]	Meriden	22	Clerk	Sept. 23, 1862,	May 20, 1864.
Albert F. Hussey, *Q.M.S.* [7]	Dover.	23	Clerk	20, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Milton S. Howe, *Com. Sgt.* [5]	Jaffrey	24	Law-student	Aug. 14, 1862.	
G. D. Richardson, *H.S'd*, [8]	Keene.	20	Clerk	Oct. 2, 1862,	8, 1865.
Total 13					

COMPANY A.

Frank T. Barker, *Captain*,	Westmoreland	24	Exp. mess'ger,	Aug. 31, 1862,	April 21, 1864.
Charles P. Hall, *1st Lieut.* [7]	Westmoreland	23	Teacher	9, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Norman Howe, *2d Lieut.*.	Hinsdale	32	Farmer	11, 1862,	Nov. 3, 1863.
SERGEANTS.					
Frederick L. Thomas, *1st*, [9]	Hinsdale	25	Farmer	Aug. 11, 1862.	
Russell F. Smith [10]	Hinsdale	28	Weaver	11, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Henry B. Fay [11].	Hinsdale	28	Spinner	11, 1862,	June 17, 1865.
Jesse A. Fisk [12].	Dublin	26	Farmer	9, 1862.	
Elbridge Smith	Marlow	28	Farmer	12, 1862,	Oct. 10, 1864.
CORPORALS.					
Holland Wheeler [13]	Westmoreland	25	Scythe-maker,	Aug. 31, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
German Dunham [14]	Hinsdale	24	Spinner	11, 1862.	
Charles C. Wilson [12].	Sullivan	22	Farmer	13, 1862.	
A. Henry Latham [4]	Hinsdale	23	Weaver	11, 1862,	8, 1865.
Asaph W. Pierce [5]	Dublin	21	Farmer	11, 1862.	
F. Eugene Hastings	Hinsdale	20	Farmer	11, 1862,	8, 1865.
Bethuel J. Davis	Surry	27	Farmer	13, 1862,	8, 1865.
Jewett P. Wellman [2].	Hinsdale	19	Clerk	11, 1862,	8, 1865.
MUSICIAN.					
Henry M. Staples [8]	Keene.	19	Farmer	Aug. 14, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
WAGONER.					
John H. Coggin [4]	Hinsdale	24	Teamster	Aug. 11, 1862,	July 8, 1865.

[1] Tables II., VIII.
[2] Table III.
[3] Tables III., V.
[4] Table II.
[5] Table IV.
[6] Table VIII.
[7] Tables II., III.
[8] Tables III., VIII.
[9] Tables IV., VI.
[10] Tables III., VI., VII.
[11] Transf. V. R. C. Jan. 20, 1865.
[12] Tables III., V.
[13] Tables II., III., VI.
[14] Deserted Feb. 23, 186[illegible]

TABLE I. — COMPANY A — *Continued.*

NAME.	Residence.	Age.	Occupation.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
PRIVATES.					
Adams, Frederick M.	Dublin	21	Student .	Aug. 12, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Amsden, John[1].	Hinsdale	44	Lumber-dealer,	11, 1862.	
Barrett, Jacob .	Hinsdale	26	Farmer .	11, 1862,	8, 1865.
Benton, Frank G.[2]	Keene.	21	Blacksmith	29, 1862,	Dec. 12, 1864.
Bigelow, Milton W	Hinsdale	19	Polisher	11, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Bishop, William[2]	Hinsdale	22	Finisher	20, 1862,	March 16, 1865.
Britton, George H.	Westmoreland	26	Farmer	8, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Brock, Charles E.[3] .	Keene.	18	Carpenter	15, 1862,	8, 1865.
Burgess, Charles H.[2]	Westmoreland	27	Farmer	23, 1862,	Dec. 18, 1863.
Butler, John H. .	Chesterfield	19	Farmer .	19, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Carruth, Thomas H.[4]	Hinsdale	19	Machinist	11, 1862.	
Chamberlain. Ira B.[4].	Hinsdale	18	Carder	11, 1862.	
Crowninshield, Daniel[5]	Hinsdale	35	Farmer	11, 1862.	
Daggett, Albert M.[6]	Hinsdale	25	Farmer	11, 1862,	8, 1865.
Derby, Charles L.	Westmoreland	22	Farmer	28, 1862,	8, 1865.
Dunn, Noble T.[4]	Keene.	27	Farmer	16, 1862.	
Evans, Nelson R.	Hinsdale	18	Currier	11, 1862,	8, 1865.
Fisher, Lyman H.	Hinsdale	28	Farmer	11, 1862,	Oct. 3, 1863.
Fiske, Charles R.[7]	Dublin	19	Farmer	11, 1862,	June 20, 1865.
Fleming, Joseph G.	Hinsdale	18	Farmer	11, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
French, Preston L.[2]	Dublin	24	Farmer	9, 1862,	8, 1865.
Fuller, David J.	Dublin	22	Farmer	9, 1862,	June 4, 1865.
Gary, Timothy M.	Westmoreland	18	Farmer	18, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Good, Benjamin .	Hinsdale	41	Lumberman	14, 1862,	8, 1865.
Goodnow, Edwin J.[8]	Westmoreland	26	Mechanic	7, 1862,	Feb. 8, 1865.
Greeley, James K.[6] .	Westmoreland	18	Farmer	13, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Greenwood, Albert C.[8]	Dublin .	20	Farmer	11, 1862.	
Greenwood, E. Tyler[9]	Marlborough	21	Painter	Sept. 1, 1862,	8, 1865.
Hall, Franklin J.[3]	Westmoreland	19	Farmer	Aug. 14, 1862,	8, 1865.
Hanrahan, Martin[8]	Hinsdale	18	Farmer	11, 1862,	8, 1865.
Holden, Leonard S.[3].	Swanzey	30	Mechanic	14, 1862,	8, 1865.
Holt, Russell T.[4]	Sullivan	23	Carpenter	16, 1862.	
Holt, Samuel P[10]	Dublin	18	Farmer	11, 1862.	
Horton, Charles H.	Hinsdale	18	Farmer	11, 1862,	8, 1865.
Keith, Fay[4]	Westmoreland	44	Painter	13, 1862.	
Kenney, Chauncey	Surry .	29	Farmer	13, 1862,	8, 1865.
King, John L.[11]	Hinsdale .	24	Farmer	11, 1862,	8, 1865.
Knowlton, Luke, jun.[12]	Marlborough	32	Mechanic	31, 1862,	8, 1865.
Knowlton, Charles[4].	Marlborough	24	Mechanic	Sept. 1, 1862.	
Knowlton, Asa .	Dublin	28	Farmer . .	Aug. 12, 1862,	8, 1865.
Leach, Albert G.[4]	Westmoreland	21	Druggist's cl'k,	14, 1862.	
Leach, Charles H.[4]	Westmoreland	19	Farmer	14, 1862.	
Leach, Samuel I.[13]	Westmoreland	21	Student .	31, 1862,	21, 1865.
Lewis, George W.[14] .	Hinsdale	21	Machinist	20, 1862,	8, 1865.
Liscom, Samuel E.[6]	Hinsdale .	25	Farmer	11, 1862,	10, 1865.
Liscom, L. Frank[3] .	Hinsdale .	21	Farmer	11, 1862,	8, 1865.
McCollester, Sumner L.[8]	Marlborough	25	Pail-turner	Sept. 1, 1862,	8, 1865.
Mason, David .	Dublin	36	Farmer	Aug. 12, 1862,	8, 1865.
Mason, Allison Z.[7]	Dublin	22	Student	12, 1862,	7, 1865.
Mason, James B.[12]	Westmoreland	23	Teacher .	14, 1862,	Dec. 12, 1864.
Matthews, Edwin B.	Marlborough	23	Blacksmith	Sept. 1, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Merrifield, Simeon, jun.	Troy .	37	Painter	Aug. 14, 1862,	May 17, 1865.
Nims, Edwin I.[4]	Sullivan	19	Farmer	13, 1862.	
Packard, Alonzo C.	Hinsdale	33	Farmer	11, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Peeler, Charles A.[10]	Hinsdale	23	Gigger	14, 1862.	
Perham, Elbridge	Hinsdale	28	Farmer	11, 1862,	8, 1865.
Pieree, Almon G.[15]	Dublin .	18	Student	11, 1862.	
Pierce, William H.[8]	Marlborough	18	Farmer	11, 1862,	8, 1865.
Polley, Charles F.	Hinsdale	19	Finisher	11, 1862,	8, 1865.
Polley, Gilbert C.[4]	Hinsdale	18	Carder	11, 1862.	
Pratt, William L.[2]	Westmoreland	19	Farmer	11, 1862,	8, 1865.
Rawson, Isaac W.[6]	Westmoreland	20	Farmer	14, 1862,	8, 1865.

[1] Transf. V. R. C. Jan. 6, 1864. Table VIII.
[2] Table VIII.
[3] Table III.
[4] Table IV
[5] Tables IV., VII.
[6] Table VI.
[7] Table II.
[8] Table V.
[9] Tables III., VI., VIII.
[10] Tables III., V.
[11] Tables II., III.
[12] Tables III., VI.
[13] Tr. V.R.C., Dec. 5, '64.
[14] Tables II., III., VI.
[15] Tables III., IV.

TABLE I. — COMPANY A — *Continued.*

NAME.	Residence.	Age.	Occupation.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
PRIVATES.					
Richardson, David L.	Stoddard	28	Farmer	Aug. 13, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Richardson, Milo J.[1]	Chesterfield	19	Machinist	11, 1862,	Feb. 5, 1863.
Robbins, George B.	Hinsdale	25	Laborer	11, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Smith, Orson G.	Hinsdale	23	Farmer	11, 1862,	25, 1865.
Snow, Joel L.	Hinsdale	25	Box-maker	11, 1862,	8, 1865.
Spaulding, Henry D.[2]	Surry	20	Blacksmith	13, 1862.	
Sprague, Andrew	Hinsdale	21	Cabinet-maker,	11, 1862,	Jan. 11, 1865.
Starkey, William S.[2]	Westmorcland	19	Farmer	27, 1862.	
Streeter, Isaiah C.	Hinsdale	18	Farmer	11, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Timothy, Frederick A.	Westmoreland	19	Farmer	14, 1862,	8, 1865.
Tupper, Alonzo W.[3]	Troy	23	Painter	14, 1862,	8, 1865.
Wardwell, George O.[4]	Sullivan	18	Farmer	16, 1862,	8, 1865.
Wheeler, Lyman K.[5]	Fitzwilliam	34	Mechanic	15, 1862,	8, 1865.
Whitcomb, Franklin C.[6]	Swanzey	18	Turner	Sept. 2, 1862,	8, 1865.
Whittemore, Curtis A.[1]	Troy	18	Farmer	Aug. 15, 1862,	8, 1865.
Winchester, Sidney P.[1]	Westmoreland	21	Farmer	13, 1862,	March 27, 1863.
Woodward, Hiram	Westmoreland	24	Farmer	14, 1862,	May 19, 1865.
Wright, George A.[7]	Hinsdale	29	Gigger	14, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Wyman, Nathaniel B.[8]	Hinsdale	19	Weaver	11, 1862.	
Young, Sidney H.[8]	Westmoreland	24	Farmer	14, 1862.	
Total 100					
RECRUITS.					
Carroll, Horace[9]	Plaistow	21	Farmer	Aug. 3, 1864,	July 8, 1865.
Crowninshield, Arnold C.[2]	Hinsdale	19	Farmer	Dec. 15, 1863.	
Evans, Stephen W.[10]	Grafton	18	Laborer	Aug. 3, 1864.	
Hamilton, Thomas C.	Gilford	26	Steward	3, 1864,	8, 1865.
Lewis, Reuben A.	Chesterfield	24	Wood-turner	Sept. 17, 1864,	8, 1865.
Mitchell, John E.	Keene	30	Painter	Dec. 8, 1863,	8, 1865.
Thomas, Henry A.	Newbury	26	Sailor	July 28, 1864,	8, 1865.
Welch, Michael[9]	Milford	31	Farmer	28, 1864,	8, 1865.
Total 8					
AGGREGATE 108					

COMPANY B.

John G. Johnson, *Capt.*	Walpole	20	Carr. maker	Aug. 21, 1862,	April 10, 1863.
Artemas M. Adams, *1st Lt.*	Walpole	35	Shirt manuf'r	Oct. 9, 1862,	6, 1863.
Chas. E. Holbrook, *2d Lt.*[4]	Charlestown	25	Mechanic	Aug. 13, 1862,	May 5, 1864.
SERGEANTS.					
Henry E. Barrett, *1st*[9]	Charlestown	24	Baker	Aug. 16, 1862,	March 22, 1864.
Henry Knight[9]	Marlow	26	Mechanic	14, 1862,	May 31, 1865.
Charles H. Jennison	Walpole	23	Farmer	11, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
George A. White	Charlestown	25	Farmer	11, 1862,	8, 1865.
Frank O. Pierce[5]	Langdon	26	Box-maker	22, 1862,	Sept. 11, 1865.
CORPORALS.					
Anstin H. Wolf[9]	Walpole	23	Farmer	Aug. 8, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Albert H. Tyrell[11]	Charlestown	20	Miller	Sept. 6, 1862,	8, 1865.
Clement G. Lane[7]	Walpole	20	Laborer	Aug. 22, 1862,	June 15, 1865.
Charles L. Green	Walpole	20	Farmer	14, 1862,	Feb. 22, 1863.
William R. Dunham[2]	Marlow	38	Farmer	14, 1862,	Jan. 10, 1865.
George R. Knapp[1]	Charlestown	20	Shoemaker	13, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Jonathan Turner	Walpole	29	Carp. and b'd'r,	4, 1862,	May 16, 1865.
Charles E. Hartwell	Walpole	23	Farmer	22, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
MUSICIANS.					
Charles H. Gilbert	Walpole	21	Farmer	Aug. 9, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Chauncey L. Corbin	Charlestown	18	Farmer	13, 1862,	Jan. 19, 1864.
WAGONER.					
Jacob S. Pierce[2]	Walpole	28	Farmer	Aug. 22, 1862,	July 14, 1863.

[1] Table VIII. [4] Tables II., III. [7] Table II. [10] Tables IV., VII.
[2] Table IV. [5] Table VI. [8] Table V [11] Tables III., VI., VIII.
[3] Tables VI., VIII. [6] Tables II., VI. [9] Table III.

TABLE I. — COMPANY B — *Continued.*

NAME.	Residence.	Age.	Occupation.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
PRIVATES.					
Abbott, Warren [1]	Charlestown	28	Machinist	Aug. 15, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Adams, Lewis [2]	Langdon	44	Farmer	30, 1862.	
Adams, Norman L.[3]	Charlestown	24	Farmer	15, 1862,	8, 1865.
Barker, William A.[4]	Walpole	27	Blacksmith	18, 1862.	
Benson, Ellery C.	Walpole	20	Farmer	8, 1862,	June 7, 1865.
Blake, Ira E.[5]	Walpole	21	Farmer	9, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Bosworth, William J.[4]	Charlestown	27	Farmer	15, 1862.	
Brackett, Freeman E.[6]	Marlow	26	Farmer	13, 1862,	8, 1865.
Bragg, Willard E. S.[4]	Walpole	22	Farmer	19, 1862.	
Brown, Charles H.[4]	Walpole	21	Laborer	10, 1862,	8, 1865.
Brown, Rodney J.	Alstead	26	Farmer	25, 1862,	8, 1865.
Bundy, Amasa T.[1]	Walpole	37	Miller	22, 1862,	8, 1865.
Caldwell, Daniel F.	Walpole	25	Farmer	25, 1862,	8, 1865.
Caldwell, Joseph W.	Walpole	23	Farmer	25, 1862,	April 4, 1864.
Colburn, Wilson W.	Walpole	25	Miller	9, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Cooley, John F.	Charlestown	22	Shoemaker	15, 1862,	8, 1865.
Corbin, James W.[7]	Charlestown	28	Farmer	13, 1862,	8, 1865.
Cornwell, Richard B.[8]	Charlestown	21	Farmer	13, 1862,	8, 1865.
Dickey, George P.[1]	Marlow	18	Farmer	22, 1862,	8, 1865.
Easter, Henry	Charlestown	35	Shoemaker	13, 1862,	8, 1865.
Emerson, Bellows [5]	Walpole	32	Farmer	Sept. 13, 1862,	Feb. 5, 1863.
Farnsworth, John S.[5]	Walpole	30	Shoemaker	Aug. 18, 1862,	–, 1865.
Freneh, Henry C.[4]	Walpole	18	Farmer	11, 1862.	
Gassett, Daniel [5]	Marlow	22	Farmer	13, 1862,	Sept. 28, 1865.
Gassett, Ira H.	Marlow	24	Farmer	13, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Gates, Benjamin, 2d [4]	Walpole	36	Farmer	14, 1862.	
Gates, Henry H.[8]	Walpole	21	Farmer	8, 1862,	26, 1865.
Gowen, Charles R.	Marlow	16	Farmer	22, 1862,	8, 1865.
Gowen, George M.	Marlow	21	Farmer	22, 1862,	Oct. 8, 1863.
Grandy, James C.	Marlow	22	Farmer	Sept. 1, 1862,	May 10, 1863.
Graves, Frank B.	Walpole	18	Farmer	Aug. 23, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Green, Charles L.	Walpole	24	Farmer	30, 1862,	June 25, 1865.
Green, Hiram	Charlestown	40	Farmer	15, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Hasham, John [4]	Charlestown	18	Farmer	13, 1862.	
Hateh, Edward P.	Alstead	20	Farmer	Sept. 1, 1862,	Aug. 13, 1863.
Hooper, Henry H.[4]	Walpole	21	Painter	Aug. 25, 1862.	
Hopkins, John	Alstead	27	Farmer	16, 1862,	July 23, 1863.
Kanelion, Miehael	Walpole	35	Laborer	13, 1862,	8, 1865.
Kelley, John	Charlestown	35	Farmer	15, 1862,	8, 1865.
Kenyon, David Y.[8]	Walpole	26	Farmer	27, 1862,	8, 1865.
Keyes, George Alfred [9]	Walpole	20	Farmer	6, 1862,	–, 1865.
King, John	Charlestown	36	Farmer	21, 1862,	8, 1865.
Kreatzer, John F.[5]	Walpole	44	Farmer	4, 1862,	23, 1863.
Kreatzer, Otis P.[10]	Walpole	18	Farmer	6, 1862.	
Lawrenee, Willard [10]	Charlestown	40	Farmer	13, 1862.	
Leland, Van Buren [6]	Charlestown	22	Farmer	15, 1862,	8, 1865.
Livingston, Edward H.[4]	Walpole	37	Shoemaker	25, 1862.	
Marshall, Harlan P.[11]	Charlestown	22	Farmer	14, 1862,	8, 1865.
McKean, Patriek	Charlestown	29	Shoemaker	15, 1862,	8, 1865.
McMahan, Michael	Charlestown	19	Shoemaker	13, 1862,	8, 1865.
McMann, William	Charlestown	19	Shoemaker	30, 1862,	8, 1865.
Melville, Charles H.	Charlestown	24	Shoemaker	13, 1862,	8, 1865.
Munroe, Ora	Marlow	42	Farmer	15, 1862,	April 14, 1865.
O'Brien, Patriek	Charlestown	25	Shoemaker	13, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Parks, Fred S.[5]	Charlestown	21	Farmer	15, 1862,	8, 1865.
Parks, George W.[10]	Charlestown	26	Farmer	15, 1862,	8, 1865.
Perrigo, George [10]	Walpole	25	Hostler	16, 1862.	
Porter, Charles E.	Walpole	23	Farmer	12, 1862,	8, 1865.
Powers, James F.[5]	Marlow	18	– –	Sept. 1, 1862,	8, 1865.
Putnam, Orson D.[4]	Charlestown	44	Farmer	Aug. 30, 1862.	
Reason, Henry	Walpole	20	Laborer	22, 1862,	8, 1865.
Richardson, Levi G.[4]	Charlestown	39	Farmer	14, 1862.	
Roundy, Edwin E.	Walpole	18	Farmer	30, 1862,	8, 1865.
Roundy, Franklin W.	Walpole	18	Farmer	30, 1862,	8, 1865.
Rumrill, Lucius [1]	Charlestown	25	Farmer	15, 1862,	8, 1865.

[1] Table II.
[2] Table VII.
[3] Tables II., III.
[4] Table IV.
[5] Table VIII.
[6] Table III.
[7] Transf. Co. A.
[8] Table VI.
[9] Tables II., VI
[10] Table V.
[11] Tables III., VIII.

TABLE I. — COMPANY B — *Continued.*

NAME.	Residence.	Age.	Occupation.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
PRIVATES.					
Shepard, Harvey E.[1]	Walpole	18	Farmer	Aug. 14, 1862.	
Sherman, George A.[2]	Walpole	24	Farmer	11, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Smith, Erastus[3]	Charlestown	30	Farmer	30, 1862,	8, 1865.
Spencer, Benjamin E.	Alstead	37	Farmer	27, 1862,	8, 1865.
Spooner, Stephen A.[4]	Charlestown	27	Carpenter	15, 1862,	Jan. 16, 1865.
Sullivan, Thomas O.	Charlestown	24	Shoemaker	15, 1862,	July 7, 1864.
Tahen, Thomas	Walpole	37	Shoemaker	9, 1862,	8, 1865.
Templeman, Elnathan R.[2],	Walpole	20	Painter	7, 1862,	8, 1865.
Tyler, William E.[5]	Walpole	18	Farmer	11, 1862.	
Wetherbee, George L.[6]	Walpole	26	Farmer	30, 1862.	
Wilder, Henry	Walpole	32	Farmer	13, 1862,	March 28, 1863.
Wilkins, Albert T.[7]	Walpole	23	Laborer	July 29, 1862.	
Willis, Paul S.[8]	Alstead	32	Farmer	Aug. 30, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Wilson, Charles E.	Walpole	29	Farmer	25, 1862,	Dec. 12, 1862.
Wilson, Rockwell B.	Walpole	18	Clerk	Sept. 1, 1862,	July 15, 1863.
Wright, Charles H.[9]	Charlestown	18	Farmer	13, 1862,	May 24, 1865.
Wyman, Samuel E.[7]	Walpole	31	Laborer	July 28, 1862.	
Total 101					
RECRUITS.					
Adams, John Loren	Charlestown	23	Saloon-keeper,	Dec. 22, 1863,	July 8, 1865.
Anderson, James[10]	Stratham	22	Laborer	Aug. 14, 1863.	
Andrews, Fred B.[6]	Charlestown	18	Laborer	Dec. 22, 1863.	
Armstrong, Henry J.[10]	Rochester	21	Laborer	Aug. 14, 1863.	
Bailey, Emanuel D. G.	Charlestown	25	Farmer	March 12, 1864,	8, 1865.
Bradshaw, Charles[10]	Farmington	26	Sailor	Aug. 14, 1863.	
Brown, Charles[10]	Rochester	23	Teamster	14, 1863.	
Brown, William H.	Nottingham	21	Farmer	14, 1863,	8, 1865.
Bowman, James[6]	Charlestown	18	Laborer	Dec. 22, 1863.	
Casey, John	Charlestown	35	Laborer	22, 1863,	June 6, 1865.
Corbin, Charles N.[11]	Charlestown	18	Farmer	22, 1863,	July 8, 1865.
Gee, Samuel O.[5]	Washington	37	Farmer	Jan. 4, 1864.	
Henderson, John[12]	Deerfield	23	Farmer	Aug. 12, 1862.	
Knapp, Charles H.[8]	Charlestown	19	Salesman	Jan. 4, 1864,	8, 1865.
Lynds, George H.	Charlestown	18	Clerk	12, 1864,	May 19, 1865.
Smith, Charles	Charlestown	18	Sailor	Dec. 22, 1863,	July 8, 1865.
Warn, William	Keene.	28	Shoemaker	8, 1863,	8, 1865.
Wetherbee, Edward H.	Keene.	18	Clerk	8, 1863,	8, 1865.
Total 18					
AGGREGATE 119					

COMPANY C.

Amos D. Combs, *Capt.*[13]	Swanzey	41	Farmer	Aug. 27, 1862.	
Ira Berry, jun., *1st Lt.*[14]	Keene.	24	Jeweler	29, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Carroll D. Wright, *2d Lt.*[2]	Camb'port, Mass.	22	Law-student	Sept. 1, 1862,	March 6, 1865.
SERGEANTS.					
Jeremiah Lyford, *1st*	Keene.	36	Mechanic	Aug. 26, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Daniel K. Healey[15]	Swanzey	21	Student	12, 1862,	Nov. 17, 1865.
J. Henry K. Jenks[16]	Keene.	39	Shoe-dealer	28, 1862.	
Luther M. Parker[17]	Keene.	41	Teamster	7, 1862.	
George H. Stone[16]	Marlborough	31	Carpenter	12, 1862.	
CORPORALS.					
George W. Nye	Roxbury	40	Farmer	Aug. 12, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Reuben H. Combs[4]	Winchester	36	Farmer	19, 1862,	8, 1865.
William Sebastian	Swanzey	25	Mechanic	12, 1862,	8, 1865.
Charles H. Gove[6]	Keene.	25	Carpenter	12, 1862,	8, 1865.
Ceylon S. Davis[4]	Westport	29	Farmer	29, 1862,	8, 1865.
Enoch Foster	Marlborough	43	Moulder	12, 1862,	May 30, 1865.
George W. B. Coffee	Swanzey	24	Tinsmith	13, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
George W. Feleh[16]	Fitzwilliam	24	Clerk	24, 1862.	

[1] Tables III., IV., VI. [2] Tables II., III. [3] Tables II., VI. [4] Table III. [5] Table IV. [6] Table V. [7] Des. Oct. 15, 1862. [8] Table II. [9] Table VI. [10] Des. Nov. 4, 1863. [11] Table VIII. [12] Des. Nov. 25, 1863. [13] Dismissed Nov. 14, '63. [14] Tables II., III., VI. [15] Tr. U.S. C. T. Aug. 31, 1863. Tables III., VI. [16] Tables III., V. [17] Tables III., IV.

TABLE I. — COMPANY C — *Continued.*

NAME.	Residence.	Age.	Occupation.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
MUSICIANS.					
Adelbert A. Houghton	Keene.	16	Mechanic	Aug. 12, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Charles H. Barrett [1]	Troy	25	Spinner	30, 1862,	8, 1865.
WAGONER.					
Eli W. Reynolds	Swanzey	44	Wagoner	Aug. 15, 1862,	Aug. 12, 1863.
PRIVATES.					
Adams, Alpbonso A.	Marlborough	27	Carpenter	Aug. 12, 1862,	Oct. 8, 1864.
Balch, Perley E.[2]	Keene.	37	Laborer	13, 1862.	
Barber, Charles H.	Swanzey	20	Baker	15, 1862,	April 1, 1863.
Barber, Charles H., jun.	West Swanzey	20	Laborer	14, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Barber, John [3]	Swanzey	18	Farmer	14, 1862,	8, 1865.
Barden, Hiram [4]	Keene.	25	Teamster	27, 1862,	June 30, 1865.
Barnes, Frank [5]	Troy	30	Farmer	25, 1862.	
Barns, William O.	Troy	33	Laborer	Sept. 1, 1862,	Aug. 18, 1865.
Blodgett, Edmund [1]	Keene.	41	Stone-mason	Aug. 12, 1862,	April 25, 1863.
Bolio, Theodore [1]	Keene.	44	Laborer	21, 1862,	Aug. 2, 1864.
Brennan, Mitchell [5]	Westmoreland	23	Farmer	25, 1862.	
Brooks, Amos W.[6]	Fitzwilliam	18	Mechanic	25, 1862.	
Burbank, Franklin	Keene.	44	Farmer	Sept. 1, 1862,	May 6 1865.
Bureham, Joseph [7]	Westmoreland	44	Laborer	Aug. 31, 1862.	
Byam, Benjamin W.	Keene.	36	Mechanic	16, 1862,	March 28, 1863.
Capron, George I.[1]	Troy	20	Nurse	11, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Carroll, George Henry	Keene.	26	Brick-mason	13, 1862,	8, 1865.
Coates, Darwin C.	Keene.	35	Laborer	26, 1862,	8, 1865.
Collins, Perley E.	Marlborough	18	Farmer	12, 1862,	8, 1865.
Collins, William [3]	Marlborough	33	Machinist	12, 1862,	8, 1865.
Combs, Carroll L.[8]	Winchester	18	Farmer	9, 1862,	8, 1865.
Combs, Roland M.	Richmond	16	Farmer	21, 1862,	8, 1865.
Combs, William	Winchester	30	Farmer	19, 1862,	8, 1865.
Cummings, Joseph W.[8]	Keene	21	Laborer	27, 1862,	8, 1865.
Davis, Amasa	Swanzey	44	Carpenter	22, 1862,	July 6, 1864.
Davis, Isaac A.	Marlborough	35	Farmer	12, 1862,	May 30, 1865.
Doolittle, Edward [6]	Swanzey	31	Laborer	13, 1862.	
Dyer, Simon [5]	Westmoreland	39	Farmer	25, 1862.	
Fuller, Edward F.	Fitzwilliam	21	Farmer	14, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Gallagher, Frank [8]	Keene.	26	Cooper	16, 1862,	8, 1865.
Gilmore, Charles G.[8]	Swanzey	23	Mechanic	14, 1862,	8, 1865.
Gorman, Michael	Keene.	25	Laborer	Sept. 1, 1862,	Oct. 17, 1864.
Harris, Daniel [9]	Fitzwilliam	17	Farmer	Aug. 21, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Hastings, Emery [1]	Keene.	44	Stone-mason	29, 1862.	5, 1863.
Hayden, Thomas D.	Fitzwilliam	20	Farmer	Sept. 1, 1862,	8, 1865.
Haynes, Henry L.[10]	Alstead	34	Farmer	Aug. 20, 1862.	
Healey, D. Brainard [6]	Swanzey	18	Farmer	14, 1862.	
Hill, Charles H.	Keene.	31	Machinist	Sept. 1, 1862,	Sept. 26, 1864.
Holbrook, Henry D.	Swanzey	23	Machinist	Aug. 12, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Holman, Ira B.	Keene.	31	Stone-mason	27, 1862,	8, 1865.
Holman, Thomas F.[11]	Fitzwilliam	21	Farmer	26, 1862.	
Howard, Ambrose W.	Keene.	23	Laborer	27, 1862,	8, 1865.
Leach, James	Keene.	27	Mechanic	18, 1862,	8, 1865.
Laraby, Frank [5]	Troy	21	Farmer	25, 1862.	
Mason, Charles A.[6]	Marlborough	31	Farmer	Sept. 1, 1862.	
Mattoon, Charles W.	West Swanzey	18	Farmer	Aug. 26, 1862,	8, 1865.
Mattoon, Samuel	West Swanzey	44	Farmer	20, 1862,	May 18, 1865.
Morse, Ansil A.	Gilsum	18	Farmer	Sept. 1, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Nash, Horace H.	Gilsum	28	Laborer	1, 1862,	8, 1865.
Osborn, Daniel P.[1]	Fitzwilliam	43	Teamster	Aug. 30, 1862,	May 23, 1863.
Parker, John A.	Keene.	37	Shoemaker	28, 1862,	June 15, 1865.
Philbrick, Charles W.	Troy	18	Laborer	11, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Pope, Theodore	Marlborough	27	Cordwainer	Sept. 1, 1862,	Oct. 18, 1864.
Ramsdell, Joseph H.	Fitzwilliam	43	Farmer	Aug. 26, 1862,	8, 1863.
Richardson, Delevan C.[8]	Marlborough	20	Farmer	12, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Rust, Nathaniel P.[12]	Marlborough	38	Carpenter	12, 1862.	
Shattuck, Frank	Troy	38	Brick-maker	28, 1862,	8, 1865.
Slyfield, Daniel [1]	Keene.	18	Mechanic	26, 1862,	8, 1865.
Slyfield, Franklin [13]	Keene.	26	Laborer	18, 1862,	8, 1865.

[1] Table VIII.
[2] Tr. V.R.C. Aug. 30, '64. Table VIII.
[3] Table III.
[4] Tr. V.R.C. Mar. 15, '65. Table VIII.
[5] Deserted Jan. 14, '63.
[6] Table IV.
[7] Tr. Co. A, April 2, '63.
[8] Table VI.
[9] Tables VI., VIII.
[10] Table V.
[11] Tables III., IV.
[12] Tables III., V.
[13] Table II.

TABLE I. — COMPANY C — *Continued.*

NAME.	Residence.	Age.	Occupation.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
PRIVATES.					
Smith, William	Keene.	22	Mechanic	Aug. 26, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Somell, Marsells[1]	Hopkinton.	44	Laborer	Sept. 1, 1862.	
Spaulding, Dauphin[2]	Keene.	35	Carpenter	Aug. 18, 1862.	
Starkey, Horace B.	Swanzey	19	Farmer	12, 1862,	Feb. 6, 1865.
Stephenson, Charles E.	Swanzey	18	Laborer	22, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Stockwell, George H.[2]	Marlborough	18	Carpenter	12, 1862.	
Stone, Seamon A.[3]	Swanzey	20	Farmer	14, 1862,	8, 1865.
Stone, Stillman S.[4]	Fitzwilliam	20	Laborer	30, 1862,	June 1, 1865.
Stone, William W	Keene.	26	Hostler	18, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Thatcher, Willard E.[2]	Swanzey	26	Painter	15, 1862.	
Thayer, John S.[5]	Swanzey	39	Tailor	20, 1862,	May 13, 1865.
Thomas, Dexter H.[5]	Swanzey	19	Nurse	15, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Thompson, Cyrus H.[5]	Keene.	42	Mechanic	28, 1862,	May 4, 1863.
Tolman, Sidney	Troy	18	Cook	15, 1862,	July 20, 1863.
Totten, Christopher	Marlborough	29	Stone-cutter	12, 1862,	8, 1865.
Totten, James	Keene.	33	Farmer	30, 1862,	8, 1865.
Walton, Robert[2]	Fitzwilliam	27	Mechanic	30, 1862.	
Ward, Harrison R.[6]	Swanzey	26	Mechanic	12, 1862,	8, 1865.
Wheelock, Lincoln[5]	Swanzey	43	Laborer	11, 1862,	8, 1865.
Whitcomb, Darius H.[7]	Fitzwilliam	23	Mechanic	30, 1862,	May 27, 1865.
Whitcomb, Wright[8]	Fitzwilliam	23	Mechanic	25, 1862,	Sept. 21, 1865.
Wilbur, Chandler[9]	Walpole	18	Shoemaker	18, 1862,	May 23, 1863.
Wilcox, Henry E.[2]	Gilsum	27	Farmer	30, 1862.	
Total 101					
RECRUITS.					
Boyd, James[10]	- -	23	Laborer	Aug. 20, 1863.	
Burgess, William J.	New Durham	35	Sailor	14, 1863,	July 8, 1865.
Colado, Joakin[11]	Rochester	24	Sailor	14, 1863.	
Conner, James	Peterborough	34	Operative	5, 1864,	8, 1865.
Conway, Joseph[10]	Dover	26	Sailor	14, 1863.	
Davis, John[12]	Rochester	28	Lumberman	14, 1863.	
Diven, Francis[13]	Milford	40	Sailor	1, 1864.	
Dyer, Lewis S. D.[14]	Keene.	43	Mason	Dec. 18, 1863.	
Dyer, Peter[4]	Columbia	39	Shoemaker	Jan. 5, 1864,	May 24, 1865.
Fifield, George W.	Orford	22	Farmer	Dec. 18, 1863,	July 8, 1865.
Kingsbury, Henry	Keene.	37	Spinner	Feb. 16, 1865,	8, 1865.
Lillie, Levi N.[2]	Fitzwilliam	22	Laborer	Dec. 15, 1863.	
Sherman, Peter	Orford	30	Farmer	18, 1863,	8, 1865.
Spooner, Lyman[3]	Troy	42	Laborer	29, 1863.	
Stone, Julius O.	Fitzwilliam	23	Miller	15, 1863,	8, 1865.
Total 15					
AGGREGATE 116					

COMPANY D.

Caleb W. Hodgdon, *Capt.*[15]	Weare	34	Dentist	Aug. 22, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Stark, Fellows, 1*st Lt.*[18]	East Weare	22	Student	22, 1862,	Sept. 4, 1863.
John N. Brown, 2*d Lt.*[5]	Seabrook	36	Merchant	20, 1862,	March 9, 1863.
SERGEANTS.					
Elbridge D. Hadley, 1*st*[16]	Deering	20	Teacher	Aug. 15, 1862,	Dec. 29, 1864.
John N. Bruce[17]	Manchester	42	Orna. painter	14, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
John C. Perkins[5]	Hampton	24	Farmer	18, 1862.	
Joseph V. Bowie[19]	Weare	27	Shoemaker	14, 1862,	June 25, 1865.
George N. Janvrin	Seabrook	22	Farmer	13, 1862,	July 8, 1865.

[1] Deserted Jan. 14, 1863.
[2] Table IV
[3] Table VII.
[4] Table VI.
[5] Table VIII.
[6] Table III.
[7] Table VI.
[8] Tr. V.R.C. Jan. 19, '65. Tables III., VI.
[9] Tr. to Co. F, Nov. 1, '62.
[10] Deserted Nov. 27, 1863.
[11] Deserted Jan. 31, 1864.
[12] Deserted March 17, '64.
[13] Missing Oct. 19, 1864.
[14] Deserted Feb. 11, 1864.
[15] Table II.
[16] Tables III., VI.
[17] Tables II., III., VI.
[18] Tables III., IV.
[19] Tr. V.R.C. Jan. 5, '65. Tables III., VI.

TABLE I. — COMPANY D — *Continued.*

NAME.	Residence.	Age.	Occupation.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
CORPORALS.					
Humphrey N. Gould	Weare	35	Shoemaker	Aug. 21, 1862,	July 11, 1865.
John W. Locke [1]	Seabrook	20	Clerk	13, 1862,	8, 1865.
Warren H. Muzzey [2]	Weare	18	Mechanic	16, 1862,	May 20, 1865.
Moses Wadleigh [3]	Weare	18	Mechanic	21, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
John L. Collins	Weare	37	Carpenter	14, 1862,	Jan. 8, 1863.
Samuel S. Page [4]	Hampton	19	Shoemaker	19, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Charles W. Noyes [5]	Seabrook	18	Farmer	12, 1862.	
Josiah Gove [6]	Weare	20	Shoemaker	16, 1862,	8, 1865.
PRIVATES.					
Addison, John [2]	Newton	21	Farmer	Aug. 19, 1862,	June 8, 1865.
Beale, Sumner [6]	Seabrook	33	Expressman	13, 1862,	May 2, 1864.
Beckman, Francis C.[7]	Seabrook	22	Shoemaker	12, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Blake, George	Kensington	31	Groceryman	13, 1862,	8, 1865.
Boyd, Aaron E.[5]	Seabrook	19	Shoemaker	Sept. 27, 1862.	
Boyd, Daniel	Seabrook	19	Shoemaker	22, 1862,	June 8, 1865.
Boyd, Lewis	Seabrook	22	Seaman	11, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Breed, Enoch W.[8]	Weare	19	Shoemaker	Aug. 14, 1862,	8, 1865.
Brocklebank, George A.	Deering	19	- -	15, 1862,	June 8, 1865.
Brown, Ira E.[2]	Kensington	40	Shoemaker	Sept. 15, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Brown, Webster	Seabrook	29	Farmer	Aug. 29, 1862,	8, 1865.
Bruce, John R.[9]	Manchester	20	Machinist	June 20, 1862,	8, 1865.
Butler, Walter N.	Seabrook	18	Shoemaker	Aug. 8, 1862,	Sept. 17, 1863.
Carr, Charles C.[5]	Weare	18	Factory Op.	16, 1862.	
Chase, Derwin W [10]	Weare	22	Shoemaker	14, 1862.	
Chase, Nathaniel	Seabrook	19	Boat-builder	Sept. 3, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Chase, Stephen W.	Seabrook	24	Farmer	Aug. 14, 1862,	8, 1865.
Cilley, Otis G.[3]	Weare	32	Farmer	18, 1862,	8, 1865.
Clough, Oliver G.[4]	Deering	28	Farmer	15, 1862,	Sept. 5, 1863.
Colby, John B.[6]	Weare	32	Farmer	19, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Collins, Augustine A.[3]	Weare	26	Carpenter	15, 1862,	8, 1865.
Coult, Stephen C.[6]	Auburn	27	Shoemaker	16, 1862,	8, 1865.
Crane, Simon J.[4]	Deering	35	Farmer	15, 1862,	Oct. 13, 1863.
Crane, Solomon J.	Deering	35	Farmer	13, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Davis, Daniel S.	So. Hampton	23	Shoemaker	Sept. 29, 1862,	30, 1863.
Day, Henry C.[6]	Weare	31	Shoemaker	Aug. 18, 1862,	8, 1865.
Day, James G.[4]	Weare	44	Shoemaker	21, 1862,	Sept. 21, 1864.
Dow, Alfred B.[4]	Seabrook	32	Shoemaker	Oct. 1, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Dow, Simeon L.	Seabrook	18	Shoemaker	Sept. 29, 1862,	8, 1865.
Eastman, Morrills	Seabrook	24	Farmer	Aug. 15, 1862,	28, 1863.
Eaton, Robert C.	Seabrook	25	Shoemaker	13, 1862,	8, 1865.
Ellsworth, Joseph H.	Weare	34	Mechanic	20, 1862,	5, 1865.
Emery, Parker A.	Hampton	20	Farmer	Sept. 15, 1862,	18, 1865.
Emery, Warren H.[11]	Weare	24	Mechanic	Aug. 14, 1862.	
Favor, Nelson H.	Weare	18	Farmer	18, 1862,	8, 1865.
Foster, James F.[11]	Seabrook	18	Cordwainer	12, 1862.	
Gillispie, James A.[12]	Hampton	18	Farmer	19, 1862,	7, 1865.
Godfrey, Jacob T.	Hampton	20	Farmer	18, 1862,	8, 1865.
Godfrey, Oliver H.	Hampton	18	Farmer	20, 1862,	8, 1865.
Gove, Albert	Seabrook	38	Farmer	30, 1862,	8, 1865.
Haladay, George E.[6]	Weare	20	Farmer	26, 1862,	8, 1865.
Hamilton, William L.[13]	Weare	20	Mechanic	22, 1862,	8, 1865.
Hastings, Charles [3]	Seabrook	21	Farmer	Oct. 3, 1862,	8, 1865.
Heffron, Patrick	Hampton	18	Farmer	Sept. 15, 1862,	8, 1865.
Hodgdon, George W.[4]	Kensington	39	Music-teacher,	Oct. 16, 1862,	Sept. 7, 1864.
Hodgdon, William H.[6]	Kensington	42	Painter	Aug. 13, 1862,	July 5, 1865.
Homan, Charles L.[5]	Weare	18	Farmer	22, 1862.	
Janvrin, John S.[14]	Seabrook	28	Shoemaker	13, 1862,	June 28, 1865.
Janvrin, Joshua [15]	Seabrook	20	Seaman	Sept. 11, 1862,	28, 1865.
Jones, Eliphalet [6]	Weare	34	Shoemaker	Aug. 14, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Jones, Joseph P.[16]	Seabrook	22	Shoemaker	Sept. 3, 1862.	
Jones, Sylvester [11]	Keene	44	Laborer	Aug. 12, 1862.	
Kimball, Charles B.	Seabrook	21	Farmer	15, 1862,	8, 1865.
Leavett, Jeremiah K.	Kensington	44	Hatter	Sept. 15, 1862,	Oct. 17, 1864.
Leonard, James	Gilmanton	44	Farmer	22, 1862,	Sept. 24, 1864.

[1] Tables II., III.
[2] Table VI.
[3] Table III.
[4] Table VIII.
[5] Table V.
[6] Table II.
[7] Tables III., VII.
[8] Tables II., VI.
[9] Tr. Co. C. Jan. 1, '64.
[10] Tables III., V.
[11] Table IV.
[12] Tr. V.R.C. Apr. 17, '65. Table VI.
[13] Tables VI., VIII.
[14] Tr. V.R.C. Jan. 26, '65. Table VI.
[15] Tr. V.R.C. Oct. 18, '64.
[16] Deserted Oct. 11, '62.

TABLE I. — COMPANY D — *Continued.*

NAME.	Residence.	Age.	Occupation.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
PRIVATES.					
March, George W.	Danville	22	Shoemaker	Aug. 20, 1862,	Nov. 20, 1863.
Marston, Melbourne [1]	Hampton	18	Farmer	18, 1862.	
Marston, Otis H.	Hampton	18	Farmer	19, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Mayo, Joseph [2]	Weare	40	Carriage mfr.	15, 1862,	May 2, 1865.
McCormick, Bernard [3]	Seabrook	44	Laborer	15, 1862,	Feb. 5, 1863.
McKellips, Harvey J.	Weare	19	Farmer	14, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Moffitt, Frank T. [4]	Seabrook	20	Hotel-clerk	15, 1862,	8, 1865.
Moore, Cassimiro M. [1]	Weare	18	Farmer	26, 1862.	
Morrill, Frank P. [5]	Weare	18	Farmer	22, 1862.	
Morrill, James [2]	Weare	32	Shoemaker	15, 1862,	8, 1865.
Osborne, Jesse B. [6]	Weare	21	Shoemaker	13, 1862,	8, 1865.
Peasley, Edwin N.	Weare	28	Farmer	27, 1862,	Dec. 20, 1863.
Peacock, Hyla D.	Kensington	34	Cordwainer	14, 1862,	July 6, 1865.
Randall, John E. [5]	Seabrook	24	Shoemaker	27, 1862.	
Rowell, Amos [3]	Kensington	25	Photographer	Sept. 13, 1862,	5, 1865.
Schofield, James [3]	Weare	27	Shoemaker	Aug. 13, 1862,	May 18, 1865.
Selley, Robert M. W. [3]	Deering	22	Butcher	15, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Stott, Charles	Seabrook	44	Weaver	Sept. 26, 1862,	Oct. 16, 1862.
Swett, George W. [2]	Seabrook	18	Clerk	Aug. 13, 1862,	June 11, 1865.
Terrill, Benjamin F. [4]	Weare	27	Farmer	16, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Thurston, Peleg B. [7]	Weare	27	Mechanic	15, 1862,	7, 1865.
Thompson, Samuel E.	Deering	21	Mechanic	15, 1862,	June 17, 1865.
Titcomb, Henry H. [8]	East Kingston	18	Clerk	21, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Walch, Michael [9]	North Hampton,	21	Laborer	25, 1862.	
Wallace, Silas R.	Manchester	16	Mill-hand	22, 1862,	8, 1865.
Walton, Edwin [1]	Seabrook	37	Yeoman	Oct. 1, 1862.	
White, Philander C. [6]	Concord, N.H.	18	Farmer	Aug. 19, 1862,	8, 1865.
Wiggin, Thomas J. [10]	Manchester	26	Painter	7, 1862,	June 26, 1865.
Willard, George S [3]	Weare	22	Mechanic	15, 1862,	22, 1865.
Wilson, Stephen M. [11]	Manchester	36	Brush-maker	18, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Wright, James A.	Seabrook	22	Fisherman	13, 1862,	8, 1865.
Total 102					
RECRUITS.					
Brockway, Hollis C.	Bradford	34	Farmer	Feb. 8, 1865,	July 8, 1865.
Brucklebank, John A. [5]	Newbury	19	Farmer	Aug. 1, 1864.	
Burdell, William H..	- -	-	- -	- -	
Chapin, Charles A.	Keene.	21	Mechanic	March 1, 1865,	8, 1865.
Choate, John [5]	Bradford	23	Laborer	Feb. 8, 1865.	
Clark, Frank J. [3]	Bradford	23	Farmer	Aug. 19, 1863,	March 31, 1864.
Eaton, Abner L.	Seabrook	21	Shoemaker	Jan. 18, 1864,	July 8, 1865.
Hardy, Charles H.	Keene.	20	Laborer	March 1, 1865,	8, 1865.
Hayes, Joseph B.	Keene.	21	Mechanic	9, 1865,	8, 1865.
Howard, George A. [5].	Keene.	20	Mechanic	9, 1865,	8, 1865.
Janvrin, William T. [5]	Seabrook	19	Shoemaker	15, 1864.	
Jewell, Daniel [12]	Whitefield	22	- -	9, 1865.	
Marston, William W.	Keene.	29	Teamster	1, 1865,	8, 1865.
Mills, James T. [5]	Concord	23	- -	Oct. 13, 1862.	
O'Brien, John	Keene.	20	Laborer	Feb. 8, 1865,	8, 1865.
Randall, William H.	Seabrook	19	Shoemaker	Jan. 4, 1864,	8, 1865.
Scriaman, Frank	Grafton	18	Laborer	July 30, 1864,	8, 1865.
Souther, George T. [1].	Seabrook	20	- -	Jan. 2, 1864.	
Whitney, Leonard F.	Keene.	18	Mechanic	March 9, 1865,	8, 1865.
Total 19					
AGGREGATE 121					

[1] Table V. [4] Table II. [7] Table VII. [10] Tables II., III.
[2] Tables II., VI. [5] Table IV. [8] Tables III., VIII. [11] Tables III., VI.
[3] Table VIII. [6] Table VI. [9] Deserted Oct. 2, 1862. [12] Deserted May 6, 1865.

TABLE I. — *Continued.*

COMPANY E.

NAME.	Residence.	Age.	Occupation.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
Freedom M. Rhodes, *Capt.*[1]	Lancaster	24	– –	Sept. 23, 1862,	July 23, 1863.
William Cobleigh, 1*st Lt.*[2]	Northumberland,	24	Student	Aug. 31, 1862,	8, 1865.
John E. Willis, 2*d Lt.*[1]	Gorham	35	Watchman	14, 1862,	Sept. 16, 1863.
SERGEANTS.					
Franklin Wheeler, 1*st*[2]	Milan	30	Mechanic	Aug. 15, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Hiram J. Rounds[3]	Lancaster	30	Engraver	22, 1862.	
John A. Harriman[4]	Dalton	40	Merchant	20, 1862.	
Lewis P. Summers[5]	Lancaster	24	Farmer	12, 1862.	
Walter Buck[5]	Dalton	26	Teamster	22, 1862.	
CORPORALS.					
Thomas J. Lary[6]	Milan	30	Riverman	Aug. 20, 1862,	May 18, 1865.
Isaac R. Smith[5]	Stark	25	Farmer	22, 1862.	
David S. Harvey[7]	Gorham	35	Machinist	16, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Leland B. Philbrook[5]	Shelburne	22	Farmer	18, 1862.	
William A. Willis[6]	Milan	39	Farmer	14, 1862,	8, 1865.
George W. Purrington	Dummer	38	Farmer	16, 1862,	June 8, 1865.
Orwando Lary[8]	Milan	39	Miller	18, 1862,	8, 1865.
Theodore Moran[9]	Milan	28	Joiner	16, 1862.	
MUSICIAN.					
George R. Holmes	Jefferson	20	Miller	Sept. 2, 1862,	Dec. 10, 1862.
WAGONER.					
Abel H. Wesson	Lancaster	29	Laborer	Aug. 12, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
PRIVATES.					
Applebee, George	Jefferson	22	Farmer	Aug. 18, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Ball, Emery, M.D.	Dalton	18	Farmer	25, 1862,	May 24, 1865.
Bartlett, George S.[7]	Dummer	21	Farmer	15, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Boutwell, Frank	Lancaster	25	Laborer	18, 1862,	8, 1865.
Brackett, Oliver[10]	Milan	19	Farmer	15, 1862.	
Brooks, Joseph[11]	Northumberland,	21	Farmer	25, 1862.	
Brown, Harvey R.[5]	Stratford	25	Farmer	7, 1862.	
Colby, Moses[12]	Lancaster	38	Farmer	14, 1862,	8, 1865.
Cotton, Aaron	Milan	32	Farmer	23, 1862,	Oct. 4, 1865.
Crawford, Bryant E.[7]	Dalton	24	Farmer	13, 1862,	June 7, 1865.
Curtis, Moses S.[12]	Milan	28	Lumberman	22, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Cushman, Horace, 2d[5]	Dalton	29	Farmer	20, 1862.	
Day, John G.[1]	Gorham	35	Farmer	18, 1862,	June 16, 1865.
Dow, Aldin A.[7]	Lancaster	22	Farmer	15, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Eastman, Darius G.[7]	Milan	16	Farmer	13, 1862,	May 24, 1865.
Ellingwood, Oscar P.[13]	Gorham	33	Cabinet-maker,	21, 1862,	July 11, 1865.
Elliott, Marquis L.[11]	Dalton	34	Farmer	22, 1862.	
Emery, Nathaniel	Stark	29	Farmer	22, 1862,	8, 1865.
Evans, Edwin F.[7]	Milan	24	Lumberman	13, 1862,	8, 1865.
Evans, William	Milan	43	Farmer	Sept. 3, 1862.	
Folsom, Stephen P.[8]	Colebrook	28	Blacksmith	Aug. 12, 1862,	26, 1865.
Forbes, Erastus W.[14]	Bow	18	Farmer	Sept. 20, 1862,	June 8, 1865.
Ford, George W.[1]	Dalton	44	Farmer	Aug. 12, 1862,	Aug. 3, 1863.
Gaskill, Almon P.[10]	Dalton	18	Blacksmith	25, 1862.	
Gaskill, Rufus D.	Dalton	40	Blacksmith	19, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Goodnow, Henry[8]	Gorham	28	Currier	Sept. 1, 1862,	8, 1865.
Gray, Jared[7]	Jefferson	22	Farmer	Aug. 13, 1862,	8, 1865.
Gray, Joseph M.[5]	Lancaster	18	Laborer	13, 1862.	
Greenlaw, John W.	Milan	25	Merchant	15, 1862,	May 29, 1863.
Griffin, Daniel[15]	Gorham	45	Laborer	9, 1862,	Nov. 22, 1863.
Hawkins, Thomas A.[16]	Dummer	26	Farmer	13, 1862.	
Henson, Charles	Stark	30	– –	22, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Henson, Moses	Stark	22	– –	22, 1862,	8, 1865.
Hicks, Hiram G.[17]	Jefferson	20	Farmer	30, 1862.	
Holbrook, Roswell[12]	Stratford	22	Farmer	14, 1862,	8, 1865.
Holbrook, William W.	Stark	27	Laborer	22, 1862,	5, 1865.

[1] Table VIII.
[2] Tables II., III.
[3] Tables III., IV., VII.
[4] Tr. V.R.C. Aug. 10, '64.
[5] Table IV.
[6] Tables III., VI.
[7] Table III.
[8] Table II.
[9] Tr. V.R.C. Sept. 22, '63.
[10] Deserted Jan. 11, 1863.
[11] Deserted Oct. 1, 1862.
[12] Table VI.
[13] Tr. V.R.C. Sept. 9, '63.
[14] In the 4th U.S. Cav. Oct. 15, '66–Oct. 15, 71.
[15] Re-enl. 12th Me. Vols.
[16] Tables III, V.
[17] Deserted Nov. 22, 1864.

TABLE I. — COMPANY E — *Continued.*

NAME.	Residence.	Age.	Occupation.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
PRIVATES.					
Hodge, Ida A.	Lancaster	18	Farmer	Aug. 13, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Hubbard, James O.	Dalton	29	Laborer	22, 1862,	8, 1865.
Ingerson, George W.	Jefferson	20	Farmer	19, 1862,	8, 1865.
Jarvis, Edward [1]	Lancaster	21	Laborer	Sept. 9, 1862.	
Jarvis, William [2]	Lancaster	23	Laborer	9, 1862.	
Johnson, William W.[3]	Stratford	25	Farmer	Aug. 17, 1862,	Nov. 28, 1863.
Jordon, Harry W.	Berlin.	25	Farmer	12, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Jordon, Thomas J.[4]	Berlin.	23	Farmer	12, 1862,	Aug. 7, 1863.
Knight, Calvin J.[4]	Jefferson	34	Farmer	29, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Lane, Henry A.[4]	Whitefield.	18	Farmer	22, 1862,	Oct. 24, 1864.
Laury, Andrew J.[5]	Milan	21	Lumberman	12, 1862,	May 18, 1865.
Laury, Eldolph.	Milan.	31	Farmer	Sept. 5, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Lindsey, George H.[2]	Whitefield.	18	Farmer	Aug. 22, 1862.	
Lovejoy. John B.[3]	Dummer	23	Farmer	15, 1862,	Oct. 20, 1864.
Lunn, William M.[2]	Stark	31	Farmer	22, 1862.	
Marshall, Freeman	Dalton	18	Farmer	20, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Massure, Erastus [3]	Stark	21	Farmer	21, 1862,	8, 1865.
Massure, Jonas [2]	Stark	39	Farmer	21, 1862.	
McFarland, Loring [6].	Northumberland,	32	Farmer	21, 1862,	8, 1865.
Morse, George W.[7]	Dalton	26	Laborer	19, 1862.	
Morse, John	Dalton	18	Farmer	Sept. 5, 1862,	June 6, 1864.
Moulton, Benjamin F.	Lancaster	36	Laborer	Aug. 11, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Nutter, Charles E.	Lancaster	18	Laborer	22, 1862,	8, 1865.
Orcutt, John D.[8]	Jefferson	17	Farmer	21, 1862,	27, 1865.
Ordway, Daniel	Jefferson	21	Farmer	Sept. 8, 1862,	8, 1865.
Page, Henry [9]	Milan	32	Lumberman	Aug. 12, 1862,	8, 1865.
Potter, Daniel [2]	Stark	22	Farmer	22, 1862.	
Purrington, John [2]	Milan	44	Farmer	15, 1862.	
Quint, George C.[2]	Whitefield	18	Farmer	22, 1862.	
Rich, Spaulding S.	Lancaster	31	Teamster	22, 1862,	8, 1865.
Richardson, Lemuel M.	Milan	21	Farmer	12, 1862,	8, 1865.
Robbins, Daniel S.[10].	Stark	24	Laborer	13, 1862.	
Rowe, James M.	Gorham	29	Harnessmaker,	21, 1862,	8, 1865.
Sessions, Sumner	Dummer	20	Farmer	12, 1862,	8, 1865.
Sherwood, William [11]	Lancaster	44	Laborer	18, 1862,	14, 1865.
Stalbird, William H. H.	Jefferson	19	Farmer	12, 1862,	Dec. 21, 1864.
Stillings, Ruel P.	Jefferson	24	Farmer	13, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Stone, Munroe J.[3]	Stark	21	Farmer	22, 1862,	8, 1865.
Twitchell, Claudius A.[2]	Milan	18	Farmer	Sept. 3, 1862.	
Veasie, John [2]	Dummer	43	Farmer	Aug. 15, 1862.	
Wallace, Asahel K.[3].	Dalton	43	Farmer	22, 1862,	8, 1865.
Webb, George F.[4]	Gorham	29	Farmer	Sept. 1, 1862,	8, 1865.
Wheeler, Algier B.	Stratford	18	Farmer	Aug. 7, 1862,	8, 1865.
Wilder, Edward B.[2].	Lancaster	21	Farmer	12, 1862.	
York, Horace [12].	Milan	26	Farmer	18, 1862,	June 26, 1865.
Young, Antipas	Stratford	21	Farmer	7, 1862,	21, 1865.
Young, David	Lancaster	23	Laborer	12, 1862,	May 15, 1863.
Total 101					
RECRUITS.					
Armstrong, Alpheus [2]	Hinsdale	38	Farmer	Dec. 15, 1863.	
Bean, Caleb F.[8].	Dummer	34	Farmer	29, 1863,	July 8, 1865.
Blair, William	Lancaster	16	Farmer	29, 1863,	8, 1865.
Cobleigh, Charles	Northumberland,	28	Clerk	25, 1863,	Feb. 8, 1865.
Cross, Alanson	Northumberland,	19	Laborer	23, 1863,	May 18, 1865.
Delven, Peter [13].	Portsmouth	32	Laborer	Aug. 10, 1863.	
Dolan, John	– –	21	Sailor	20, 1863,	July 8, 1865.
Dustin, Joseph H.	– –	27	Farmer	Dec. 15, –	8, 1865.
Elliott, Benjamin F.[14]	Littleton	35	Farmer	Jan. 4, 1864,	8, 1865.
Evans, John C.[2]	Milan	–	Farmer	Dec. 29, 1863,	8, 1865.
Fox, Benjamin [15]	Barrington.	26	Teamster	Aug. 14, 1863.	
Goud, George S.[3]	Milan	18	Millman	Dec. 29, 1863,	8, 1865.
Hanford, Edward [16]	Milan	25	Painter	Aug. 14, 1863.	
Hastings, John G.	Keene.	32	Farmer	Jan. 15, 1865,	8, 1865.
Hawkins, Alpheus W.	Lancaster	–	Farmer	Dec. 31, 1863,	June 12, 1864.
Hedrick, William H.[17]	Rochester	29	Sailor	Aug. 14, 1863.	

[1] Des. Nov. 22, 1863. [2] Table IV. [3] Table III. [4] Table VIII. [5] Tables II., III., VI. [6] Tables VI., VIII. [7] Des. Oct. 1, 1862. [8] Table VI. [9] Table II. [10] Des. Jan. 11, 1863. [11] Transf. V. R. C. Aug. 3, 1864. Table VIII. [12] Tr. V R.C. Jan. 25,'65. [13] Des. Dec. 6, 1863. [14] Tables VI., VII. [15] Des. Nov. 3, 1863. [16] Des. Nov. 18, 1863. [17] Des. March 16, 1864.

TABLE I. — COMPANY E — *Continued.*

NAME.	Residence.	Age.	Occupation.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
RECRUITS.					
Helsey, James [1]	- -	23	Boatman .	Aug. 19, 1863.	
Henderson, James [2]	Somersworth	28	Sailor	14, 1863.	
Henderson, John	Alstead .	19	Sailor	5, 1864,	July 8, 1865.
Hogan, William D.[3]	Farmington	21	Sailor	14, 1863,	June 24, 1865.
Hopkins, John J.[4]	- -	28	Peddler	19, 1863.	
Kelley, John [5]	- -	25	Laborer	20, 1863.	
Leonard, Henry O.	Keene . .	26	Teacher	Jan. 16, 1865,	July 8, 1865.
Lyons, Patriek .	Gilford .	21	Laborer .	Aug. 31, 1864,	8, 1865.
Mathy, John Edward	Langdon	30	Bookbinder	5, 1864,	8, 1865.
Murphy, James	Hinsdale	19	Sailor	5, 1864,	8, 1865.
Neal, William H.	Concord	24	- -	19, 1864,	May 5, 1865.
Oswold, Carl B.	Berlin .	18	Laborer	Jan. 15, 1865,	July 8, 1865.
Perham, Leonard	Hinsdale .	41	Miller	Dec. 15, 1863,	May 30, 1865.
Pike, John D. .	Northumberland,	21	Laborer	Jan. 12, 1863,	July 8, 1865.
Rugg, Sewall F.[6]	Keene .	27	Tinsmith	17, 1865,	8, 1865.
Sabine, Frank	Whitefield	21	Barber	18, 1865,	8, 1865.
Seavey, W H.	Dummer .	18	Laborer	Dec. 29, 1863,	8, 1865.
Terry, Joseph . .	East Kingston	27	Laborer	July 28, 1864,	8, 1865.
Twitchell, Charles M. .	Milan	17	Farmer .	Dec. 29, 1863,	8, 1865.
Underwood, Jesse [7] .	Dalton	44	Blacksmith	29, 1863,	May 26, 1865.
Watson, Pembroke S.	Berlin . .	25	Miller	Jan. 15, 1865,	July 8, 1865.
Wentworth, Thomas	Lancaster .	21	Farmer	Dec. 31, 1863,	8, 1865.
Whipp, Charles A.[8] .	Northumberland,	31	Farmer	23, 1863,	8, 1865.
Total 39					
AGGREGATE 140					

COMPANY F.

Theo. A. Ripley, *Capt.*[9]	Winchester	26	Straw goods	Aug. 23, 1862,	May 15, 1865.
Stephen Phelps, *1st Lt.*	Winchester	38	Tin business	23, 1862,	Jan. 20, 1864.
Wm. A. Fosgate, *2d Lt.*[10] .	Winchester	23	Student	14, 1862.	
SERGEANTS.					
John H. Goodwin [11] .	Chesterfield	29	Currier .	Aug. 18, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
George G. Martin [12] .	Winchester	25	Merchant	13, 1862,	8, 1865.
Artemus B. Colburn [10]	Richmond	29	Merchant	20, 1862.	
John F. Hunt	Winchester	24	Blacksmith	13, 1862,	Aug. 4, 1863.
Henry H. Howe	Chesterfield	28	Farmer	22, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
CORPORALS.					
Henry F. Pratt [13]	Winchester	20	Student	Aug. 13, 1862,	June 22, 1865.
George Norwood [14] .	Winchester	44	Farmer .	21, 1862.	
Charles G. Howard [15]	Winchester	23	Mechanic	18, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Milton G. Frost [14]	Milan	24	Farmer	13, 1862.	
Novatus Graves .	Winchester	44	Mechanic	19, 1862,	8, 1865.
U. Barrett Fosgate [15]	Winchester	24	Farmer	13, 1862,	8, 1865.
Floras H. Wood [7]	Winchester	18	Farmer	18, 1862,	8, 1865.
Henry E. Baldwin	Winchester	18	Laborer .	12, 1862,	8, 1865.
MUSICIANS.					
Calvin P. Gilson	Chesterfield	22	Stage-driver	Aug. 22, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Denzel T. Swan [14]	Winchester	18	Farmer	22, 1862.	
WAGONER.					
Charles O. Colburn	Winchester	29	Farmer	Aug. 14, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
PRIVATES.					
Allen, Moses [10] .	Richmond	24	Merchant	Aug. 20, 1862.	
Andrews, Ethan A.[14]	Milan	32	Farmer	13, 1862.	
Ball, Charles A.[10]	Winchester	39	Farmer	15, 1862.	
Ball, Charles W. W.	Winchester	16	Farmer	15, 1862,	July 8, 1865.

[1] Deserted Nov. 3, '63.
[2] Deserted Nov. 4, '63.
[3] Tr. V.R.C. Nov. 4, '64.
[4] Deserted Nov. 6, '63.
[5] Deserted.
[6] Table II.
[7] Table VIII.
[8] Table VI.
[9] Tables II., III., VII., VIII.
[10] Tables III., V.
[11] Tables III., VIII.
[12] Tables II., VI.
[13] Tr. V.R.C. Oct. 10, '64. Table VIII.
[14] Table IV.
[15] Table III.

TABLE I. — COMPANY F — *Continued.*

NAME.	Residence.	Age.	Occupation.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
PRIVATES.					
Bancroft, Clinton A..	Chesterfield	15	Farmer	Aug. 27, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Barden, Abner S.	Richmond	30	Farmer	16, 1862,	8, 1865.
Bent, Lauren E.[1]	Winchester	20	Farmer	13, 1862.	
Blodgett, James H.[1] .	Northumberland,	44	Laborer	27, 1862.	
Bolton, James H.[2] .	Winchester	17	Farmer	20, 1862,	June 22, 1865.
Britton, Frederick F.[2]	Keene.	20	Farmer	Sept. 1, 1862,	July 5, 1865.
Brown, Boardwin[3]	Keene.	44	Cook	1, 1862,	Jan. 30, 1864.
Buffum, Jedediah, jun.[3]	Winchester	49	Farmer	Aug. 13, 1862,	May 16, 1865.
Buffum, Francis H.[4].	Winchester	18	Student	13, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Burk, John[5]	Bow .	34	Farmer	Sept. 15, 1862.	
Casey, Thomas .	Lancaster .	44	Laborer	Aug. 12, 1862,	8, 1865.
Cannon, Patrick[6]	Northumberland,	21	Laborer .	20, 1862.	
Cohen, Isaac	Kensington .	21	Cigar-maker	Oct. 10, 1862,	8, 1865.
Cummings, John .	Northumberland,	20	Laborer	Aug. 20, 1862,	8, 1865.
Cummings, William J.[7]	Northumberland,	18	Laborer	11, 1862,	June 13, 1865.
Darling, Calvin G.	Chesterfield	36	Farmer	20, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Day, George A.[8]	Hinsdale	42	Carpenter	Sept. 1, 1862,	8, 1865.
Eaton, Loren, jun.	Winchester	32	Cooper	Aug. 12, 1862,	8, 1865.
Elliot, William R.[9]	Dalton .	18	Farmer	Sept. 2, 1862.	
Farr, Bradford C.	Chesterfield	28	Miller	Aug. 13, 1862,	Feb. 4, 1863.
Farr, Wesley O.[10]	Chesterfield	23	Farmer	18, 1862,	July 8. 1865.
Frost, Sumner F.	Milan .	21	Sailor	13, 1862,	Feb. 5, 1863.
Hastings, Foster W..	Chesterfield	30	Farmer	23, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Hastings, Herbert R.	Chesterfield	23	Farmer	25, 1862,	Aug. 12, 1863.
Hayes, Frederick O.[1]	Lancaster	20	Mechanic	12, 1862.	
Hayes, Patrick[3] .	Winchester	25	Laborer	12, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Henry, Herbert W.[11]	Chesterfield	18	Farmer	21, 1862.	
Hill, Taylor E.[2] .	Chesterfield	19	Farmer	22, 1862,	8, 1865.
Holbrook, Charles H.	Swanzey	18	Farmer	14, 1862,	May 25, 1865.
Holbrook, George B.[12]	Swanzey	16	Farmer	Sept. 1, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Howard, Luther E.[3] .	Winchester	21	Farmer	Aug. 19, 1862,	8, 1865.
Hutchins, Henry E. .	Winchester	20	Farmer	14, 1862,	Jan. 20, 1863.
Hyde, Ira D. .	Stark	51	Farmer	29, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Lambert, Perrin[2] .	Milan	36	Farmer	29, 1862,	March 13, 1865.
Lampson, Bradford P.[11]	Swanzey .	20	Farmer	15, 1862.	
Lincoln, Lucien O.	Chesterfield	23	Farmer	Sept. 1, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Lucas, Wesley J[3] .	Milan .	18	Farmer	Aug. 15, 1862,	8, 1865.
McClenning, Henry J.[11]	Chesterfield	20	Farmer .	19, 1862.	
Moore, John H.	Winchester	21	Carpenter	13, 1862,	June 9, 1865.
Morey, William A.[2]	Winchester	16	Farmer	12, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Murdock, Robert E. .	Winchester	26	Mechanic	13, 1862,	8, 1865.
Murdock, Verwill, 2d.[4]	Winchester	18	Mechanic	14, 1862,	8, 1865.
Newell, Benjamin, jun.[13]	Richmond .	43	Farmer	16, 1862.	
Nims, George H.	Winchester	24	Tinsmith	13, 1862,	8, 1865.
O'Neil, Thomas[6]	Northhampton	24	Laborer	14, 1862.	
Perry, George F.[2]	Winchester .	28	Mechanic	23, 1862,	May 3, 1865.
Pheany, Andrew	Northumberland,	25	Laborer	20, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Pratt, Charles[3] .	Winchester	23	Farmer	12, 1862.	
Reede, Charles P.	Winchester	50	Farmer	13, 1862,	Feb. 7, 1863.
Roark, Francis .	Winchester	20	Mill operative,	13, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Scott, George D. .	Chesterfield	20	Farmer	19, 1862,	8, 1865.
Scott, Walter A.[1]	Richmond	21	Farmer	20, 1862.	
Sharon, Lewis[5]	Bow .	20	Laborer	Sept. 16, 1862.	
Smith, Edward O.[8]	Winchester	21	Farmer	Aug. 19, 1862,	8, 1865.
Snow, Henry H. .	Chesterfield	18	Farmer	19, 1862,	May 26, 1863.
Stoddard, James S.[14]	Chesterfield	22	Farmer	25, 1862.	
Streeter, Marshall S.[1]	Chesterfield	20	Farmer	19, 1862.	
Thayer, Henry F.[11] .	Winchester	44	Farmer	12, 1862.	
Thompson, Daniel H.[8]	Winchester	18	Farmer	15, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Ward, George P.[15]	West Swanzey	35	Wood-turner	17, 1862,	8, 1865.
Webber, James H.[11]	Milan .	18	Farmer	13, 1862.	
Welles, Sidney I.	Gorham	28	Farmer	9, 1862,	Sept. 25, 1863.
Wentworth, George A.[9]	Milan	18	Farmer	13, 1862.	
Wheeler, Charles W.[16]	Keene.	18	Laborer	Sept. 1, 1862,	July 8, 1865.

[1] Table V.
[2] Table VI.
[3] Table VIII.
[4] Tables III., VI.
[5] Deserted Oct. 1, 1862.
[6] Deserted Oct. 20, 1862.
[7] Tables VI., VIII.
[8] Table III.
[9] Deserted March 12, '64.
[10] Tables II., III.
[11] Table IV
[12] Table II.
[13] Tables III., IV.
[14] Tables II., III., VIII.
[15] Tables II., VI.
[16] Tr. Co. C, Nov. 1, '62.

TABLE I. — COMPANY F — *Continued.*

NAME.	Residence.	Age.	Occupation.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
PRIVATES.					
Wilbur, Henry L.	Winchester	26	Pail turner	Aug. 14, 1862,	Sept. 4, 1863.
Wilson, Jesse [1]	Stoddard	63	Farmer	1, 1862,	Oct. 20, 1863.
Wood, Henry A. [2]	Winchester	18	Farmer	12, 1862,	July 8, 1863.
Wright, L. Warren [3]	Richmond	20	Laborer	14, 1862,	8, 1865.
Total 91					
RECRUITS.					
Boyd, Jeremiah T.	Seabrook	19	Shoemaker	Jan. 9, 1864,	June 14, 1865.
Clark, Charles A.	Chester	39	Farmer	2, 1864,	April 10, 1865.
Conley, James Henry	Durham	16	Blacksmith	4, 1864,	July 8, 1865.
Converse, Julius C.	Chesterfield	19	Farmer	Dec. 29, 1863,	8, 1865.
Colburn, Henry	Winchester	28	Farmer	Sept. 2, 1863,	1, 1864.
Casey, John	Lempster	29	Laborer	Aug. 2, 1864,	8, 1865.
Clogley, John	Meredith	29	Laborer	2, 1864,	8, 1865.
Davis, Frederick [4]	Andover	24	Laborer	Nov. 18, 1863.	
Davis, Murray [5]	Chesterfield	18	Farmer	Dec. 29, 1863,	18, 1865.
Elliott, Warren [6]	Franklin	43	Farmer	Jan. 12, 1864.	
Englebrick, John	Seabrook	23	Sailor	Aug. 5, 1864,	8, 1865.
Farr, Chauncey S. [7]	Chesterfield	18	Sawyer	Dec. 29, 1863,	26, 1865.
Farr, Larkin D.	Chesterfield	18	Farmer	29, 1863,	8, 1865.
Field, Marshall	Pembroke	20	Boat-packer	July 29, 1864,	8, 1865.
Harris, Lorenzo, jun.	Richmond	18	Laborer	Aug. 2, 1864,	June 25, 1865.
Hickey, Patrick [8]	Dublin	25	Laborer	Sept. 26, 1863.	
Hazed, John	Danbury	20	Laborer	Aug. 2, 1864,	July 8, 1865.
Hill, George	Lempster	20	Laborer	3, 1864,	8, 1865.
Johnson, Henry [9]	Barrington	31	Clerk	14, 1863.	
Johnson, Robert [8]	Rochester	21	Sailor	14, 1863.	
King, Peter	Bath	19	Laborer	2, 1864,	8, 1865.
Letcher, Edward [1]	Lancaster	19	Laborer	Sept. 24, 1863,	8, 1865.
Lewis, Sumner	Rochester	20	Farmer	Dec. 28, 1864,	8, 1865.
Locke, John [8]	– –	38	Laborer	Aug. 20, 1863.	
Miller, Henry [4]	Pembroke	27	Sailor	Nov. 23, 1863.	
Miller, William [9]	East Kingston	25	Painter	11, 1863.	
McKay, James	Barrington	34	Fisherman	Aug. 11, 1863,	Nov. 24, 1863.
Morse, James W. [5]	Rochester	21	Laborer	14, 1863,	June 9, 1865.
McCauley, William [9]	Milton	22	Sailor	14, 1863.	
Merrifield, Frank O. [5]	Deerfield	21	Shoemaker	12, 1863,	May 12, 1865.
Murray, John [10]	Middleton	22	Laborer	14, 1863.	
Murio, Francisco [11]	Farmington	23	Sailor	14, 1863.	
Moran, James [12]	– –	33	Sailor	19, 1863.	
Martin, James	Seabrook	21	Sailor	5, 1864,	July 8, 1865.
Norcross, George L. [13]	Farmington	23	Mechanic	14, 1863.	
Rosier, William [10]	Rochester	22	Harnessmaker,	14, 1863.	
Rourke, John	Southhampton	38	Laborer	6, 1864,	8, 1865.
Smith, Henry	Gilsum	21	Farmer	5, 1864,	8, 1865.
Snell, David [7]	Ridge	49	Farmer	5, 1864.	
Tuttle, John B. [5]	Seabrook	43	Machinist	Jan. 9, 1864,	10, 1865.
Tiboux, Peter	Gilsum	20	Laborer	Aug. 5, 1864,	8, 1865.
Thayer, Edward F. [5]	Chesterfield	18	Brick-mason	July 28, 1864,	8, 1865.
Willingford, Reuben C.	Somersworth	18	Farmer	Aug. 2, 1864,	May 31, 1865.
Total 43					
AGGREGATE 134					

[1] Table VIII.
[2] Tables III., VIII.
[3] Tables II., III.
[4] Deserted Dec. 31, 1863.
[5] Table VI.
[6] Deserted March 12, '64.
[7] Table VII.
[8] Deserted March 18, '64.
[9] Deserted Nov. 4, 1863.
[10] Deserted Nov. 30, '63.
[11] Deserted Jan. 30, 1864.
[12] Deserted March 16, '64.
[13] Deserted March, 1864.

TABLE I. — *Continued.*

COMPANY G.

NAME.	Residence.	Age.	Occupation.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
Solon A. Carter, *Capt.*[1]	Keene.	25	Gas supcrint'd.	Oct. 9, 1862,	July 25, 1864.
C. Fred Webster, 1*st Lt.*[1]	Jaffrey	26	Lawyer .	9, 1862,	8, 1865.
Spencer L. Bailey, 2*d Lt.*[2]	Jaffrey	32	Merchant	9, 1862,	Feb. 24, 1863.
SERGEANTS.					
Flavel L. Tolman, 1st[1]	Rindge	21	Farmer	Aug. 13, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
John W. Sturtevant[3]	Keene.	22	Clerk	31, 1862,	8, 1865.
James W. Russell[1] .	Keene.	27	Clerk	28, 1862,	8, 1865.
Edward B. Howard[1]	Alstead	21	Farmer	28, 1862,	May 1, 1865.
Samuel L. Gerould[2]	Stoddard	28	Clergyman	11, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
CORPORALS.					
Maro J. Chamberlain[4]	Dublin	20	Student	Aug. 9, 1862,	Aug. 1, 1863.
Charles O. Cragin[5] .	Dublin	19	Farmer	11, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
John A. Woodward[6]	Surry	21	Clerk	27, 1862.	
Charles D. Emery[7]	Jaffrey	20	Merchant	14, 1862.	
Calvin K. Day	Keene.	28	Butcher .	27, 1862,	8, 1865.
George Kehue .	Keene.	38	Cigar-maker	30, 1862,	June 8, 1865.
James H. Hunt[4]	Stoddard	20	Farmer	13, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Asa W. Davis	Keene.	36	Mechanic	28, 1862,	8, 1865.
MUSICIANS.					
Thomas S. Mower[2] .	Jaffrey	29	Mechanic	Aug. 13, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Austin A. Spaulding[8]	Jaffrey	18	Farmer	11, 1862,	June 26, 1865.
PRIVATES.					
Bahan, John[9] .	Dublin	23	Dyer .	Aug. 12, 1862,	July 29, 1865.
Barrett, William A.[2] .	Keene.	36	Brick-maker	28, 1862,	8, 1865.
Bartenback, Christopher[10]	Jaffrey	29	Mechanic	11, 1862,	8, 1865.
Blodgett, Sylvester[2]	Keene.	40	Butcher	30, 1862,	Sept. 16, 1863.
Brown, James T.	Jaffrey	22	Farmer	12, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Buckwold, Jacob	Jaffrey	26	Farmer	11, 1862,	Jan. 21, 1865.
Burns, Patrick .	Keene.	38	Laborer	31, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Carter, Charles A.[11]	Jaffrey	19	Mechanic	11, 1862.	
Casey, John[10]	Keene.	26	Laborer	31, 1862,	8, 1865.
Cooper, Albert .	Keene.	18	Farmer	30, 1862,	8, 1865.
Cutter, Edwin R.[4]	Jaffrey	21	Farmer	12, 1862,	8, 1865.
Cutter, Edward E.	Jaffrey	21	Farmer	12, 1862,	8, 1865.
Curtin, David[10] .	Westmoreland	44	Farmer	Sept. 23, 1862,	Dec. 31, 1864.
Doolittle, John H.[12] .	Winchester	29	Pail-turner	13, 1862,	June 5, 1865.
Doolittle, Joseph S.[13]	Keene.	29	Mechanic	Aug. 28, 1862,	July 27, 1865.
Drake, William S.[2]	Keene.	29	Baker	29, 1862,	Nov. 23, 1863.
Ellis, Lyman[2]	Keene.	31	Mechanic	Oct. 2, 1862,	May 26, 1865.
Evans, Frank, jun.[6]	Keene.	18	Farmer	Aug. 30, 1862.	
Farwell, John T.	Dublin	20	Mechanic	21, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Frost, John[2]	Jaffrey	43	Farmer	30, 1862,	June 12, 1865.
Gerry, Ira	Stoddard	21	Farmer	15, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Green, James[8] .	Stoddard	23	Farmer	12, 1862,	May 16, 1865.
Hardy, Sanford S.[14]	Dublin	19	Farmer	12, 1862,	July 24, 1865.
Hatch, Herbert C.[15]	Alstead	18	Farmer	28, 1862,	8, 1865.
Hazen, Edson S.[10]	Dublin	18	Farmer	11, 1862,	7, 1865.
Hazen, George W.[16]	Dublin	23	Farmer	11, 1862.	
Houston, J. Augustine[2]	Keene.	29	Mechanic	27, 1862,	8, 1865.
Jerry, Amiell[8] .	Dublin	23	Mechanic	20, 1862,	8, 1865.
Jillson, Almon L.[17]	Keene.	18	Farmer	Sept. 25, 1862,	6, 1865.
Kinson, John Q.	Stoddard	18	Farmer	Aug. 14, 1862,	8, 1865.
Law, Charles D.[4]	Jaffrey	29	Shoemaker	11, 1862,	8, 1865.
Learned, Lewis D.[16] .	Dublin	20	Farmer	28, 1862.	
Learned, Marion D.[4]	Dublin	18	Farmer	30, 1862,	8, 1865.
Leathers, John[5]	Jaffrey	21	Laborer	21, 1862,	8, 1865.
Lettenmayer, Otto[2]	Keene.	30	Confectioner	30, 1862,	Oct. 15, 1863.
Lewis, William H.[18] .	Keene.	29	Painter	29, 1862,	May 12, 1865.
Lowe, George F.[5]	Jaffrey	18	Farmer	14, 1862,	July 8, 1865.

[1] Tables II., III.
[2] Table II.
[3] Tables II., III., VI.
[4] Table III.
[5] Tables III., VIII.
[6] Table IV.
[7] Tables III., IV.
[8] Table VI.
[9] Tr. V. R. C. Jan. 10, '65.
[10] Table VIII.
[11] Table V
[12] Tr. V. R. C. Aug. 10, '64.
[13] Tables II., VI.
[14] Tables VI., VIII.
[15] Tables II., VI.
[16] Tables III., V.
[17] Tr. V. R. C. Aug. 6, 1864. Table II.
[18] Tables III., VIII.

TABLE I. — COMPANY G — *Continued.*

NAME.	Residence.	Age.	Occupation.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
PRIVATES.					
Martin, Alvin K.	Jaffrey	18	Farmer	Aug. 12, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Marvin, Edwin [1]	Keene.	21	Mechanic	Sept. 3, 1862.	
Merrifield, Charles B.[2]	Jaffrey	19	Painter	Aug. 12, 1862,	8, 1865.
Morey, Albert L.[3]	Dublin	28	Mechanic	9, 1862,	April 10, 1865.
Morse, Henry F.	Jaffrey	25	Painter	13, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Mower, Nahum W.[4]	Jaffrey	34	Farmer	13, 1862,	8, 1865.
Murdough, Samuel C.[5]	Stoddard	26	Laborer	12, 1862.	
Osborne, Henry E.	Jaffrey	32	Farmer	11, 1862,	May 13, 1863.
Parker, Lucius [6]	Nelson	36	Laborer	30, 1862.	
Parker, William H.[7]	Keene.	18	Brakeman	Sept. 4, 1862,	April 23, 1865.
Pettes, James E.[8]	Jaffrey	27	Mechanic	Aug. 22, 1862,	June 2, 1863.
Phillips, John [1]	Dublin	29	Farmer	11, 1862.	
Pierce, Albert S.[9]	Jaffrey	17	Farmer	11, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Pollard, Ivers E.[10]	Jaffrey	19	Farmer	20, 1862,	May 12, 1865.
Poole, Joel H.[2]	Jaffrey	20	Farmer	11, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Prescott, Oren D.[11]	Jaffrey	19	Farmer	13, 1862,	8, 1865.
Putnam, Edwin F.[12]	Keene.	31	Shoemaker	28, 1862,	June 30, 1865.
Rand, Leonard [1]	Jaffrey	18	Farmer	11, 1862.	
Reed, J. Langdon [2]	Stoddard	19	Farmer	13, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Rice, John C.[2]	Jaffrey	23	Farmer	12, 1862,	8, 1865.
Richardson, George W.[8]	Jaffrey	44	Farmer	12, 1862,	8, 1865.
Richardson, Herbert C.[2]	Jaffrey	17	Farmer	28, 1862,	8, 1865.
Riley, Martin	Keene.	23	Laborer	31, 1862,	June 8, 1865.
Riley, Michael [10]	Keene.	31	Laborer	31, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Robbins, Alfred J.[8]	Jaffrey	25	Farmer	13, 1862,	April 10, 1865.
Robb, William P.[4]	Dublin	25	Mechanic	14, 1862,	Oct. 5, 1863.
Rolfe, William H.[13]	Jaffrey	20	Mechanic	14, 1862,	July 7, 1865.
Royleigh, Peter W	Stoddard	38	Laborer	11, 1862,	June 8, 1865.
Ryan, John [14]	Keene.	25	Cooper	12, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Scott, James H.[4]	Stoddard	39	Butcher	11, 1862,	8, 1865.
Shedd, Granville [2]	Jaffrey	27	Butcher	13, 1862,	8, 1865.
Smith, Charles M.[1]	Jaffrey	21	Farmer	30, 1862.	
Smith, Henry A.[1]	Jaffrey	21	Farmer	30, 1862.	
Smith, Marcus Morton [4]	Keene.	22	Mechanic	29, 1862,	8, 1865.
Smith, Royal W [10]	Keene.	26	Mechanic	29, 1862,	June 5, 1865.
Spaulding, Leonard E.	Jaffrey	22	Farmer	11, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Steck, Frederick	Keene.	30	Cooper	11, 1862,	8, 1865.
Sumner, David [8]	Keene.	44	Farmer	30, 1862,	21, 1863.
Turner, Henry A.[2]	Jaffrey	21	Butcher	18, 1862,	8, 1865.
Webber, Conrad [15]	Stoddard	44	Laborer	11, 1862.	
Wellman, Israel P	Stoddard	31	Farmer	13, 1862,	8, 1865.
Willard, Lucius S.[4]	Keene.	19	Clerk	28, 1862,	June 28, 1865.
Total 97					
RECRUITS.					
Allen, Calvin, jun.[4]	Keene.	27	Farmer	Dec. 8, 1863,	July 8, 1865.
Burns, Thomas F.	Keene.	17	Laborer	8, 1863,	8, 1865.
Craig, Allen A.[8]	Keene.	43	Farmer	26, 1863,	8, 1865.
Doolittle, William A.	Winchester	37	Farmer	Sept. 4, 1863,	June 27, 1865.
Greenwood, Leroy P.[4]	Peterborough	25	Laborer	Dec. 2, 1863,	July 8, 1865.
Hill, Horace J.[4]	Keene.	21	Mechanic	8, 1863,	8, 1865.
Hurd, Cyrus [8]	Keene.	41	Blacksmith	12, 1863,	Sept. 20, 1864.
Kelleher, Timothy [16]	Keene.	40	Laborer	8, 1863,	July 8, 1865.
Lavoy, Henry E.	Keene.	17	Laborer	12, 1863,	8, 1865.
O'Brien, William D.	Keene.	20	Laborer	8, 1863,	8, 1865.
Poole, John W.	Jaffrey	17	Farmer	17, 1863,	8, 1865.
Riley, John [17]	Sullivan	32	Coppersmith	Sept. 24, 1863.	
Shepherd, Frank B.	Winchester	23	Carriage-maker	Dec. 24, 1863,	8, 1865.
Smith, Charles L.[17]	Charlestown	23	Sailor	Aug. 20, 1863.	
Smith, Samuel M.[2]	Keene.	29	Lawyer	Dec. 18, 1863,	March 16, 1864.
Sullivan, J. Kerry [18]	Keene.	18	Laborer	8, 1863,	Aug. 19, 1865.
Sullivan, Patrick [19]	Somersworth	30	Laborer	Aug. 14, 1863.	
Sumner, George [19]	Dublin	21	Painter	Sept. 25, 1863.	

[1] Table IV. [2] Table III. [3] Tables II., VI. [4] Table II. [5] Tr. V.R.C. Sept. 30, '64, Table II. [6] Table V. [7] Tr. V.R.C. July 1, '64. [8] Table VIII. [9] Tables II., III., VI. [10] Table VI. [11] Tables III., VIII. [12] Tr. V.R.C. Jan. 1, '65. [13] Tr. V.R.C. Sept. 30, '64. [14] Tables II., VIII. [15] Tables IV., VII. [16] Tables VI., VII. [17] Deserted Feb. 25, '64. [18] Tables III., VII. [19] Deserted Nov. 4, '63.

TABLE I. — COMPANY G — *Continued.*

NAME.	Residence.	Age.	Occupation.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
RECRUITS.					
Von Camp, Nathan[1]	Barrington.	24	Carpenter	Aug. 14, 1863.	
Williams, John[1]	Somersworth	25	Sailor	14, 1863.	
Wright, Daniel[2]	Keene.	33	Farmer	Dec. 26, 1863,	July 8, 1865.
Total 21					
AGGREGATE 118					
COMPANY H.					
William E Bunten, *Capt.*	Dunbarton	28	Student	Oct. 2, 1862,	Oct. 2, 1863.
Albert H. Sawyer, 1*st Lt.*	Weare	24	Soldier	Sept. 24, 1862,	Sept. 25, 1863.
Walter H. Sargent, 2*d Lt.*[3]	Webster	37	Farmer	Oct. 2, 1862,	Jan. 15, 1865.
SERGEANTS.					
David A. Macurdy, 1*st.*[3]	Webster	32	Trader	Aug. 12, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Marcus M. Holmes[3].	Dunbarton.	18	Student	20, 1862,	8, 1865.
George F. Blanchard[4]	Hopkinton.	21	Student	22, 1862,	8, 1865.
Joseph C. Muncey	Chichester	21	Farmer	13, 1862,	8, 1865.
Timothy E. Bayley	Plymouth	33	Farmer	21, 1862,	8, 1865.
CORPORALS.					
John A. Preston[5]	Plymouth	32	Carpenter	Aug. 14, 1862.	
John S. Wattles[6]	Hooksett	34	Mill operative,	Sept. 2, 1862.	
Hamilton P. Courser[7]	Webster	24	Shoemaker	Aug. 14, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Albert A. Baker[8]	Concord	21	Student	22, 1862.	
Nathan P. Gilmore	Goshen	34	Farmer	25, 1862,	18, 1865.
Charles F. Heath[9]	Bow	21	Farmer	19, 1862.	8, 1865.
Daniel P. Kilburn[10].	Webster	18	Farmer	15, 1862.	
Arthur F. Goodrich[5]	Hopkinton.	18	Farmer	18, 1862.	
MUSICIAN.					
Cyrus Sanborn[11]	Chichester	45	Carpenter	Aug. 21, 1862,	Dec. 24, 1864.
PRIVATES.					
Bailey, Amos C.[12]	Dunbarton.	22	Farmer	Aug. 21, 1862,	May 3, 1865.
Baker, William H.[5].	Concord	18	Farmer	22, 1862.	
Barnard, George M.[12]	Hopkinton.	18	Farmer	14, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Barnes, Edward W..	Concord	43	Farmer	Sept. 2, 1862,	May 9, 1863.
Barrett, Joel[5]	Plymouth	31	Farmer	Aug. 15, 1862.	
Blanchard, Henry H.	Hopkinton.	19	Farmer	22, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Bradbury, Samuel G.	Hopkinton	44	Farmer	30, 1862,	Oct. 18, 1863.
Brown, Frederick T.	Chichester.	37	Farmer	11, 1862,	May 10, 1863.
Bunten, George H.[13]	Bow	22	Farmer	Sept. 1, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Buzzell, William	Chichester.	38	Farmer	Aug. 19, 1862,	8, 1865.
Call, George[5]	Webster	21	Farmer	8, 1862.	
Call, Chellis E. .	Chichester	31	Painter	Sept. 15, 1862,	June 10, 1863.
Chamberlain, Alonzo P.[3].	Dunbarton.	25	Farmer	Aug. 21, 1862,	May 30, 1865.
Colby, Daniel A.	Francestown	19	Farmer	15, 1862,	Dec. 16, 1864.
Colby, George O.	Hopkinton	18	Farmer	18, 1862,	June 21, 1865.
Corser, David S.	Webster	14	Farmer	14, 1862,	July 26, 1865.
Dolloff, Levi[14].	Waterville	26	Farmer	11, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Downing, Daniel[5]	Hopkinton.	36	Farmer	27, 1862.	
Eaton, Moses K.[5]	Dunbarton	18	Farmer	16, 1862.	
Edmunds, Charles H.[5]	Chichester	24	Farmer	30, 1862.	
Emerson, John R.[4]	Dunbarton.	18	Farmer	16, 1862,	8, 1865.
Frazier, Lewis	Weare	44	Currier	22, 1862,	8, 1865.
Gale, Augustus L.	Pembroke	22	Farmer	15, 1862,	8, 1865.
Gale, Solomon G.[10]	Pembroke	28	Shoemaker	15, 1862.	
George, Sullivan H..	Goshen	27	Harnessmaker,	18, 1862,	May 12, 1864.
Haines, James H.	Chichester	22	Farmer	12, 1862,	June 10, 1863.
Haines, Thomas	Chichester	22	Farmer	Sept. 29, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Harrington, David[5]	Hopkinton	19	Farmer	Aug. 27, 1862.	
Hobbs, Fernando[5]	Warren	20	Farmer	25, 1862.	

[1] Des. Nov. 4, 1863.
[2] Table II.
[3] Tables II., III., VI.
[4] Tables II., III.
[5] Table IV.
[6] Des. Jan. 11, 1863.
[7] Tables VI., VIII.
[8] Table III., V.
[9] Table III.
[10] Tables III., IV
[11] Tr. to V. R. C. Sept. 30, 1864. Table VIII.
[12] Tables III., VI.
[13] Table VIII.
[14] Table VI.

TABLE I. — COMPANY H — *Continued.*

NAME.	Residence.	Age.	Occupation.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
PRIVATES.					
Hurd, Ira, jun.	Sunapee	27	Farmer	Aug. 20, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Jeffers, Edward F.	Webster	37	Farmer	11, 1862,	May 15, 1865.
Kane, James [1]	Walpole	21	Sailor	Oct. 8, 1862.	
Kelley, Richard [1]	Walpole	26	Sailor	8, 1862,	
Ladd, George W	Webster	21	Farmer	Aug. 14, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Lear, Edwin B.	Sunapee	26	Butcher	18, 1862,	8, 1865.
Lear, George B.	Goshen	23	Blacksmith	18, 1862,	8, 1865.
Libbey, George A. [2]	Webster	15	Shoemaker	16, 1862,	8, 1865.
Libbey, William H.	Concord	18	Farmer	12, 1862,	8, 1865.
Lougee, Abner H.	Campton	42	Mechanic	9, 1862,	Sept. 26, 1863.
Macurdy, Matthew [3]	Webster	21	Farmer	11, 1862.	
Merrill, Artemas W. [2]	Plymouth	29	Farmer	15, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Merrill, Luther G. [4]	Groton	32	Farmer	18, 1862.	
Mitchell, Lewis [5]	Plymouth	32	Farmer	12, 1862.	
Moody, William H.	Concord	18	Farmer	30, 1862,	Sept. 24, 1863.
Morse, John D. [6]	Campton	22	Blacksmith	14, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Moulton, Freeman [2]	Campton	44	Blacksmith	14, 1862,	June 17, 1865.
Nichols, Hiram [7]	Hopkinton	40	Farmer	29, 1862.	
Parker, William P. [8]	Bow	19	Farmer	22, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Paro, Peter [9]	Canterbury	35	Shoemaker	27, 1862,	8, 1865.
Perry, Joseph C. [7]	Chichester	30	Farmer	27, 1862.	
Perry, Samuel M.	Chichester	23	Farmer	11, 1862,	8, 1865.
Perkins, Joseph O.	Chichester	16	Farmer	11, 1862,	Dec. 28, 1864.
Poor, Wilson E. [8]	Dunbarton.	22	Farmer	14, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Roby, Gardner [7]	Webster	35	Farmer	14, 1862.	
Roby, George S.	Webster	29	Farmer	14, 1862,	8, 1865.
Russell, David O.	Bow	44	Farmer	Sept. 1, 1862,	8, 1865.
Saltmarsh, Alonzo P. [10]	Bow	18	Farmer	Aug. 20, 1862,	8, 1865.
Sanborn, Henry M. [8]	Chichester	19	Farmer	11, 1862,	8, 1865.
Smith, Laroy [7]	Concord	19	Farmer	30, 1862.	
Stanyan, James.	Chichester	24	Farmer	11, 1862,	8, 1865.
Straw, Edgar H. [7]	Unity	18	Farmer	28, 1862.	
Thompson, Hiram [9]	Webster	42	Farmer	9, 1862.	
Towle, Charles H. [11]	Chichester	18	Farmer	30, 1862.	
Tucker, George W. [3]	Concord	18	Farmer	28, 1862.	
Varney, John S. [2]	Warren	25	Shoemaker	14, 1862,	8, 1865.
Varney, Richard [4]	Warren	21	Shoemaker	14, 1862.	
Ward, James O. [12]	Campton	18	Farmer	14, 1862,	8, 1865.
Wheeler, Robert E. [8]	Dunbarton.	17	Farmer	4, 1862,	8, 1865.
Wilson, Leonard [8]	Dunbarton.	20	Shoemaker	13, 1862,	8, 1865.
Total 86					
RECRUITS.					
Alexander, Benjamin D.	Plainfield	30	Laborer	Aug. 29, 1864,	July 8, 1865.
Axman, John [13].	– –	31	Sailor	20, 1863.	
Barrus, Otis A. [4]	Richmond	19	Mechanic	2, 1864.	
Barrett, John L. [4]	Plainfield	21	Laborer	22, 1864.	
Bell, Robert, [14]	New London	18	Farmer	March 14, 1864,	Aug. 15, 1865.
Brown, Elbridge C.	Dunbarton	18	Farmer	Aug. 22, 1864,	July 8, 1865.
Brown, Charles [15]	Northwood	33	Farmer	Dec. 30, 1863.	
Brown, Joseph [14]	Farmington	21	Druggist's cl'k,	Aug. 14, 1863.	
Burgess, Henry [13]	– –	22	Sailor	20, 1863.	
Carroll, James [16]	– –	22	Painter	20, 1863.	
Cashman, John.	Danbury	30	Laborer	5, 1864,	March 17, 1865.
Clode, Moliner [17]	– –	35	Cook	20, 1863.	
Cochran, George S.	Sandown	18	Farmer	Jan. 4, 1864,	July 8, 1865.
Collins, Thomas [13].	– –	27	Tailor	Aug. 20, 1863.	
Clement, Charles N. [2]	Sunapee	25	Farmer	6, 1864.	May 18, 1865.
Frothingham, George N.	– –	20	Shoemaker	20, 1863,	July 8, 1865.
Garland, Alonzo E.	Middleton	18	Farmer	Jan. 4, 1864,	April 27, 1864.
Hastings, Lyman B. [2]	Newport	20	Farmer	Aug. 10, 1864.	
Hood, Osborne [18]	– –	21	Sailor	20, 1863.	
Hyer, Christian F. [19]	Northwood	22	Sailor	Dec. 28, 1863.	

[1] Deserted Oct. 8, 1862.
[2] Table VI.
[3] Tables III., V
[4] Table V.
[5] Table VII.
[6] Tables III., VI.
[7] Table IV.
[8] Table III.
[9] Table VIII.
[10] Tables III., VIII.
[11] Tr. V.R C. Aug. 10, '64.
[12] Tables II., VI., VII.
[13] Deserted March 17, '64.
[14] Table II.
[15] Deserted March 12, '64.
[16] Deserted Nov. 4, 1863.
[17] Deserted June 2, 1864.
[18] Deserted June 30, 1864.
[19] Deserted Jan. 23, 1864.

TABLE I. — COMPANY H — *Continued.*

NAME.	Residence.	Age.	Occupation.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
RECRUITS.					
Kennet, John [1]	Wolfborough	20	Laborer .	Oct. 28, 1863.	
Keough, Lawrence	Lee .	32	Marble pol'r	Aug. 14, 1863,	July 1, 1865.
Keegan, John [2]	Rochester	21	Baker	12, 1863.	
Lapoint, Francis	Dublin	21	Laborer	Sept. 26, 1863,	8, 1865.
McCalley, John [3]	Nottingham	22	Sailor	Aug. 24, 1863.	
Mangan, Dennis [2]	Keene.	19	Farmer	July 28, 1864,	8, 1865.
Marstin, George W..	Marlow	19	Farmer	Aug. 15, 1864,	8, 1865.
Moulton, Freeman L.	Campton	18	Farmer	Sept. 13, 1864,	8, 1865.
Norwood, John E.[4]	Richmond	17	Farmer	Jan. 4, 1864,	8, 1865.
Peters, Peter .	– –	22	Sailor	Aug. 20, 1863,	8, 1865.
Pierce, Edward E.[2]	Langdon .	19	Laborer	2, 1864,	8, 1865.
Simonns, William [3]	Northwood	28	Farmer	Dec. 28, 1863.	
Scribins, Thomas L.	Marlow	24	Laborer	July 30, 1864,	8, 1865.
Shehan, William [3]	– –	23	Sailor	Aug. 20, 1863.	
Smith, Simeon C.	Newport	33	Jeweller	10, 1864,	8, 1865.
Waters, Silas [5]	Milton	25	Boatman .	14, 1863.	
Watson, Charles [3]	– –	23	Sailor	20, 1863.	
Welch, Morris [6]	Rochester	32	Laborer	14, 1863.	
Weiss, Joseph [6]	New Durham	36	Laborer	14, 1863.	
Whitefield, George [7]	Barrington .	33	Sailor	14, 1863.	
Wilder, Isaac [3] .	New Durham	22	Sailor	14, 1863.	
Williams, John E.	Hampton Falls	24	Shoemaker	22, 1864,	8, 1865.
Williams, Simeon [2]	– –	19	Farmer	20, 1863,	8, 1865.
Winn, John .	Claremont	20	Laborer	24, 1864,	8, 1865.
Total 44					
AGGREGATE 130					

COMPANY I.

Sylvester M. Bugbee, *Capt.*	Cornish	39	Carriage-maker	Aug. 2, 1862,	Dec. 17, 1862.
Wm. H. Chaffin, *Capt.*[5] .	Claremont	23	Student .	Jan. 11, 1863.	
Nath'l L. Chandler, *1st Lt.*[8]	Newbury	20	Merchant	Aug. 12, 1862.	
Dudley J. Pillsbury, *2d Lt.*[7]	Grantham	26	Farmer	18, 1862.	
SERGEANTS.					
Asa W. Richardson, *1st*[9] .	Cornish	39	Carriage mfr.,	Aug. 21, 1862,	July 27, 1865.
Henry S. Paul [10]	Claremont	24	Clerk	14, 1862.	
Ransom Huntoon [4]	Unity	26	Farmer	12, 1862,	26, 1865.
Thomas J. Morrill [11]	Grantham	23	Farmer	20, 1862,	8, 1865.
William W. Page [8]	Newport	31	Rake manuf.	Sept. 11, 1862.	
CORPORALS.					
Benjamin F. Pierce [12]	Bradford	30	Engineer	Aug. 22, 1862,	June 2, 1865.
Horace F. Brown [13]	Grantham	22	Farmer .	21, 1862.	
Ezekiel H. Hadley	Washington	24	Blacksmith	19, 1862,	Aug. 7, 1865.
Peter Crowell	Newport	33	Farmer	23, 1862,	June 23, 1865.
Hiram K. Darling [11] .	Croydon	20	Mechanic	30, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Daniel C. Currier	Grantham	21	Farmer	20, 1862,	8, 1865.
Sylvester Tasker [13]	Cornish .	21	Farmer	20, 1862.	
George S. Jones [11]	Washington	15	No occupation,	21, 1862,	8, 1865.
MUSICIANS.					
Levi Leet [14]	Claremont	44	Laborer	Aug. 13, 1862,	June 23, 1863.
Eben W. Parker [15]	Whitefield	36	Farmer	22, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
WAGONER.					
Jason A. Perkins	Newbury	34	Blacksmith	Sept. 17, 1862,	June 8, 1865.

[1] Deserted March 12, '64.
[2] Table VI.
[3] Deserted March 17, '64.
[4] Tables II., VI.
[5] Table V.
[6] Deserted Nov. 3, '63.
[7] Table IV.
[8] Tables III., IV.
[9] Tables III., VIII.
[10] Tables III., V
[11] Table III.
[12] Tables III., VI.
[13] Tables II., V.
[14] Table VIII.
[15] Table II.

TABLE I. — COMPANY I — *Continued.*

NAME.	Residence.	Age.	Occupation.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
PRIVATES.					
Abbott, Willis S.[1]	Unity	43	Farmer	Sept. 30, 1862,	May 3, 1865.
Bailey, Cyrus S.	Bradford	16	Farmer	22, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Barker, Frederick L.[2]	Claremont	36	Farmer	25, 1862,	8, 1865.
Barton, Ziba C.[2]	Newport	18	Operative	Aug. 30, 1862,	8, 1865.
Benway, Reuben T.[3]	Cornish	19	Farmer	20, 1862.	
Bowler, John	Claremont	23	Operative	29, 1862,	9, 1863.
Bowker, Charles S.[4]	Washington	28	Laborer	Sept. 15, 1862,	8, 1865.
Borden, Albert[5]	Newport	25	Mechanic	Aug. 25, 1862.	
Borden, Edgar[6]	Newport	20	Mechanic	27, 1862,	8, 1865.
Burr, Versal E.[3]	Cornish	34	Farmer	Sept. 21, 1862.	
Cammett, Charles O.	Unity	21	Blacksmith	25, 1862.	8, 1865.
Chapman, James H.[1]	Cornish	40	Farmer	Aug. 26, 1862,	8, 1865.
Clough, Francis S.[3]	Grantham	20	Farmer	18, 1862.	
Clough, Newton[7]	Grantham	22	Farmer	18, 1862,	May 22, 1865.
Colburn, Walter F.	Newbury	42	Stone-mason	Sept. 23, 1862,	31, 1865.
Collins, Edward W.[6]	Cornish	44	Shoemaker	Aug. 22, 1862,	Oct. 5, 1863.
Cram, George F.	Newport	37	Farmer	30, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Crowell, Jonathan[3]	Newport	37	Farmer	28, 1862.	
Cumings, Charles B.[8]	Cornish	21	Farmer	22, 1862,	8, 1865.
Currier, Henry H.[3]	Newport	21	Farmer	23, 1862.	
Dickey, Joseph A.[9]	Claremont	26	Farmer	Sept. 10, 1862,	8, 1865.
Dodge, Simeon S.[1]	Newbury	38	Carpenter	Aug. 12, 1862,	May 18, 1865.
Dudley, Winthrop C.	Newbury	39	Farmer	Sept. 23, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Edminster, Thomas B.[3]	Cornish	22	Farmer	Aug. 21, 1862.	
Fitch, Luther J.	Newport	42	Blacksmith	27, 1862,	17, 1865.
Foster, Charles E.[10]	Acworth	23	Merchant	Sept. 10, 1862,	June 26, 1865.
Gault, John S.[8]	Grantham	42	Farmer	Aug. 21, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Gillingham, Oliver P.	Claremont	40	Farmer	27, 1862,	Feb. 5, 1863.
Hardy, William[6]	Goshen	41	Mechanic	Sept. 15, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Haven, Abiel L.[11]	Newport	35	Mechanic	Aug. 25, 1862,	June 18, 1865.
Hibbard, John B.	Cornish	21	Farmer	23, 1862,	May 29, 1863.
Hoban, Patrick	Claremont	23	Paper-maker	25, 1862,	June 8, 1865.
Howard, Waldo L.[1]	Cornish	21	Carriage-maker	21, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Howard, Wilbur F.[12]	Cornish	22	Farmer	21, 1862,	Jan. 6, 1865.
Howe, Calvin L.[13]	Washington	32	Laborer	Sept. 13, 1862.	
Hoyt, Christopher[8]	Washington	21	Farmer	Aug. 22, 1862.	
Hunter, Harlan P.	Cornish	17	Farmer	25, 1862,	March 2, 1865.
Hurley, Martin V. B.	Claremont	25	Wheelwright	25, 1862,	June 15, 1865.
Knights, Alonzo[14]	Cornish	26	Farmer	21, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Lane, Marcus M.[15]	Cornish	22	Farmer	22, 1862,	June 2, 1865.
Leavitt, Charles H.[3]	Grantham	18	Farmer	22, 1862.	
Lewis, William S.[3]	Cornish	29	Painter	23, 1862.	
Mace, Henry C.[8]	Meriden	19	Farmer	23, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
McMahan, John	Lancaster	25	Laborer	Sept. 15, 1862,	8, 1865.
McMahan, Michael	Charlestown	45	Laborer	Aug. 15, 1862,	May 18, 1865.
Marshall, Eugene O.[3]	Bradford	18	Farmer	18, 1862.	
Miller, Jonathan, jun.[1]	Meriden	21	Farmer	14, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Miller, Wareham M.[3]	Grantham	18	Farmer	25, 1862.	
Page, John M.[16]	Newport	27	Mechanic	Sept. 4, 1862,	8, 1865.
Peck, Philander H.[3]	Newport	20	Farmer	Aug. 28, 1862.	
Pike, Clarence F.	Newport	23	Farmer	23, 1862,	Feb. 29, 1864.
Powers, Elias F.[3]	Croydon	18	Farmer	18, 1862.	
Robbins, David Z.	Newport	18	Operative	Sept. 27, 1862,	March 27, 1863.
Saunders, Lyman P.	Grantham	33	Blacksmith	Aug. 21, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Short, John N.	Plainfield	44	Farmer	24, 1862,	Feb. 28, 1863.
Stockwell, Charles H.	Newport	18	Farmer	30, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Stoddard, Hezekiah[18]	Stewartstown	42	Farmer	14, 1862,	June 25, 1865.
Stone, Hiram[3]	Cornish	38	Farmer	22, 1862.	
Stowell, Freeman S.[1]	Washington	26	Farmer	13, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Stowell, George H.[8]	Claremont	20	Miller	22, 1862,	8, 1865.
Tasker, George[19]	Croydon	20	Farmer	20, 1862,	June 8, 1865.
Wallace, William[8]	Newport	27	Mechanic	30, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Welch, William[12]	Lempster	60	Lumberman	21, 1862,	8, 1865.

[1] Table II.
[2] Table VI.
[3] Table IV.
[4] Table VIII.
[5] Table V.
[6] Table VIII.
[7] Table III.
[8] Tables II., III.
[9] Tables II., VIII.
[10] Tr. V.R.C. Feb. 1, '65. Tables II., III.
[11] Tr.V.R.C. Aug. 10, '64.
[12] Tables II., VI.
[13] Des. Oct. 16, 1862.
[14] Tables II., VII.
[15] Tables III., VI.
[16] Tables III., VII.
[18] Tr. V. R. C. Nov. 12, 1863. Table II.
[19] Table VII.

TABLE I. — COMPANY I — *Continued.*

NAME.	Residence.	Age.	Occupation.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
PRIVATES.					
Whitaker, Benjamin [1]	Grantham	18	Farmer	Aug. 19, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Woodbury, Albert	Bradford	39	Farmer	22, 1862,	8, 1865.
Woodward, Charles [2]	Cornish	20	Farmer	28, 1862,	8, 1865.
Total 86					
RECRUITS.					
Asbey, John	Charlestown	19	Farmer	Jan. 5, 1864,	July 8, 1865.
Ashey, Lewis	Charlestown	29	Farmer	5, 1864,	8, 1865.
Belanger, Alphonzo [3]	Piermont	21	- -	Sept. 29, 1863.	
Brown, Charles [4]	Seabrook	35	Sailor	Dec. 28, 1863,	
Brown, George	Seabrook	32	Farmer	30, 1863,	8, 1865.
Butler, Joseph [5]	Charlestown	34	Laborer	Jan. 5, 1864.	
Brown, Thomas	- -	21	Sailor	Aug. 20, 1863,	8, 1865.
Brohn, Carl [6]	Langdon	29	Laborer	2, 1864.	
Choate, Thomas [4]	Bradford	18	Farmer	March 14, 1864.	
Dow, Newell F. [4]	Seabrook	18	Shoemaker	Dec. 30, 1863.	
Elson, Alfred [6]	- -	25	Waiter	Aug. 20, 1863.	
Foss, Walter H.	Hanover	44	Farmer	Jan. 4, 1864,	Feb. 24, 1865.
Govc, Charles R.	Seabrook	17	Shoemaker	Dec. 30, 1863,	July 8, 1865.
Hall, Levi D., jun. [2]	Claremont	33	Farmer	Jan. 4, 1864,	8, 1865.
Jones, Henry [7]	Nelson	22	Seaman	Sept. 24, 1863.	
Martin, George [8]	Somersworth	22	Engineer	Aug. 14, 1863.	
Mehier, Peter [9]	Chichester	30	Farmer	Dec. 29, 1863.	
Miller, Theodore	Cornish	16	- -	Sept. 4, 1863,	June 8, 1865.
Mullen, Hugh [10]	Portsmouth	21	Moulder	Aug. 3, 1864,	July 8, 1865.
Murphy, John [3]	Holderness	25	Laborer	5, 1864.	
Osgood, William T. [11]	Seabrook	28	Farmer	Dec. 30, 1863,	June 27, 1865.
Oliver, Mitchell [12]	Charlestown	32	Farmer	29, 1863,	May 29, 1865.
O'Brien, Cornelius	Newmarket	21	Teamster	Aug. 5, 1864,	July 6, 1865.
Peasley, George W. [10]	Washington	27	Shoemaker	Dec. 16, 1863,	8, 1865.
Peters, George [13]	Portsmouth	24	Seaman	29, 1863.	
Pream, Lewis [14]	- -	36	Sailor	Aug. 20, 1863.	
Rider, Thomas [15]	- -	25	Clerk	20, 1863.	
Roeh, John [15]	Farmington	22	Ironworker	14, 1863.	
Rosealine, Devine [16]	- -	20	Tailor	21, 1863	
Sanhorn, William H. [4]	Seabrook	30	Farmer	Dec. 30, 1863.	
Shellan, Morris [3]	Newmarket	21	Laborer	Aug. 5, 1864.	
Stanley, Clarence [17]	- -	20	- -	5, 1864,	June 6, 1865.
Stanley, George	Middleton	22	- -	14, 1863.	
Smith, Arthur T. [2]	Somersworth	21	Carriage-maker	14, 1863,	July 8, 1865.
Smith, Peter	- -	22	Sailor	20, 1863,	8, 1865.
Sliter, Charles [13]	Portsmouth	19	Seaman	Dec. 29, 1863.	
Taylor, John [15]	Middleton	23	Carpenter	Aug. 14, 1863.	
Watson, William H. H. [4]	Effingham	20	Shoemaker	Jan. 4, 1864.	
Wilson, Otto [4]	- -	21	Sailor	Aug. 20, 1863.	
Total 39					
AGGREGATE 125					

COMPANY K.

Oliver H. Marston, *Capt.* [18]	Sandwich	24	Pail manuf'r.	Aug. 14, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Jason D. Snell, 1*st Lt.* [4]	Pembroke	21	- -	14, 1862.	
M. S. Webster, 2*d Lt.* [19]	Sandwich	38	Machinist	14, 1862.	
SERGEANTS.					
James H. Gilman, 1*st*, [12]	Sandwich	35	Farmer	Aug. 14, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Octavius C. Mason [18]	Sandwich	30	Furniture deal.	14, 1862,	8, 1865.
James M. Parrott	Sandwich	23	Farmer	16, 1862,	8, 1865.
Benjamin C. Skinner [20]	Sandwich	32	Tailor	15, 1862,	8, 1865.
John M. Prentiss	Pembroke	28	Trader	13, 1862,	May 16, 1865.

[1] Tables II., III., VI.
[2] Table II.
[3] Absent sick July 8, '65. Table VI.
[4] Table IV.
[5] Deserted March 14, '64.
[6] Absent sick July 8, '65.
[7] Deserted Dec. 25, 1863.
[8] Deserted Nov. 5, 1863.
[9] Tables IV., VII.
[10] Table III.
[11] Tables VII., VIII.
[12] Table VI.
[13] Deserted Jan. 29, 1864.
[14] Deserted Nov. 13, 1863.
[15] Deserted Nov. 2, 1863.
[16] Deserted Nov. 6, 1863.
[17] Absent in arrest for desertion July 8, 1865. Table VI.
[18] Tables III., VI.
[19] Tables III., V.
[20] Table VIII.

TABLE I. — COMPANY K — *Continued.*

NAME.	Residence.	Age.	Occupation.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
CORPORALS.					
Oceanus Straw [1]	Sandwich	38	Farmer	Aug. 14, 1862.	
Jeremiah S. Smith [2]	Sandwich	30	Shoemaker	14, 1862,	June 2, 1865.
Russell Graves	Sandwich	42	Farmer	14, 1862,	April 6, 1863.
Lemuel F. Vittum [3]	Sandwich	33	Farmer	14, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
George N. French [4]	Sandwich	21	Farmer	22, 1862,	June 30, 1865.
Enoch S. Eastman	Tamworth	24	Wheelwright	14, 1862,	Sept. 7, 1863.
Daniel R. Gilman	Sandwich	22	Farmer	14, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Samuel F. Beede [5]	Sandwich	22	Student	6, 1862,	May 24, 1865.
MUSICIANS.					
J. Marcellus Smith [4]	Sandwich	17	Shoemaker	Aug. 14, 1862,	July 9, 1865.
John L. Smith	Sandwich	17	Blacksmith	14, 1862,	8, 1865.
WAGONER.					
Benjamin F. Sawtelle [6]	Sandwich	29	Teamster	Aug. 15, 1862.	
PRIVATES.					
Adams, Thomas S. [6]	Moultonborough,	18	Farmer	Aug. 13, 1862.	
Atwood, Harrison, 2d [1]	Sandwich	26	Farmer	14, 1862.	
Atwood, John	Sandwich	35	Farmer	14, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Baker, Benjamin	Pembroke	28	Farmer	14, 1862,	8, 1865.
Baker, Hazen O. [1]	Pembroke	37	Joiner	13, 1862.	
Bennett, Amos W.	Sandwich	28	Shoemaker	14, 1862,	Feb. 14, 1863.
Bennett, William H. H. [3]	Sandwich	21	Shoemaker	14, 1862,	8, 1865.
Bigelow, John C. [7]	Sandwich	18	Farmer	14, 1862,	15, 1865.
Blake, Henry F. [6]	Pembroke	18	Farmer	13, 1862.	
Blood, Herman	Pembroke	18	Farmer	22, 1862,	8, 1865.
Brown, Warren J. [8]	Sandwich	21	Farmer	21, 1862,	May 23, 1865.
Bryant, Silas J. [6]	Sandwich	35	Farmer	14, 1862.	
Chase, James E.	Sandwich	19	Farmer	14, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Cofran, Charles N. [8]	Pembroke	23	Farmer	13, 1862,	8, 1865.
Cofran, George B. [1]	Pembroke	26	Farmer	13, 1862.	
Cook, Jesse H.	Sandwich	34	Farmer	15, 1862,	May 3, 1865.
Dale, Ebenezer H. [1]	Sandwich	23	Farmer	15, 1862.	
Dolby, Albert T. [9]	Pembroke	41	Farmer	15, 1862,	June 12, 1865.
Drew, Simon [1]	Pembroke	18	Farmer	14, 1862.	
Druker, Henry [10]	Pembroke	44	Farmer	22, 1862.	
Dustin, Ezekiel E.	Sandwich	35	Farmer	15, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Estes, Benjamin [9]	Sandwich	42	Farmer	14, 1862,	8, 1865.
Estes, William H.	Sandwich	22	Farmer	15, 1862,	22, 1863.
Fellows, Benjamin F. [3]	Sandwich	28	Farmer	14, 1862,	8, 1865.
Fife, Thomas H. [11]	Pembroke	23	Farmer	13, 1862.	
Fowler, Trueworthy [5]	Pembroke	19	Farmer	13, 1862,	8, 1865.
Fry, John	Sandwich	22	Farmer	15, 1862,	Oct. 2, 1863.
Glidden, George M. [11]	Pembroke	18	Farmer	15, 1862.	
Glidden, Warren A.	Pembroke	19	Farmer	15, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Goss, John W.	Sandwich	31	Farmer	14, 1862,	8, 1865.
Gove, John M. [3]	Sandwich	18	Farmer	14, 1862,	8, 1865.
Haddock, George [9]	Sandwich	39	Boatman	13, 1862,	May 23, 1865.
Hadley, Alonzo C. [12]	Sandwich	23	Farmer	14, 1862.	
Haggett, Benjamin B. [13]	Pembroke	23	Farmer	14, 1862,	20, 1865.
Haggett, Lorenzo D. [6]	Sandwich	19	Farmer	14, 1862.	
Haggett, Stephen N. [9]	Sandwich	21	Farmer	22, 1862,	Feb. 9, 1863.
Hill, John D. H.	Sandwich	26	Farmer	14, 1862,	June 5, 1865.
Huntress, Andrew	Sandwich	27	Farmer	15, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Huntress, Joseph L. [6]	Sandwich	35	Farmer	15, 1862.	
Kelley, Ellery C. [9]	Pembroke	18	Farmer	14, 1862,	Oct. 7, 1863.
Kent, John	Sandwich	40	Farmer	18, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Magoon, Asa [2]	Sandwich	36	Farmer	14, 1862,	June 6, 1865.
Mooney, Isaac G.	Sandwich	44	Farmer	15, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Morse, John H.	Sandwich	23	Farmer	15, 1862,	April 15, 1864.
Moulton, Henry H.	Sandwich	19	Farmer	19, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Nelson, John W. [2]	Pembroke	27	Farmer	22, 1862,	May 12, 1865.
Page, Henry P. [14]	Centre Harbor	23	Student	22, 1862,	15, 1865.
Pearl, James W. [9]	Sandwich	38	Farmer	18, 1862,	Dec. 26, 1864.

[1] Table V.
[2] Tables VI., VIII.
[3] Table III.
[4] Table II.
[5] Tables III., VI.
[6] Table IV.
[7] Deserted.
[8] Tables III., VIII.
[9] Table VIII.
[10] Tr. Navy, June 30, '64. Table VIII.
[11] Tables III., IV.
[12] Deserted Nov. 13, '63.
[13] Table VI.
[14] Tables II., III.

TABLE I. — COMPANY K — *Continued.*

NAME.	Residence.	Age.	Occupation.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
PRIVATES.					
Plummer, Henry	Sandwich	18	Farmer	Aug. 14, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Prescott, John M.[1]	Sandwich	43	Farmer	July 30, 1862.	
Quimby, George D.[1]	Sandwich	23	Farmer	Aug. 14, 1862.	
Quimby, William F.[2]	Sandwich	25	Carpenter	14, 1862,	8, 1865.
Robinson, Frank P.[3]	Pembroke	18	Farmer	13, 1862.	8, 1865.
Simpson, William	Pembroke	23	Farmer	28, 1862,	8, 1865.
Sinclair, Edwin D.	Sandwich	31	Shoemaker	15, 1862,	Aug. 9, 1864.
Sinclair, William H. H.[1]	Sandwich	23	Farmer	15, 1862.	
Smith, Daniel M.[3]	Sandwich	23	Farmer	15, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Smith, Herbert H.	Sandwich	18	Tinman	16, 1862,	8, 1865.
Smith, Lewis Q.[3]	Sandwich	30	Farmer	14, 1862,	8, 1865.
Smith, Moses L.[1]	Sandwich	31	Farmer	14, 1862.	
Smith, Samuel S.[2]	Sandwich	18	Farmer	18, 1862,	8, 1865.
Stone, George W.[3]	Pembroke	28	Farmer	13, 1862,	8, 1865.
Tanner, Edward E.[1]	Sandwich	18	Farmer	14, 1862.	
Tanner, Henry H.	Sandwich	22	Laborer	18, 1862,	Oct. 15, 1864.
Tilton, Henry A.	Sandwich	27	Farmer	16, 1862,	May 15, 1863.
Vittum, Giles S.[4]	Sandwich	25	Farmer	14, 1862.	
Vittum, Samuel F.	Sandwich	44	Farmer	14, 1862,	Nov. 23, 1864.
Wallace, Alfred	Sandwich	34	Farmer	18, 1862,	July 8, 1865.
Wallace, James M.[1]	Sandwich	36	Farmer	15, 1862.	
White, Benjamin	Pembroke	42	Farmer	29, 1862,	8, 1865.
Total 89					
RECRUITS.					
Basacca, Antonio	Grafton	21	Laborer	Aug. 2, 1864,	July 8, 1865.
Bennett, John P.[5]	Sandwich	35	Laborer	Jan. 1, 1864,	8, 1865.
Buckalow, John	Gilford	18	Seaman	Aug. 3, 1864,	8, 1865.
Burnham, James H.	Grafton	18	Seaman	30, 1864,	8, 1865.
Buzzell, Ebenezer M.[6]	Lake Village	16	Box-cutter	Jan. 5, 1864,	June 14, 1865.
Buzzell, Ransom D.[6]	Lake Village	18	Carpenter	5, 1864,	July 8, 1865.
Cameron, Donald J.[4]	– –	22	Farmer	Aug. 20, 1863.	
Cowan, Wentworth S.	Windham	32	Farmer	11, 1863,	8, 1865.
Cruickshank, Alex. D.[7]	– –	22	Clerk	20, 1863.	
Densiro, Dennis	Alexandria	41	Laborer	5, 1864,	8, 1865.
Dobson, James	– –	28	– –	July 29, 1864,	8, 1865.
Eaton, Charles B.[8]	– –	21	Clerk	Aug. 20, 1863.	
Eaton, Hiel F.[1]	– –	18	Shoemaker	Feb. 2, 1865.	
Emerson, James[6]	Chatham	37	Laborer	Dec. 30, 1863,	8, 1865.
Gazhoe, Alexander	Richmond	22	Laborer	Aug. 3, 1864,	8, 1865.
Glogelt, Enos[6]	Canaan	33	Stone-cutter	Sept. 29, 1863,	Nov. 20, 1865.
Golding, George[9]	– –	24	Moulder	Aug. 20, 1863.	
Haddock, George H.[10]	Plainfield	19	Boatman	Sept. 6, 1864.	
Hallett, George W.[10]	Portsmouth	21	Boatman	Aug. 5, 1864.	
Harriman, Amos[4]	Chatham	38	Laborer	Dec. 30, 1863.	
Harriman, Edgar	Chatham	18	Farmer	30, 1863,	July 8, 1865.
Harriman, Phleman[11]	Chatham	18	Laborer	30, 1863,	Aug. 2, 1865.
Henry, Louis	Swanzey	23	Laborer	Aug. 2, 1864,	July 8, 1865.
Herrell, John[9]	– –	24	Baker	20, 1863.	
Jackson, David[12]	– –	25	Shoemaker	20, 1863.	
LeBosquet, Henry S.	Milton	18	Shoemaker	Dec. 29, 1863,	8, 1865.
Lee, William[13]	New Durham	35	Laborer	Aug. 14, 1863.	
Long, Samuel[14]	– –	23	Laborer	20, 1863.	
Manchester, Lorenzo D.	Alton	24	Teamster	Feb. 2, 1865,	8, 1865.
Mandeville, Horace B.[15]	– –	22	Sailor	Aug. 20, 1863.	
Maxwell, Douglass[16]	Farmington	22	Porter	14, 1863.	
McGowan, Thomas	Greenfield	20	Farmer	2, 1864,	8, 1865.
McHugh, Peter[9]	New Durham	26	Laborer	14, 1863.	
Monson, John[17]	Nelson	22	Laborer	Sept. 29, 1863.	
Murray, Patrick	Nelson	18	Hostler	Aug. 5, 1864,	8, 1865.
Nelson, Charles W.[9]	Keene	22	Teamster	Sept. 29, 1863.	
O'Brien, Edward	– –	30	– –	July 29, 1864,	8, 1865.
Oldes, James[8]	– –	25	Sailor	Aug. 20, 1863.	

[1] Table IV. [2] Tables III., VI. [3] Table III. [4] Table V. [5] Table VIII. [6] Table VI. [7] Deserted Jan. 29, '64. [8] Deserted March 12, '64. [9] Deserted Nov. 3, 1863. [10] Deserted June 21, '65. [11] Tr. V.R.C. June 6, '64. [12] Deserted Nov. 15, '63. [13] Table VII. [14] Deserted Feb. 3, 1864. [15] Deserted. [16] Deserted Feb. 2, 1864. [17] Deserted Feb. 4, 1864.

TABLE I. — COMPANY K — *Concluded.*

NAME.	Residence.	Age.	Occupation.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.
RECRUITS.					
Phelps, Daniel W.[1]	Orford	29	Laborer	Dec. 22, 1863.	
Robinson, Samuel D.[2]	Pembroke	22	Farmer	Aug. 10, 1864,	Feb. 8, 1865.
Schmidt, John[3]	Somersworth	26	Carpenter	July 29, 1864.	
Tarbox, Alfred A.[4]	– –	42	Shoemaker	Aug. 15, 1863.	
Taylor, Peter[5]	Swanzey	22	Laborer	5, 1864.	
Toben, James	Fremont	30	Laborer	July 29, 1864,	July 27, 1865.
Whaylan, John	Salem	25	Laborer	Aug. 5, 1864,	8, 1865.
Whipple, Joseph	Fitzwilliam	22	Mechanic	22, 1864,	8, 1865.
Wilson, James	Chesterfield	20	Shoemaker	July 29, 1864,	8, 1865.
Total 47					
AGGREGATE 136					

[1] Table V. [2] Table VI. [3] Sick in hospital. [4] Deserted March 12, 1864. [5] Table VII.

In addition to the above, the adjutant-general's reports give the names of one hundred and twenty-six recruits, who were assigned to the regiment, but who never reached it, and were never taken up on its rolls. Of these, one hundred and six are reported as "not officially accounted for." Careful investigation renders it certain that all of this number deserted while *en route* to the regiment from the draft rendezvous. Seventeen were discharged at Gallop's Island, May 6, 1865, having started for the regiment, and three at later periods of the same year.

TABLE II.

SPECIAL DETAILS.

FIELD, STAFF, AND NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

NAME.	Nature of Detail.
Robert Wilson	In command district of Carrollton, La., April 9 to June 12, 1864. In command 1st brig., 2d div., 19th A. C., June, July, 1864.
Tileston A. Barker	General court-martial, Washington, D.C., Feb. 25, 1864, to Feb. 5, 1865.
William A. Heard	Brigade quartermaster, Nov., 1862.
William Henry Thayer	Medical inspector, State of N.H., Nov., 1863, to Jan., 1864, by order sec. of war. Surgeon-in-chief 2d div., 19th A.C., Feb. 23 to July, 1865.
Marshall Perkins	In charge camp distribution, Savannah, Ga., Feb. 8, 1865. In charge small-pox post hospital, section No. 2, Savannah, Ga., March 13, 1865. Companies A and I, N.Y. Engineers, Savannah, Ga., May 7, 1865. Tenth A. C. ambulance-corps, June 14, 1865.
Albert F. Hussey	Acting regimental quartermaster, Dec. 3 to March 3, 1864. Acting quartermaster under Capt. Starr, Savannah, Ga., March, 1865. Assistant street-commissioner, Savannah, Ga., April to July, 1865.
COMPANY A.	
Charles P. Hall	In charge of invalid detachment under provost-marshal, Washington, D.C., June to Nov., 1863. In command Fort Pulaski, Ga., March 5 to June 5, 1865.
Holland Wheeler	Sergeant of the guard at brigade headquarters, Jan., 1863.
A. Henry Latham	On canal-boat from Poolesville to Washington, winter 1862-63. At provost-marshal's office, Washington, June, 1863. With supply-train, Aug., 1864.
Coggin, John H.	Brigade teamster, Aug., 1864.
Fiske, Charles R.	Quartermaster's department of the post, Carrollton, La., April, 1864. Subsistence department at division headquarters, June, 1864.
King, John L. .	Acting assistant commissary of subsistence, and acting assistant quartermaster, Fort Pulaski, Ga., March to June, 1865.
Leach, Samuel I.	Clerk for brigade quartermaster, Oct., 1862, to April, 1863. Clerk in Campbell General Hospital, April, 1863, to July 21, 1865.
Lewis, George W.	United-States secret service, Washington, D.C., Jan., 1864.
Mason, Allison Z.	Head clerk, headquarters district Carrollton, La., April 16 to May 31, 1864. Head clerk, headquarters distributing camp, Bedloe's Island, New-York Harbor, Nov. 19, 1864, to July 7, 1865.
Wardwell, George O.	Guard at provost-marshal's office, Washington, June to Oct., 1864.
Wright, George A.	Nurse and cook at division hospital, Savannah, Ga.
Whitcomb, Franklin C.	Orderly in office paymaster D. Taylor, Washington, D.C., July to Sept., 1863.
COMPANY B.	
Charles E. Holbrook	Command 6th div., invalid detachment, Emory Hospital, Washington, D.C., 1863.
Lane, Clement G.	Military detective, Washington, D.C., Dec. 1, 1863. Baggage-master, Chesapeake Hospital, Fortress Monroe, July, 1864, to June, 1865.
Abbott, Warren	Ambulance-corps from June, 1864.
Bundy, Amasa T.	Cook, brigade headquarters, Savannah, Ga., 1865.
Keyes, George A.	Clerk, recruiting-depot, Concord, N.H.
Knapp, Charles H. .	Clerk, commissary musters, Savannah, Ga., Jan., 1865.
Sherman, George A.	Guard at provost-marshal's office, Washington, D.C., 1863. Guard, brigade headquarters from Aug., 1864, to Feb., 1865.
Willis, Paul S.	Guard at provost-marshal's office, Washington, D.C., 1863.

TABLE II. — *Continued.*

COMPANY C.

NAME.	Nature of Detail.
Ira Berry, jun.	At Central Guard-House, Washington, D.C., June, 1863, to Jan., 1864. Charge of camp distribution, Savannah, Ga., April, May, and June, 1865.
Carroll D. Wright	Assistant acting commissary of subsistence, Poolesville, Md., March and April, 1863. At Central Guard-House, Washington, D.C., May 26 to June 29, 1863. On staff Brig.-Gen. Martindale, military governor, Washington, D.C., June 29 to Nov. 7, 1863. Acting assistant adjutant-general, district of Carrollton, La., April 23 to May 31, 1864. A. A. A. G., 1st brig., 2d div., 19th A. C., June 29 to Dec. 28, 1864. At draft-rendezvous, Trenton, N.J., Jan. 22 to March 6, 1865.
Charles H. Gove	Commissary department under Capt. Goddard, Oct., 1863.
Slyfield, Franklin	Brigade teamster, Aug., 1864.

COMPANY D.

Caleb W. Hodgdon	General court-martial, Washington, D.C., July 11, 1863; judge-advocate, April 1 to Sept. 21, 1864.
John N. Bruce	Chief military detectives, Washington, D.C., from Dec. 1, 1863, to Feb. 21, 1864. Ordnance officer, staff Gen. D. C. Roberts, Carrollton, La., May and June, 1864.
John W. Locke	Military detective, Washington, D.C., from Dec. 1, 1863, to Feb. 21, 1864.
Joslah Gove	Clerk, general court-martial, Washington, D.C., July, 1863; clerk, A. A. A. G., 1st brig., 2d div., 19th A.C., Morganzia, La., July, 1864.
Beale, Sumner	Mounted orderly, Gen. Martindale's headquarters, Washington, D.C., Sept. 17, 1863.
Breed, Enoch W.	Clerk, district of Carrollton, La., May and June, 1864.
Coult, Stephen C.	Guard, brigade headquarters, from Aug., 1864, to June, 1865.
Day, Henry C.	Cook, brigade headquarters, Aug., 1864.
Haladay, George C.	Teamster, supply-train, Aug., 1864.
Swett, George W.	Guard, provost-marshal's office, Washington, D.C., 1863.
Terrill, Benjamin F.	Cook, brigade headquarters, from Nov., 1864.
Wiggin, Thomas J.	Clerk, examining-board signal-corps, Washington, D.C., May 12, 1863.

COMPANY E.

William Cobleigh	General court-martial, Washington, D.C., May to July, 1863; acting adjutant, July 15 to Dec. 3, 1864.
Franklin Wheeler	Acting assistant quartermaster, camp distribution, Savannah, Ga., Feb. 10 to June 23, 1865.
Folsom, Stephen P.	At Soldiers' Rest, Washington, D.C., in 1863.
Lary, Andrew J.	At Soldiers' Rest, eight months.

COMPANY F.

Theodore A. Ripley	Recruiting-service, Dec. 14, 1863. On Gen. B. S. Roberts's staff, Carrollton, La., May to June, 1864. A. A. I. G. on Gen. Birge's staff, Aug. 18 to Sept. 20, 1864.
George G. Martin	Recruiting-service, Dec. 14, 1863.
Farr, Wesley O.	Recruiting-service, Dec. 14, 1863.
Holbrook, George B.	Clerk at brigade headquarters, Feb., 1864, to July, 1865.
Stoddard, James S.	Recruiting-service, Dec. 14, 1863.
Ward, George P.	Guard at Gen. Grover's headquarters, Dec., 1864, to June, 1865.
Wright, L. Warren	Acting provost-marshal, Carrollton, La., May, 1864.

TABLE II. — *Continued.*

COMPANY G.

NAME.	Nature of Detail.
Solon A. Carter	Recruiting-service at Concord, N.H., July, 1863. A. A. A. G., staff Brig.-Gen. Edward W. Hinks.
C. Fred Webster	Acting adjutant, Nov. 6, 1862; acting quartermaster, Nov. 13, 1862, to Oct. 25, 1863. Brig. Q. M., Carrollton, La., May, 1864. Post Q.M., Morganzia, La., June 10 to July 5, 1864. In charge wagon-train, 2d div., 19th A. C., Sept. and Oct., 1864. Assistant post Q. M., Savannah, Ga., March 20 to July 8, 1865.
Spencer L. Bailey	A. A. C. S., Grover's brigade, Adder Hill, Md., Nov. 1, 1862.
Flavel L. Tolman	Central Guard-House, Washington, D.C., July, 1863. With Co. E, Pioneers, 1st brig., 2d div., 19th A.C., Sept., 1864.
John W. Sturtevant	Command detachment Sixth-street Wharf, Washington, D.C., May 9 to Nov. 8, 1863. Adjutant provost-marshal's office, Washington, D.C., Nov. 8, 1863, to Feb. 6, 1864. A.D.C., staff Brig.-Gen. B. S. Roberts, Carrollton, La., April, 1864. Provost-marshal, district Carrollton, La., May, 1864.
James W. Russell	A. A. C. S., 1st brig., 2d div., 19th A.C., June, 1865, Savannah, Ga.
Edward B. Howard	On duty at draft-rendezvous, New Haven, Conn., Feb., March, and April, 1865.
Samuel L. Gerould	Clerk, general court-martial, Washington, D.C., Oct. 2, 1863, to Feb. 9, 1865. Signal-corps, Poolesville, Md., Dec. 24, 1862. Clerk, brig. A. C. S., Poolesville, Md., April 18, 1863.
Allen, Calvin, jun.	City police, Savannah, Ga., from April 8 to June 6, 1865.
Frost, John	Orderly at court-martial rooms, Washington, D.C., Oct. 21, 1863, to Dec. 18, 1863. Messenger quartermaster-general's office, Dec. 19, 1863, to June 12, 1885.
Greenwood, Leroy P.	Sharpshooter during the Valley campaign, 1864.
Hill, Horace J.	Orderly at ordnance-office, Savannah, Ga., June, 1865.
Jillson, Almon L.	Bugler, and at Finley Hospital, Washington, D.C., Oct., 1863.
Letteumayer, Otto	Cook, brigade headquarters. Orderly, Seventh-street court-martial rooms, Washington, D.C., 1863.
Morey, Albert L.	Orderly, headquarters district Carrollton, La., April, 1864.
Parker, William H.	Orderly, Gen. Augur's headquarters, Washington, D.C., April, 1863. Hooker's headquarters to April 23, 1865.
Pierce, Albert S.	Orderly, headquarters 1st brig., 2d div., 19th A.C., Nov. 27 to Dec. 24, 1864.
Robb, William P.	Signal-corps, Poolesville, Md., Dec. 24, 1862. Ambulance-driver, April, 1863.
Ryan, John	Orderly, headquarters 2d div., 19th A. C., Savannah, Ga., May, 1865.
Scott, James H.	Military detective, Washington, D.C., Oct., 1863, and Savannah, Ga., June, 1865.
Willard, Lucius S.	Clerk, camp distribution, Alexandria, Va., Sept., 1864, to June, 1865.
Wright, Daniel	Teamster, headquarters 1st brig., 2d div., 19th A. C., 1864 and 1865.

COMPANY H.

Walter H. Sargent	Recruiting-service at Concord, N.H., July 3, 1863.
David A. Macurdy	Acting quartermaster, provisional battalion, Aug., 1864.
Marcus M. Holmes	Command refugee-camp, Savannah, Ga., Jan. to July, 1865.
George F. Blanchard	Central Guard-House, Washington, D.C.
Bell, Robert	Duty at headquarters Washburn's brigade, Savannah, Ga., June 12, 1865.
Brown, Joseph	Clerk, headquarters Dept. of the South, Savannah, Ga., June 10, 1865.
Chamberlain, Alonzo P.	Ward assistant, McClellan Hospital, Philadelphia, Jan. 23 to May 30, 1865.
Emerson, John R.	Guard at Gen. Birge's headquarters, Aug., 1864.
Norwood, John E.	Camp distribution, Savannah, Ga., May 10 to July 6, 1865.
Ward, James O.	Guard at War Department, Washington, D.C., July, 1863.

TABLE II. — *Concluded.*

COMPANY I.

NAME.	Nature of Detail.
Ransom Huntoon	Command guard Sanitary Commission, Washington, D.C., July 9 to Sept. 9, 1863
George H. Stowell.	Recruiting-service, Concord, N.H., July 20, 1863, to Jan. 29, 1864.
Cumings, Charles B.	Military detective, Washington, D.C., Dec. 1, 1863.
Benjamin Whittaker	Sharpshooter, Sept, 1864.
William Wallace	Detached duty, Concord, N.H., Feb. 22, 1864.
Henry C. Mace	Guard, brigade headquarters, Savannah, Ga., Jan. to June, 1865.
Eben W. Parker	To organize drum-corps, 2d U. S. C.T., Washington, Dec., Sept., 1863.
Chapman, James H.	Ambulance-corps, Oct. 20, 1864.
Dodge, Simeon S.	Carpenter at headquarters district of Carrollton, La., May, 1864.
Foster, Charles E.	Provost-marshal's office, Washington, D.C., July, 1863, to Feb., 1864.
Hall, Levi D., jun.	Cook, headquarters 1st brig., 2d div., 19th A.C., July, 1864, to July, 1865.
Howard, Waldo L.	Orderly, military commission, Washington, D.C., 1863.
Howard, Wilbur F.	Orderly, military commission, Washington, D.C., Dec. 7, 1863.
Miller, Jonathan, jun.	Clerk, military commission, Jan. 4 to Feb. 7, 1864. Clerk, brigade headquarters, Carrollton, La., April 10 to June 7, 1864. Clerk, brigade headquarters, Shenandoah Valley, Aug. 17 to Oct. 19, 1864.
Smith, Arthur T.	Clerk in P. O., Savannah, Ga., Feb. to July, 1865.
Woodward, Charles	Guard, headquarters 1st div., 19th A. C., Jan. 4 to June, 1865.

COMPANY K.

George N. French	Clerk, headquarters 1st div., Dept. W. Va., Feb. 8, 1862, to Feb. 26, 1864. Headquarters military district, Washington, D C., Feb. 26, 1864, to May 6, 1865. War Dept., A.G.O., May 6, 1865, till discharge.
J. Marcellus Smith.	Musician, U. S. General Hospital, Claysville, Md., Nov. 8, 1864.
Fellows, Benjamin F.	Detective, Washington, D.C., Dec. 1, 1863. Special police, Carrollton, La., May 16, 1864.
Fowler, Trueworthy	Post-Office clerk, Savannah, Ga., Feb. 1, 1865. Mail-messenger, Gen. Grover's headquarters, April 10, 1865.
Page, Henry P.	Commandant of guard, Camp McClellan, Davenport, Ia., Oct. 7, 1864.

TABLE III.

PROMOTIONS.

FIELD, STAFF, AND NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

NAME.	Promotions and Dates of Same.
Samuel A. Duncan	Colonel 4th U. S. C. T., Sept. 4, 1863. Brigadier-General by brevet, Oct. 28, 1864. Major-General by brevet, March 13, 1865.
Alexander Gardiner	Major, Sept. 12, 1863. Colonel, Sept. 12, 1864.
William H. Bryant.	Second Lieut., Co. D, Sept. 20, '63. First Lieut., Co. H, Feb. 19, '64.
Albert F. Hussey .	First Lieut., Co. K, Nov. 22, 1864.
George D. Richardson	First Lieut., Co. B, Jan. 4, 1864.

COMPANY A.

Charles P. Hall, *1st Lieut.*	Captain, Co. C, Feb. 20, 1864.
SERGEANTS.	
Russell F. Smith .	Second Lieut., Co. D, Feb. 26, 1864 Captain, Co. E, April 21, 1865. Not mustered.
Jesse A. Fisk	Second Lieut., Co. E, Jan. 12, 1864. First Lieut., Co. K, May 27, '64.
CORPORALS.	
Holland Wheeler	Sergeant, Jan. 27, 1864.
Charles C. Wilson .	Sergeant, Feb. 27, 1864.
Jewett P. Wellman	Sergeant, May 1, 1865.
MUSICIAN.	
Henry M. Staples .	Principal musician, Oct. 31, 1864.
PRIVATES.	
Brock, Charles E.	Corporal, July 1, 1864.
Carroll, Horace	Corporal, May 1, 1865.
Greenwood, E. Tyler	Corporal, Jan. 23, 1863.
Hall, Franklin J.	Corporal, April 1, 1865.
Holden, Leonard S.	Corporal, Nov. 23, 1864. Sergeant, April 11, 1865.
Holt, Samuel P.	Corporal, July 1, 1864.
King, John L.	Corporal, Oct. 6, 1862. Sergeant, July 1, 1864. Sergeant-Major, Dec. 1, 1864. First Lieut., Co. C, Jan. 4, 1865.
Knowlton, Luke, jun.	Corporal, Nov. 1, 1864.
Leach, Samuel I.	Corporal, 1864.
Lewis, George W	Corporal, Feb. 27, 1864. Sergeant, Oct. 1, 1864.
Liscom, L. Frank .	Corporal, May 1, 1864. Sergeant, Dec. 1, 1864. First Sergeant, April 1, 1865.
Mason, James B.	Transferred and promoted to First Lieut., 31st U. S. C. T., Feb. 14, 1864.
Peeler, Charles A.	Corporal, July 1, 1864.
Pierce, Almon G. .	Corporal, Jan. 27, 1864. First Sergeant, Co. C, May 1, 1864.
Wardwell, George O.	Corporal, Jan. 1, 1865.
Welch, Michael	Corporal, May 1, 1865.

COMPANY B.

Charles E. Holbrook, 2d *Lt.*	First Lieut., May 5, 1863.
SERGEANTS.	
Henry E. Barrett, *1st*	Second Lieut., April 4, 1863.
Henry Knight .	First Sergeant, May 1, 1863.

TABLE III. — COMPANY B — *Continued.*

NAME.	Promotions and Dates of Same.
CORPORALS.	
Austin H. Wolf	Sergeant, May 1, 1863. First Sergeant, Feb. 1, 1865.
Albert H. Tyrell	Sergeant, May 1, 1863.
PRIVATES.	
Adams, Norman L.	Corporal, April 14, 1864.
Brown, Charles H..	Corporal, May 1, 1865.
Brackett, Freeman E.	Corporal, April 22, 1864.
Leland, Van Buren	Corporal, Jan. 1, 1863.
Marshall, Harlan P.	Corporal, June 1, 1865.
Sherman, George A.	Corporal, May 1, 1863. Sergeant, Feb. 1, 1865.
Spooner, Stephen A.	Corporal, May 1, 1863.
Shepard, Harvey E.	Corporal, June 19, 1864.
Templeman, Elnathan R.	Corporal, Feb. 1, 1865.

COMPANY C.

Ira Berry, jun., 1*st Lt.*	Captain, Co. H, Oct. 1, 1863.
Carroll D. Wright, 2*d Lt.*	Adjutant, Dec. 4, 1863. Colonel, Dec. 6, 1864.
SERGEANTS.	
Daniel K. Healey	Second Lieut., 6th U. S. C. T., Aug. 27, 1863. First Lieut., 6th U. S. C. T., Oct. 13, 1864.
J. Henry Jenks	Sergeant-Major, Sept. 20, 1863.
Luther M. Parker	First Sergeant, Nov. 20, 1864.
George H. Stone	Second Lieut., Co. I, Oct. 30, 1863. First Lieut., Co. I, May 27, 1864.
CORPORALS.	
Reuben H. Combs	Sergeant, Jan. 17, 1864.
Ceylon S. Davis	Sergeant, June 15, 1863.
George W. Felch	First Sergeant, June 12, 1864.
PRIVATES.	
Barber, John	Corporal, Dec. 1, 1864.
Collins, William	Sergeant, Jan. 17, 1864.
Gilmore, Charles G.	Corporal, Jan. 17, 1864.
Holman, Thomas F.	Corporal, Oct. 1, 1864.
Rust, Nathaniel P. .	Corporal, June 15, 1863.
Ward, Harrison R.	Corporal, March 1, 1865.
Whitcomb, Wright	Corporal, Sept. 20, 1863.

COMPANY D.

Stark Fellows, 1*st Lt.*	Colonel, 2d U. S. C. T., Sept. 4, 1863.
SERGEANTS.	
Elbridge D. Hadley, 1*st*	Second Lieut., Co. F, Feb. 12, 1864. First Lieut., Co. F, July 6, 1864. Not mustered. Captain by brevet, July 24, 1868.
John N. Bruce	First Lieut., Co. C, Oct. 1, 1863. Captain, Co. E, Jan. 4, 1865.
Joseph V. Bowie	First Sergeant, Feb. 27, 1864.
CORPORALS.	
John W. Locke	Sergeant, Feb. 27, 1864.
Moses Wadleigh	Sergeant, 1863. Com.-Sergeant, Feb. 1, 1865.
Thomas J. Wiggin .	Sergeant United States Signal-Corps, June 1, 1865.
PRIVATES.	
Beckman, Francis	Corporal, Feb. 27, 1864. Sergeant, March 1, 1865.
Bruce, John R.	Corporal, Co. C, Jan. 1, 1864.
Chase, Derwin W. .	Corporal.
Collins, Augustine W.	Corporal, Feb. 27, 1864.
Cilly, Otis G. .	Corporal, April 1, 1863.
Hastings, Charles	Hospital Steward, March 1, 1865.
Titcomb, Henry H.	Corporal, Oct. 31, 1864.
Wilson, Stephen M.	Corporal, March 1, 1863.

TABLE III. — *Continued.*

COMPANY E.

NAME.	Promotions and Dates of Same.
William Cobleigh, 1*st Lt.*	Captain, Co. I, Nov. 22, 1864.
SERGEANTS.	
Franklin Wheeler, 1*st*	Second Lieut., Co. C, Feb. 26, 1864. First Lieut., Co. E, Dec. 1, 1864.
Hiram J. Rounds	First Sergeant, Feb. 27, 1894.
CORPORALS.	
Thomas J. Lary	Sergeant, Aug. 2, 1863.
David S. Harvey	Sergeant, Nov. 1, 1864.
William A. Willis	Sergeant, Feb. 27, 1864. First Sergeant, April 1, 1865.
PRIVATES.	
Bartlett, George S.	Corporal, Nov. 1, 1864.
Crawford, Bryant E.	Corporal, June 1, 1864.
Dow, Aldin A.	Corporal, May 1, 1865.
Eastman, Darius G.	Corporal, Jan. 22, 1863.
Evans, Edwin F.	Corporal, Jan. 1, 1865. Sergeant, April 1, 1865.
Evans, John C.	Corporal, June 8, 1865.
Gond, George S.	Corporal, May 19, 1865.
Grey, Jared	Corporal, Nov. 1, 1864.
Hawkins, Thomas A.	Corporal, Feb. 27, 1864.
Johnson, William W.	Corporal, Jan. 22, 1863.
Lary, Andrew J.	Corporal, Nov. 1, 1864.
Lovejoy, John B.	Corporal, Feb. 27, 1864.
Massure, Erastus	Corporal, Jan. 22, 1863.
Stone, Munroe J.	Corporal, Nov. 1, 1864.
Wallace, Asahel K.	Corporal, Jan. 22, 1863. Sergeant, Sept. 14, 1864.

COMPANY F.

Theodore A. Ripley, *Capt.*	Colonel, March 24, 1865. Not mustered.
William A. Fosgate, 2*d Lieut.*	First Lieut., Co. H, Nov. 2, 1863. Captain, Co. B, Feb. 19, 1864.
SERGEANTS.	
John H. Goodwin, 1*st*	Second Lieut., Co. E, Feb. 17, 1865. Not mustered.
Artemas B. Colburn	Second Lieut., Co. B, May 11, 1864.
CORPORALS.	
Charles G. Howard	Color-Sergeant, July, 1864. First Lieut., Co. A, Jan. 4, 1865.
U. Barrett Fosgate	Sergeant, March 6, 1864.
PRIVATES.	
Allen, Moses	Corporal, Dec. 1, 1862.
Ball, Charles A.	Corporal, March 1, 1864.
Buffum, Francis H.	Corporal, Feb. 1, 1864. Sergeant, March 1, 1865. Color-Sergeant, March 2, 1865.
Day, George A.	Principal Musician, March 1, 1865.
Farr, Wesley O.	Corporal, Feb. 1, 1864.
Murdock, Verwill Q. D.	Corporal, May 1, 1863.
Newell, Benjamin, jun.	Corporal, Dec. 1, 1862.
Smith, Edward O.	Corporal, May 1, 1865.
Stoddard, James S.	Corporal, Sept. 26, 1863. Sergeant, Feb. 12, 1864.
Thompson, Daniel H.	Corporal, March 1, 1865.
Wood, Henry A.	Corporal, Oct. 1, 1864.
Wright, L. Warren	Sergeant, Aug. 1, 1863. Second Lieut., Co. A, Feb. 19, 1864; 1st Lieut., Nov. 22, 1864; Adjutant, Jan. 4, 1865.

COMPANY G.

Solon A. Carter, *Capt.*	Captain and A. A. G., U. S. V., July 25, 1864. Major by brevet, and Lieut.-Colonel by brevet, March 13, 1865.
C. Fred Webster, 1*st Lieut.*	First Lieut. and R. Q.M., Oct. 16, 1863.

TABLE III. — COMPANY G — *Continued.*

NAME.	Promotions and Dates of Same.
SERGEANTS.	
Flavel L. Tolman, 1*st*.	Second Lieut., March 1, 1863. First Lieut., Oct. 17, 1863. Captain, Co. E, Jan. 1, 1864. Major, Dec. 6, 1864.
John W. Sturtevant	First Sergeant, May 1, 1863 Second Lieut., Oct. 17, 1863. First Lieut., Jan. 1, 1864. Captain, Jan. 4, 1865.
James W. Russell	Commissary Sergeant, May 1, 1863. Second Lieut., Co. E, Jan. 4, 1865. First Lieut., Co. I, Feb. 17, 1865. Not mustered.
Edward B. Howard	First Sergeant, Oct. 29, 1863. Second Lieut., Jan. 1, 1864. First Lieut., Jan. 4, 1865. Not mustered.
CORPORALS.	
Chamberlain, Maro J.	Sergeant, Nov. 30, 1862. Captain U. S. C T., Aug. 1, 1863.
Cragin, Charles O.	Sergeant, May 1, 1863. First Sergeant, Feb. 27, 1864. Second Lieut., Jan. 4, 1865. Not mustered. First Lieut., Co. D, Feb. 17, 1865.
Emery, Charles D.	Sergeant, Aug. 4, 1863.
Hunt, James H.	Sergeant, Nov. 14, 1863. First Sergeant, March 1, 1865. Second Lieut., May 2, 1865.
PRIVATES.	
J. Kerry Sullivan	Second Lieut., Co. H. Not mustered.
Leathers, Jobu	Corporal, Nov. 30, 1862. Sergeant, Oct. 29, 1863. Sergeant-Major, March 1, 1865.
Law, Charles D.	Corporal, May 2, 1863. Sergeant, March 1, 1864. First Sergeant, May 2, 1865.
Lowe, George F.	Corporal, Jan. 1, 1864. Sergeant, March 1, 1865.
Prescott, Oren D.	Corporal, Aug. 1, 1863. Sergeant, Feb. 27, 1864.
Reed, J. Langdon	Corporal, Jan. 1, 1864. Sergeant, March 1, 1865.
Shedd, Granville	Corporal, Jan. 1, 1864. Sergeant, March 1, 1865.
Turner, Henry A.	Corporal, April 22, 1864. Sergeant, May 2, 1865.
Cutter, Edwin R.	Corporal, March 1, 1865.
Hazen, George W.	Corporal, Feb. 27, 1864.
Learned, Lewis D.	Corporal, Oct. 1, 1864.
Learned, Marion D.	Corporal, March 1, 1865.
Merrifield, Charles B.	Corporal, Sept. 1, 1864.
Parker, William H.	Second Lieut., 6th U. S. Infantry, April 23, 1865. First Lieut. by brevet, Jan. 2, 1866.
Pierce, Albert S.	Corporal, Dec. 25, 1864.
Poole, Joel H.	Corporal, March 1, 1865.
Rice, John C.	Corporal, March 1, 1865.
Richardson, Herbert C.	Corporal, May 2, 1865.
Smith, Samuel M.	Captain U. S. C. T., Feb. 29, 1864.

COMPANY H.

Walter H. Sargent, 2*d Lieut.*	First Lieut., Co. D, Nov. 1, 1863.
SERGEANTS.	
David A. Macurdy, 1*st*	Second Lieut., Co. H, Nov. 1, 1863. First Lieut., Co. B, June, 1864. Captain, Co. B, Dec. 22, 1864.
Marcus M. Holmes	First Sergeant, Jan. 20, 1864. Second Lieut., Co. F, Sept. 19, 1864. First Lieut., Co. H, Dec. 2, 1864.
George F. Blanchard	Second Lieut., Co. C, Sept. 22, 1863. First Lieut., Co. F, Feb. 19, 1864. Captain, Co. A, Nov. 22, 1864.
CORPORALS.	
Albert A. Baker	Sergeant, Jan. 20, 1864.
Charles F. Heath	Sergeant, Oct. 1, 1864.
Daniel P. Kilburn	Sergeant, Jan. 30, 1864.
PRIVATES.	
Bailey, Amos C.	Corporal, Sept. 20, 1864.
Barnard, George M.	Corporal, Jan. 20, 1864. Sergeant, Oct. 26, 1864.
Chamberlain, Alonzo P.	Corporal, April 1, 1864.
Emerson, John R.	Corporal, June 1, 1865.
Gale, Solomon G.	Sergeant, Jan. 20, 1864.
Macurdy, Matthew	Corporal, Jan. 20, 1864. Sergeant, April 1, 1864.
Morse, John D.	Corporal, March 1, 1865.
Parker, William P.	Corporal, May 1, 1863. Sergeant, Sept. 20, 1864. First Sergeant, Dec. 2, 1864.

TABLE III. — COMPANY H — *Concluded.*

NAME.	Promotions and Dates of Same.
PRIVATES.	
Poor, Wilson E.	Corporal, Oct. 1, 1864.
Saltmarsh, Alonzo P.	Corporal, June 1, 1865.
Sanborn, Henry M.	Corporal, Dec. 1, 1864.
Tucker, George W.	Corporal, Jan. 20, 1864.
Wheeler, Robert E.	Corporal, Oct. 1, 1864.
Wilson, Leonard	Corporal, Dec. 1, 1864. Sergeant, March 1, 1865.
COMPANY I.	
Nathaniel L. Chandler, *Lieut.*	Captain, Co. A, June 16, 1864.
SERGEANTS.	
Henry S. Paul.	Second Lieut., Co. A, Jan. 1, 1864. First Lieut., Co. A, Feb. 19, '64.
Asa W. Richardson	Second Lieut., Co. E, June 22, 1864. First Lieut. Co. F, Jan. 4, 1865.
William W. Page	First Sergeant, June 17, 1864.
Thomas J. Morrill	First Sergeant, Jan. 1, 1865.
CORPORALS.	
Benjamin F. Pierce	Sergeant, Jan. 26, 1864.
Hiram K. Darling	Sergeant, Jan. 1, 1865.
George S. Jones	Sergeant, Feb. 1, 1865.
PRIVATES.	
Cumings, Charles B.	Corporal, July 1, 1864. Sergeant, June 2, 1865.
Foster, Charles E.	Sergeant, Jan. 1, 1864.
Gault, John S.	Corporal, June 17, 1864.
Lane, Marcus M.	Corporal, June 17, 1864.
Mace, Henry C.	Corporal, June 8, 1865.
Mullen, Hugh	Corporal, June 2, 1865.
Newton, Clough	Corporal, Jan. 1, 1865.
Page, John M.	Corporal, June 17, 1864.
Peasley, George W	Corporal, June 2, 1865.
Stowell, George H.	Corporal, Feb. 25, 1863. Sergeant, June 16, 1864.
Wallace, William	Corporal, Feb. 1, 1865.
Whittaker, Benjamin	Corporal, Sept. 20, 1864.
COMPANY K.	
Oliver H. Marston, *Capt.*	Lieut.-Colonel, March 24, 1865.
Moulton S. Webster, *2d Lieut.*	First Lieut., Co. B, Nov. 22, 1864. Not mustered.
SERGEANT.	
Octavius C. Mason	First Sergeant, June 23, 1864. Second Lieut., Jan. 2, 1865. Captain, June 7, 1865. Not mustered.
CORPORALS.	
Lemuel F. Vittum	Sergeant, Dec. 1, 1864.
Samuel F. Beede	Sergeant, June 17, 1864.
PRIVATES.	
Bennett, William H. H.	Corporal, Nov. 10, 1863.
Brown, Warren J.	Corporal, June 17, 1864.
Cofran, Charles N.	Corporal, Dec. 1, 1864.
Fellows, Benjamin F.	Quartermaster-sergeant, Dec. 3, 1864.
Fife, Thomas H.	Corporal.
Fowler, Trueworthy	Corporal, Nov. 1, 1864.
Glidden, George M.	Corporal.
Gove, John M.	Corporal, June 1, 1865.
Page, Henry P.	Sergeant. First Sergeant. Second Lieut., Co. I, May 27, 1864.
Quimby, William F.	Corporal, Sept. 24, 1862. Sergeant, Nov. 1, 1863. Second Lieut., Co. B, Jan. 4, 1865. Not mustered.
Robinson, Frank P.	Corporal, May 1, 1865.
Smith, Daniel M.	Corporal, March 1, 1865.
Smith, Lewis Q.	Corporal, May 1, 1864.
Smith, Samuel S.	Corporal, June 25, 1864.
Stone, George W	Corporal, June 1, 1863.

TABLE IV.

DEATHS BY DISEASE.

FIELD, STAFF, AND NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Name.	Where Died.	When.	Cause.	Where Buried.
Franklin C. Weeks	N.E. R., N.Y. City,	March 28, 1864,	Diphtheria	Chester.
Milton S. Howe	Offutt's C.R'ds, Md.	Nov. 24, 1862,	Typhoid-fever,	East Jaffrey.
Total 2				

COMPANY A.

SERGEANTS.				
Fred. L. Thomas, 1st	Woodstock, Va.	Oct. 1, 1864,	Phys. exhaust.	Natl. Cem., Winchester, Va., No. 1196.
Almon G. Pierce, 1st	Carrollton, La.	June 8, 1864,	Typhoid-fever,	Dublin.
CORPORAL.				
Asaph W Pierce	Poolesville, Md.	Jan. 21, 1863,	Typhoid-fever,	Dublin.
PRIVATES.				
Carruth, Thomas H.	Carrollton, La.	June 14, 1864,	Chr. diarrhœa,	Carrollton, La.
Chamberlain, Ira B.	Hilton Head, S.C.	22, 1865,	Chr. diarrhœa,	Natl. Cem., Beaufort, S.C., No. 1404.
Crowninshield, A. C.	Philadelphia, P.	Nov. 6, 1864,	Chr. diarrhœa,	N.Cem., Philadelphia, Penn., No. 113.
Crowninshield, Daniel,	Salisbury, N.C.	28, 1864,	Starvation	Natl Cem., Salisbury, N.C.
Dunn, Noble T.	Keene	Sept. 8, 1864,	Chr. diarrhœa,	Woodlawn C., Keene.
Evans, Stephen W.	Richmond, Va.	Nov. 28, 1864,	Unknown	N'l Cem., Richmond, Va., No. 358.
Holt, Russell T.	Washington, D.C.	June 21, 1863,	Typhoid-fever,	Sullivan.
Keith, Fay	Jefferson Bar., Mo.	Sept. 9, 1864,	Chr. diarrhœa,	N'l C., Jefferson Bar., Mo., No. 3385.
Knowlton, Charles	Poolesville, Md.	Jan. 20, 1863,	Typhoid-fever,	Marlborough.
Leach, Albert G.	Washington, D.C.	May 31, 1863,	Typhoid-fever,	East Westmoreland.
Leach, Charles H.	Poolesville, Md.	Jan. 23, 1863,	Typhoid-fever,	East Westmoreland.
Nims, Edwin I.	Offutt's C.Rd's, Md.	Dec. 17, 1862,	Typhoid-fever,	Sullivan.
Polley, Gilbert C.	Washington, D.C.	Nov. 18, 1863,	Chr. diarrhœa,	Hinsdale.
Spaulding, Henry D.	Natchez, Miss.	July 11, 1864,	Chr. diarrhœa,	Natl. Cem., Natchez, Miss., No. 120.
Starkey, William S.	Washington, D.C.	May 13, 1863,	Pl.-pneumonia,	Westmoreland.
Total 18				

COMPANY B.

CORPORAL.				
William R. Dunham	Marlow	Jan. 10, 1865,	Chr. diarrhœa,	Marlow.
PRIVATES.				
Barker, William A.	Washington, D.C.	July 28, 1863,	Typhoid-fever,	Walpole.
Bosworth, William J.	Washington, D.C.	Jan. 19, 1864,	Pneumonia	Springfield, Vt.
Bragg, Willard E. S.	Washington, D.C.	Aug. 19, 1864,	Chr. diarrhœa,	Natl. Cem., Arlington Va., No. 8319.
French, Henry C.	Poolesville, Md.	Feb. 16, 1863,	Measles.	
Gates, Benjamin, 2d	Washington, D.C.	Dec. 14, 1863,	Heart-disease	Walpole.
Gee, Samuel O.	David's Isl'd, N.Y.	Sept. 30, 1864,	Chr. diarrhœa,	N'l Cem., Cypress Hill, N.Y., No. 1970.

TABLE IV — COMPANY B — *Continued.*

NAME.	Where Died.	When.	Cause.	Where Buried.
Hasham, John	Washington, D.C.	July 31, 1863,	Typhoid-fever,	Charlestown.
Hooper, Henry H.	Walpole	Dec. 31, 1864,	Chr. diarrhœa,	Walpole.
Livingston, Edward H.	Poolesville, Md.	Feb. 16, 1863,	Measles.	Walpole.
Pierce, Jacob S.	Walpole	Dec. 27, 1863,	Consumption	Walpole.
Putnam, Orson D.	Natchez, Miss.	July 22, 1864,	Chr. diarrhœa.	
Richardson, Levi G.	New-York City	Aug. 22, 1864,	Chr. diarrhœa,	N. Cem., Cypress Hill, N.Y., No. 2083.
Shepard, Harvey E.	Libby Prison, Richmond, Va.	Nov. 20, 1864,	Diphtheria.	
Tyler, William E.	Washington, D.C.	May 29, 1863,	Typhoid-fever.	
Total 15				

COMPANY C.

Luther M. Parker, *Sergt.*	Savannah, Ga.	June 30, 1865,	Typhoid-fever,	Natl. Cem., Beaufort, S.C., No. 4898.
Brooks, Amos W.	Annapolis Jct., Md.	Jan. 14, 1865,	Chr. diarrhœa,	Fitzwilliam.
Doolittle, Edward	Poolesville, Md.	March 10, 1863,	Typhoid-fever,	Swanzey.
Healey, D. Brainard	Hampton, Va.	Aug. 28, 1864,	Consumption	Swanzey.
Holman, Thos. F., *Corpl.*	Fitzwilliam	July 30, 1865,	Chr. diarrhœa,	Fitzwilliam.
PRIVATES.				
Lillie, Levi N.	David's Isl'd, N.Y.	Sept. 16, 1864,	- -	Cypress Hills, N.Y., No. 1881.
Mason, Charles A.	Washington, D.C.	7, 1863,	Diphtheria.	
Spaulding, Dauphin	Washington, D.C.	Feb. 7, 1864,	Typhoid-fever,	East Sullivan.
Spooner, Lyman	Savannah, Ga.	July 7, 1865,	Remit'nt-fever,	Natl. Cem., Beaufort, S.C., No. 1399.
Stockwell, George H.	Troy	July 20, 1863.		
Thatcher, Willard E.	Offutt's C.R'ds, Md.	Jan. 3, 1863,	Typhoid-fever,	Offutt's Cross Roads.
Walton, Robert	Savannah, Ga.	June 24, 1865,	Typhoid-fever,	Natl. Cem., Beaufort, S.C., No. 1397.
Wilcox, Henry E.	Gilsum	Jan. 24, 1864,	Consumption	Winchendon, Mass.
Total 13				

COMPANY D.

Stark Fellows, *Lieut.*	Ft. Taylor, Key West, Fla.	May 23, 1864,	Congest. brain, yellow-fever,	Sandown.
PRIVATES.				
Brocklehank, Geo. A.	Savannah, Ga.	May 10, 1865,	Typhoid-fever.	
Choate, John	Savannah, Ga.	June 13, 1865,	Typhoid-fever,	Natl. Cem., Beaufort, S.C., No. 1401.
Emery, Warren H.	Natchez, Miss.	July 25, 1864,	Chr. diarrhœa.	
Foster, James F.				
Howard, George A.	Hilton Head, S.C.	6, 1865,	Heart-disease.	Hilton Head, S.C.
Janvrin, William T.	Savannah, Ga.	April 15, 1865,	Chr. diarrhœa,	Natl. Cem., Beaufort, S.C., No. 1403.
Jones, Sylvester	Washington, D.C.	March 13, 1863,	Anosarca	Natl. Cem., Soldiers' Home, D.C., No. 150.
Mills, James F.	Natchez, Miss.	June 29, 1864,	Typhoid-fever.	
Morrill, Frank P.	Winchester, Va.	Nov. 18, 1864,	Typhoid-fever.	
Randall, John E.	Cincinnati, O.	Aug. 31, 1864,	Chr. diarrhœa,	Natl. Cem., Spring Grove, No. 309.
Total 11				

TABLE IV. — *Continued.*

COMPANY E.

NAME.	Where Died.	When.	Cause.	Where Buried.
SERGEANTS.				
Hiram J. Rounds	Annapolis, Md.	March 12, 1865,	Result of imprisonment	Natl. Cem., Annapolis, Md., No. 504.
Lewis P. Sumners	Washington, D.C.	Aug. 1, 1863,	Typhoid-fever,	Natl. Cem., Soldiers' Home, Wash., D.C.
Walter Buck.	Baltimore, Md.	Sept. 13, 1864,	Typhoid-fever.	
CORPORALS.				
Isaac R. Smith	New Orleans, La..	Aug. 21, 1864,	Typhoid-fever,	Bethel, N.C.
Leland B. Philbrook	Washington, D.C.	May 10, 1863.		
PRIVATES.				
Armstrong, Alpheus	– –	Sept. 22, 1864.		
Brown, Harvey R.	Poolesville, Md.	Feb. 16, 1863,	Typhoid-fever,	Washington, D.C.
Cushman, Horace, 2d	Savannah, Ga.	June 28, 1865,	– –	Beaufort, S.C., No 4879.
Gray, Joseph M.	Offutt's C.R'ds, Md.	Dec. 25, 1862,	Typhoid-fever,	Offutt's Cr. Rd's, Md.
Jarvis, William	Offutt's C.Rd's, Md.	8, 1862,	Typhoid-fever,	Offutt's Cr. Rd's, Md.
Lindsey, George H.	Whitefield	March 25, 1865,	– –	Whitefield.
Lunn, William M.	Washington, D.C.	Nov. 9, 1863,	Diphtheria.	
Massure, Jonas	Washington, D.C.	Sept. 23, 1863,	Chr. diarrhœa,	Washington, D.C.
Potter, Daniel	Baltimore, Md.	March 8, 1865,	– –	Stark.
Purrington, John	Morganzia, La.	June 11, 1864,	Heart-disease,	Morganzia, La.
Quints, George C.	Whitefield	March 7, 1865,	– –	Whitefield.
Twitchell, Claudius A.	Offutt's C.Rd's, Md.	Dec. 18, 1862,	Typhoid-fever,	Milan.
Veasie, John	Washington, D.C.	April 20, 1863,	– –	N.Cem., Soldiers' H., Wash., No. 5122.
Wilder, Edward B.	Offutt's C.Rd's, Md.	Nov. 30, 1862,	Typhoid-fever,	Offutt's Cr. Rd's, Md.
Total 19				

COMPANY F

CORPORALS.				
George Norwood	Lock 21, C. & O. Canal, Md..	Oct. 26, 1862,	Drowned	Winchester.
Milton G. Frost	Poolesville, Md.	Jan. 18, 1863,	Typhoid-fever,	Milan.
Benjamin Newell, jun..	Richmond	Oct. 14, 1864,	Chr. diarrhœa,	Richmond.
MUSICIAN.				
Denzel T. Swan	Washington, D.C.	Aug. 3, 1863,	Typhoid-fever,	Winchester.
PRIVATES.				
Andrews, Ethan A.	Milan	Dec. 7, 1864,	Chr. diarrhœa,	Milan.
Henry, Herbert W.	Alexandria, Va.	Feb. 17, 1864,	Typhoid-fever,	Nat. Cem., Arlington, Va., No. 6739,
Lampson, Bradford P..	Savannah, Ga.	9, 1865,	Ship-fever	N.Cem., Beaufort, S.C.
McClenning, Henry J.	Washington, D.C.	Aug. 7, 1863,	Typhoid-fever,	Chesterfield.
Thayer, Henry F..	New Orleans, La..	July 10, 1864,	Small-pox	New Orleans.
Webber, James H.	Harper's F., W.Va.	Feb. 23, 1864,	Measles	Harper's Ferry.
Total 10				

COMPANY G.

SERGEANT.				
Charles D. Emery	Washington, D.C.	Nov. 14, 1863,	Diphtheria	East Jaffrey.
CORPORAL.				
John A. Woodward	New-York City	Aug. 17, 1864,	Chr. diarrhœa,	Surry.

TABLE IV — COMPANY G — *Continued.*

NAME.	Where Died.	When.	Cause.	Where Buried.
PRIVATES.				
Evans, Frank, jun.	Poolesville, Md.	March 30, 1863,	Lung-fever	Keene.
Marvin, Edwin	Offutt's C. R'ds, Md.	Dec. 15, 1862.	Typhoid-fever,	Dublin.
Phillips, John	Offutt's C. R'ds, Md.	19, 1862,	Typhoid-fever,	Dublin.
Rand, Leonard	Camp Parapet, La.	May 28, 1864,	Heart-disease	Jaffrey.
Smith, Charles M.	Poolesville, Md.	Jan. 12, 1863,	Typhoid-fever,	Rindge.
Smith, Henry A.	Poolesville, Md.	7, 1863,	Typhoid-fever,	Rindge.
Wehber, Conrad	Salisbury, N.C.	Dec. 14, 1864,	Intermit.-fever,	Nat. Cem., Salisbury, N.C.
Total 9				

COMPANY H.

SERGEANTS.				
Daniel P. Kilburn	Webster	March 16, 1864,	Typhoid-fever.	
Arthur F. Goodrich	Washington, D.C.	Sept. 12, 1863,	Typhoid-fever.	
Solomon G. Gale	Washington, D.C.	28, 1864,	Chr. diarrhœa	
CORPORAL.				
John A. Preston	Washington, D.C.	Oct. 16, 1864,	Chr. diarrhœa.	
PRIVATES.				
Baker, William H.	Poolesville, Md.	Feb. 28, 1863,	Typhoid-fever.	
Barrett, Joel	Poolesville, Md.	24, 1863,	Typhoid-fever.	
Call, George	Washington, D.C.	June 11, 1863,	Congest. brain,	Nat'l Cem., Soldiers' H., D.C., No. 4773.
Downing, Daniel	Baltimore, Md.	Feb. 6, 1865,	Chr. diarrhœa,	N. Cem, Loudon P'k, Md., No. 1076.
Eaton, Moses K.	Washington, D.C.	Sept. 21, 1863,	Diphtheria.	
Edmunds, Charles H.	At sea	April 2, 1864,	Small-pox	At sea.
Harrington, David	Poolesville, Md.	Feb. 23, 1863,	Typhoid-fever.	
Hobbs, Fernando	Warren	May 17, 1863.		
Nichols, Hiram	Washington, D.C.	Jan. 9, 1864,	Pneumonia	
Perry, Joseph C.	Montgomery, Md.	Nov. 3, 1862,	Typhoid-fever,	Chichester.
Rohy, Gardner	Offutt's C.R'ds, Md.	Dec. 19, 1862,	Typhoid-fever.	
Smith, Laroy	Washington, D.C.	Aug. 17, 1864,	Chr. diarrhœa,	Nat. Cem., Arlington, Va., No. 7427.
Straw, Edgar H.	Washington, D.C.	Oct. 20, 1863,	Diphtheria.	
Whitefield, George	Sandy Hook, Md.	Feb. 15, 1864,	Hemorrhage.	
Total 18				

COMPANY I.

Nath. L. Chandler, *Capt.*	Bradford	Sept. 11, 1864,	Diphtheria	Newbury.
D. J. Pillsbury, *2d Lt.*	Washington, D.C.	Aug. 11, 1863,	Typhoid-fever,	East Grantham.
SERGEANT.				
William W. Page	Newport	Dec. 22, 1864,	Chr. diarrhœa,	North Newport.
PRIVATES.				
Benway, Reuben T.	Washington, D.C.	Nov. 12, 1863,	Diphtheria	Cornish Flat.
Brown, Charles	Tenallytown, Md.	Aug. 11, 1864,	Typhoid-fever,	Tenallytown, Md.
Burr, Versal E.	Hampton, Va.	25, 1864,	Diarrhœa	Nat'l Cem., Hampton, Va., No. 2256.
Choate, Thomas	Bradford	1, 1865,	Diarrhœa	Bradford.
Clough, Francis S.	Poolesville, Md.	March 21, 1863,	Typhoid-fever,	East Grantham.
Crowell, Jonathan	Baltimore, Md.	Sept. 8, 1864,	Diarrhœa	North Newport.
Currier, Henry H.	New Orleans, La.	Dec. 22, 1864,	Diarrhœa	Nat. Cem., Chalmette, La., No. 6039.
Dow, Newell T.	Seabrook	March 18, 1864,	Diphtheria	Seabrook.
Edminster, Thomas B.	Springfield, Mass.	Oct. 28, 1864,	Diarrhœa	South Cornish.
Hoyt, Christopher	Bradford	Dec. 27, 1864,	Diarrhœa	Bradford.
Leavitt, Charles H.	At sea.	July 11, 1864,	Malaria-fever	At sea.

TABLE IV — COMPANY I — *Concluded.*

NAME.	Where Died.	When.	Cause.	Where Buried.
PRIVATES.				
Lewis, William S.	Washington, D.C.	Jan. 21, 1864,	Pneumonia	Claremont.
Mahler, Peter	Chichester	March 30, 1865,	Diarrhœa	Chichester.
Marshall, Eugene O.	Poolesville, Md.	Jan. 21, 1863,	Typhoid-fever,	Bradford.
Miller, Wareham M.	Washington, D.C.	Aug. 23, 1863,	Typhoid-fever,	Plainfield Plains.
Peck, Philander H.	Poolesville, Md.	Feb. 18, 1863,	Typhoid-fever,	Newport.
Powers, Elias F.	Poolesville, Md.	17, 1863,	Typhoid-fever,	Croydon.
Sanborn, William H.	Washington, D.C.	3, 1864,	Lung-fever	Seabrook.
Stone, Hiram	Washington, D.C.	Oct. 6, 1864,	Diarrhœa	Cornish Flat.
Watson, William H. H.	Carrollton, La.	May 31, 1864,	Typhoid-fever,	Nat. Cem., Chalmette, La., No. 1,237.
Wilson, Otto	Fort. Monroe, Va.	Aug. 18, 1864,	Malaria-fever	Nat'l Cem., Hampton, Va., No. 706.
Total 24				

COMPANY K.

Jason D. Snell, 1*st Lt.*	Carrollton, La.	April 26, 1864,	Consumption	North Pembroke.
CORPORALS.				
Thomas H. Fife	Offutt'sCr.R'ds,Md.	Dec. 25, 1862,	Typhoid-fever,	North Sandwich.
George M. Glidden	Pembroke	Oct. 18, 1864,	Infl. of bowels,	Pembroke.
PRIVATES.				
Adams, Thomas S.	Moultonboro'	Oct. 23, 1862,	Typhoid-fever,	Moultonboro'.
Bryant, Silas J.	Washington, D.C.	Sept. 15, 1863,	Fever	N.C., Soldiers' Home, Washington, D.C., No. 5386.
Blake, Henry F.	Pembroke	March 9, 1864,	Lung-fever	North Pembroke.
Drew, Simon	Washington, D.C.	Oct. 2. 1863,	Diarrhœa	Pembroke.
Eaton, Hiel F.	Savannah, Ga.	June 7, 1865,	Typhoid-fever,	Beaufort, S.C., No. 1400.
Haggett, Lorenzo D.	Offutt'sCr.R'ds,Md.	Nov. 29, 1862,	Typhoid-fever,	North Pembroke.
Huntress, Joseph L.	St'r "Continental,"	July 19, 1864,	Infl. of bowels,	Fortress Monroe, Va.
Prescott, John M.	Offutt'sCr.R'ds,Md.	Nov. 28, 1862,	Fever	Offutt's Cr. R'ds, Md.
Quimby, George D.	Offutt'sCr.R'ds,Md.	Dec. 14, 1862,	Typhoid-fever,	Sandwich.
Sawtelle, Benjamin F.	Carrollton, La.	May 14, 1864,	Infl. of bowels,	Sandwich.
Sinclair, William H. H.	Savannah, Ga.	30, 1865,	Epilepsy	Nat'l Cem., Beaufort, S.C., No. 1405.
Smith, Moses L.	Offutt'sCr.R'ds,Md.	Dec. 8, 1862,	Fever	Sandwich Centre.
Tanner, Edward E.	Poolesville, Md.	March 19, 1863,	Typhoid-fever,	Sandwich.
Wallace, James M.	Sandwich	Sept. 25, 1863,	Diarrhœa	Sandwich.
Total 17				

TABLE V.

KILLED OR MORTALLY WOUNDED.

FIELD, STAFF AND NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

NAME.	Action.	Date.	Nature of Wound.	Where Died.	When.	Where Buried.
Alexander Gardiner	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot left thigh, and right leg fractures	Winchester, Va.	Oct. 8, 1864,	Claremont.
COMPANY A.						
Jesse A. Fisk, *1st Lt.*	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot in body	Battle-field.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, mon't.
SERGEANT.						
Charles C. Wilson	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot in ankle, and bayonet in neck	Battle-field.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, mon't.
CORPORALS.						
Samuel P. Holt	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, 1864,	Gunshot in arm	Winchester, Va.	Oct. 24, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, Va., No. 1195.
Charles A. Peelcr	Cedar Creek	19, 1864,	Gunshot back of ear	Newtown, Va.	22, 1864,	Newtown, Va.
PRIVATES.						
Greenwood, Albert C.	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot, thigh	Winchester, Va.	Dec. 3, 1864,	Dublin.
Wyman, Nathaniel B.	Opequan	19, 1864,	Gunshot, groin	Battle-field.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, mon't.
Young, Sidney H.	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot in leg, bayonet in side	Battle-field.	19, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, mon't.
Total 7						
COMPANY B.						
PRIVATES.						
Andrews, Fred B.	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot, body	Winchester, Va.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, mon't.
Bowman, James	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot, right knee	Winchester, Va.	Nov. 11, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, Va., No. 1200.
Kreatzer, Otis P.	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, 1864,	Shell, fracture of skull	Winchester, Va.	Oct. 22, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, Va., No. 1209.
Lawrence, Willard	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot, fracture of spine,	Winchester, Va.	Sept. 25, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, Va., No. 1413.
Perrigo, George	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot, head	Winchester, Va.	19, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, mon't.
Wetherbee, George L.	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot, body	Winchester, Va.	19, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, mon't.
Total 6						

TABLE V. — *Continued.*

COMPANY C.

NAME.	Action.	Date.	Nature of Wound.	Where Died.	When.	Where Buried.
J. Henry Jenks, *Sgt.-Maj.*	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, 1864,	Round-shot, head	Battle-field.	Oct. 19, 1864,	Natl. Cem., Winchester, Va., No. 1202.
George H. Stone, *1st Lt.*	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Shell, right hip	Winchester, Va.	Sept. 25, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, mon't.
SERGEANT.						
George W. Felch, *1st*	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot, head	Battle-field.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, mon't.
CORPORAL.						
Nathaniel Rust	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot, head	Battle-field.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, mon't.
PRIVATE.						
Haynes, Henry L.	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot, side	Battle-field.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, mon't.
Total 5						

COMPANY D.

CORPORALS.						
Derwin W. Chase	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot, head	Winchester, Va.	Sept. 19, 1894,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, mon't.
Charles W. Noyes	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot, chest	– –	– –	Missing since Sept. 19, 1864.
PRIVATES.						
Boyd, Aaron E.	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	– –	Winchester, Va.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, mon't.
Carr, Charles C.	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, 1864,	Gunshot, leg amputation	Winchester, Va.	Nov. 24, 1864.	
Homan, Charles L.	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	– –	Winchester, Va.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, mon't.
Marston, Melbourne	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot, head	Winchester, Va.	19, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, mon't.
Moore, Cassimoro M.	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot, right shoulder and leg	Baltimore, Md.	Nov. 20, 1864.	
Souther, George T.	Opequan.	19, 1864,	– –	Winchester, Va.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, mon't.
Walton, Edwin	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot, left elbow	Winchester, Va.	Oct. 30, 1864,	Natl. Cem., Winchester, Va., No. 1194.
Total 9						

COMPANY E.

Hawkins, Thomas A.	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, 1864,	Gunshot, head	Battle-field.	Oct. 19, 1864,	Natl. Cem. Winchester, Va., No. 1214.

COMPANY F.

William A. Fosgate, *Capt.*	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot, heart	Battle-field	Sept. 19, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, mon't.
Artemas B. Colburn, *2d Lt.*	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot, abdomen	Winchester, Va.	20, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, mon't.
CORPORALS.						
Moses Allen	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot, head	Battle-field	Sept. 19, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, mon't.
Charles A. Ball	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot, knee	Winchester, Va.	Oct. 25, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, mon't.
PRIVATES.						
Bent, Lauren E.	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot, groin	Winchester, Va.	Sept. 20, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, mon't.
Blodgett, James H.	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, 1864,	Gunshot, body	Battle field	Oct. 19, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, mon't.
Hayes, Frederick O.	Cedar Creek	19, 1864,	Gunshot, neck	Battle-field	19, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, mon't.
Scott, Walter A.	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot, head	Battle-field	Sept. 19, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, mon't.
Streeter, Marshall S.	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot, leg	Baltimore, Md.	Oct. 9, 1864,	Chesterfield.
Total 9						

COMPANY G.

CORPORALS.						
George W. Hazen	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot, neck	Winchester, Va.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, mon't.
Lewis D. Learned	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, 1864,	Gunshot, left breast	Cedar Creek, Va.	Oct. 19, 1864,	Dublin.
PRIVATES.						
Carter, Charles A.	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, 1864,	Gunshot, body	Cedar Creek, Va.	Oct. 19, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, No. 1205.
Parker, Lucius	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot, temple	Winchester, Va.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester.
Total 4						

COMPANY H.

SERGEANTS.						
Albert A. Baker	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	- -	Battle-field	Sept. 19, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, mon't.
Matthew Macurdy	Opequan.	19, 1864,	- -	Battle-field	19, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, mon't.
CORPORAL.						
George W. Tucker	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	- -	Winchester, Va.	Sept. 28, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, mon't.
PRIVATES.						
Barrus, Otis A.	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	- -	Battle-field	Sept. 19, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, mon't.
Barrett, John L.	Opequan.	19, 1864,	- -	Philadelphia, Pa.	Nov. 9, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Mount Moriah, Pa., No. 34.
Merrill, Luther G.	Opequan.	19, 1864,	- -	Battle-field	19, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, mon't.
Varney, Richard	Opequan.	19, 1864,	- -	Battle-field	19, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, mon't.
Waters, Silas	Opequan.	19, 1864,	- -	Battle-field	19, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, mon't.
Total 8						

TABLE V. — *Concluded.*

COMPANY I.

NAME.	Action.	Date.	Nature of Wound.	Where Died.	When.	Where Buried.
William H. Chaffin, *Capt.*	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot, temple	Winchester, Va.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, mon't.
Henry S. Paul, 1*st Lt.*	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot, head and leg	Winchester, Va.	19, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, mon't.
CORPORALS.						
Horace F. Brown	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot, leg, amputated	Winchester, Va.	Sept. 25, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, mon't.
Sylvester Tasker	Opequan.	19, 1864,	– –	Winchester, Va.	19, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, mon't.
PRIVATE.						
Borden, Albert	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, 1864,	Gunshot, chest	Cedar Creek, Va.	Oct. 19, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, mon't., No. 1204.
Total 5						

COMPANY K.

Moulton S. Webster, 2*d Lt.*	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot, right shoulder	No. Sandwich	Nov. 5, 1864,	North Sandwich.
CORPORALS.						
Oceanus Straw	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Shot through face, left lung, and feet	Winchester, Va.	Sept. 26, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, Va., No. 1183.
Harrison Atwood, 2*d*	Opequan.	19, 1864,	One leg shot off	Winchester, Va.	19, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, Va., No. 1211.
PRIVATES.						
Baker, Hazen O.	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot, head and neck	Winchester, Va.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, Va.
Cameron, Donald J.	Opequan.	19, 1864,	– –	Winchester, Va.	19, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, Va.
Cofran, George B.	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Shell wound on head	Winchester, Va.	25, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, Va.
Dale, Ebenezer H.	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot, arm	– –	Nov. 23, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, Va., No. 1210.
Harriman, Amos	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot, thigh	Winchester, Va.	Sept. 25, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, Va.
Phelps, Daniel W.	Opequan.	19, 1864,	– –	Winchester, Va.	19, 1864,	Nat. Cem., Winchester, Va.
Vittum, Giles L.	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, 1864,	Gunshot, knee	Baltimore, Md.	Nov. 8, 1864,	London Park, Md., No. 961.
Total 10						

TABLE VI

WOUNDED.

COMPANY A.

Name.	Action.	Date.	Nature of Wound.
James B. Mason, *1st Lt.*	Petersb'g Mine,	July 30, 1864,	Gunshot in right-arm near shoulder; amputated.
Russell F. Smith, *2d Lt.*	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, 1864,	Gunshot in foot, shell-wound in side.
SERGEANTS.			
Fred'k L. Thomas, *1st*	Opeqnan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Slight.
Holland Wheeler	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Shell wound in side.
CORPORALS			
Tyler E. Greenwood	Opeqnan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot in both thighs, flesh.
Luke Knowlton, jun.	Cedar Creek	19, 1864,	Gunshot in arm, flesh.
George W. Lewis.	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot in hand.
PRIVATES.			
Daggett, Albert M.	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, 1864,	In shoulder, slight.
Goodnow, Edwin J.	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot in left arm; amputated.
Greeley, James K.	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot in foot.
Hanrahan, Martin	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Contusion, shell, slight.
Liscom, Samuel E.	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot in forehead; shell-w'nd in thigh.
McCollester, Sumner L.	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot in left-arm.
Pierce, William H.	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot in left shoulder.
Rawson, Isaac W..	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, 1864,	Gunshot in left shoulder.
Tupper, Alonzo W.	Cedar Creek	19, 1864,	Gunshot in left fore-arm, flesh.
Wheeler, Lyman K.	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Shell wound in thigh.
Whitcomb, Franklin C.	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, 1864,	Gunshot in left shoulder.
Total 18			

COMPANY B.

SERGEANTS.			
Frank O. Pierce	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot wound, both ankles; right leg amputated.
Albert H. Tyrell	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Shell wound, face, right leg, slight.
PRIVATES.			
Cornwell, Richard B.	Opeqnan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot wound, knee.
Gates, Henry H.	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot wound, right arm, left leg.
Kenyon, David Y.	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Shell wound, contusion, shoulder.
Keyes, George Alfred	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Shell wound, right hand.
Smith, Erastus	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Shell wound, left knee.
Wright, Charles H.	Opeqnan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot wound, left leg, severe.
Total 8			

COMPANY C.

Ira Berry, jnn., *Capt.*	Opeqnan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot in body and right arm.
Daniel K. Healey, *1st Lt.*	Ft. Fisher, N.C.	Feb. 11, 1865,	Compound fracture left femur.
CORPORAL.			
Wright Whitcomb	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, 1864,	Gunshot in left hand.

TABLE VI. — COMPANY C — *Continued.*

NAME.	Action.	Date.	Nature of Wound.
PRIVATES.			
Combs, Carroll L. .	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, 1864,	Gunshot in foot and right hand.
Cummings, Joseph W. .	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	In right lung.
Dyer, Peter	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot, right thigh, flesh.
Gallagher, Frank	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot under right ear.
Harris, Daniel	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, 1864,	Gunshot in thigh.
Richardson, Delavan C.	Cedar Creek	19, 1864,	Gunshot in right side.
Stone, Stillman S.	Cedar Creek	19, 1864,	Gunshot in right side and right fore-arm.
Whitcomb, Darius H.	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot, left thigh, flesh.
Total 11			

COMPANY D.

Elbridge D. Hadley, *Lt.*	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot, lower jaw fracture.
John N. Bruce, *Lt.*	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, 1864,	Gunshot, neck, flesh.
SERGEANT.			
Joseph V. Bowie .	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Shell, chest, contusion.
CORPORAL.			
Stephen M. Wilson .	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, 1864,	Hand.
PRIVATES.			
Breed, Enoch W. .	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, 1864,	Gunshot in hand.
Brown, Ira E. .	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot in right thigh, flesh.
Gillespie, James A.	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Left leg, flesh.
Hamilton, William L.	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot in head and thigh.
Janvrin, John S.	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot in neck, flesh.
Mayo, Joseph	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, 1864,	Gunshot in right elbow, fracture; amputation.
Morrill, James .	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot in left leg, flesh.
Muzzey, Warren H.	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, 1864,	Thigh.
Osborn, Jesse B.	Cedar Creek	19, 1864,	Gunshot in left arm.
Swett, George W. .	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot in both legs.
White, Philander C. .	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot in right leg, flesh.
Total 16			

COMPANY E.

CORPORALS.			
Thomas J. Lary .	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, 1864,	Left leg.
William A. Willis .	Cedar Creek	19, 1864,	Gunshot in right shoulder.
PRIVATES.			
Bean, Caleb F. .	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot in left arm, flesh.
Colby, Moses . .	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Shell, left leg.
Curtis, Moses S. .	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Shell, chest, flesh.
Elliott, Benjamin F.	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, 1864,	Shell, contusion in side.
Holbrook, Roswell	Cedar Creek	19, 1864,	Gunshot in head, slight.
Lary, Andrew J. .	Cedar Creek	19, 1864,	Gunshot in left leg.
McFarland, Loring	Cedar Creek	19, 1864,	Gunshot in great toe.
Orcutt, John D.	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot in left leg, right breast, shell.
Whipp, Charles A. .	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, 1864,	Gunshot in right arm.
Total 11			

COMPANY F.

SERGEANT.			
George G. Martin	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot in ankle, slight.
CORPORALS.			
Francis H. Buffum	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Shell wound upon the hip, slight.
	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, 1864,	Gunshot in shoulder, severe.
Verwill Q. D. Murdock,	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Concussion of shell in breast, slight.

TABLE VI. — COMPANY F — *Continued.*

NAME.	Action.	Date.	Nature of Wound.
PRIVATES.			
Bolton, James H.	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot in right shoulder.
Britton, Frederick F.	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot in breast and hand.
Cummings, William J.	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot in left elbow; amputated.
Davis, Murray	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Grape-shot in left leg below the knee; amputated.
Hill, Taylor E.	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Concussion of shell in shoulder.
Lambert, Perrin	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot in right shoulder and lung.
Merrifield, Frank B.	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot in right shoulder.
Morey, William A.	Opequan	19, 1864,	Gunshot through left breast.
Morse, James W.	Opequan.	19, 1864.	Gunshot in thigh; amputated.
Perry, George F.	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, 1864,	Gunshot in left hip and back.
Thayer, Edward F.	Cedar Creek	19, 1864,	Slight.
Tuttle, John B.	Opequan	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot in foot and left hand.
Ward, George P.	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot, right thigh, slight.
Total 16			

COMPANY G.

J. W. Sturtevant, *1st Lt.*	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Shell wound in right fore-arm; gunshot wound in left thigh.
PRIVATES			
Craig, Allen A.	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot w'nd in little finger; amputation.
Doolittle, Joseph S.	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot w'nd destroying thumb rt. hand.
Green, James	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot wound in foot.
Hardy, Sanford S.	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot wound, entering right eye.
Hatch, Herbert C.	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot wound in hip.
Jerry, Amiell	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot wound in right arm.
Kelleher, Timothy	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Right hip.
Morey, Albert L.	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, 1864,	Shell wound in left knee.
Pierce, Albert S.	Fisher Hill	Sept. 22, 1864,	Severe contusion in head by Minié-ball.
Pollard, Ivers E.	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, 1864,	Gunshot wound in lower jaw.
Riley, Michael	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot wound in left shoulder; shell wound in left hand.
Smith, Royal W	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, 1864,	Shell wound in left ankle.
Spaulding, Austin A.	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot w'ud in right thigh, lower third.
Total 14			

COMPANY H.

W. H. Sargent, *1st Lt.*	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot in right arm near elbow.
D. A. Macurdy, *1st Lt.*	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot in right foot.
M. M. Holmes, *2d Lt.*	Cedar Creek	19, 1864,	Slight, in head.
CORPORALS.			
Amos C. Bailey	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, 1864,	Gunshot in left shoulder.
George M. Barnard	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot in back, flesh.
Alonzo P. Chamberlain,	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot wound in left leg.
Corser P. Hamilton	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot in leg.
PRIVATES.			
Clement, Charles H.	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Concussion of shell in back.
Dolloff, Levi	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot in left leg above knee.
Hastings, Lyman B.	Opequan.	19, 1864.	
Keegan, John	Opequan.	19, 1864.	
Libby, George A.	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot in right hip, slight.
Mangan, Dennis	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, 1864,	Sabre wound.
Merrill, Artemas W.	Cedar Creek	19, 1864,	Finger of left hand.
Morse, John D.	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Shell wound in side; gunshot in leg.
Moulton, Freeman	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, 1864,	Gunshot in left foot.
Norwood, John E.	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot in left arm.
Pierce, Edward E.	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Lost little finger of left hand.
Varney, John S.	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Slightly.
Ward, James O.	Opequan.	19, 1864.	Gunshot in right thigh.
Williams, Simeon	Opequan.	19, 1864.	
Total 21			

TABLE VI. — *Concluded.*

COMPANY I.

NAME.	Action.	Date.	Nature of Wound.
SERGEANT.			
Benjamin F. Pierce	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, 1864,	Gunshot in right ankle, fracture.
CORPORAL.			
Marcus M. Lanc	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot in left hand and right hip.
PRIVATES.			
Barker, Frederick L.	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Right thigh, severe.
Belanger, Alphonzo	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, 1864,	Gunshot in thigh.
Barton, Ziba C.	Cedar Creek	19, 1864,	Gunshot in chest.
Howard, Wilbur F.	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot in right leg, amputated.
Huntoon, Ransom.	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot in right thigh and left heel.
Mitchell, Oliver	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot in legs, flesh.
Murphy, John	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, 1864,	Arm.
Shellan, Maurice	Cedar Creek	19, 1864,	Side.
Stanley, Clarence	Cedar Creek	19, 1864,	Gunshot in leg.
Whittaker, Benjamin	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Left thigh.
Welch, William	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, 1864,	Gunshot in left arm.
Total 13			

COMPANY K.

Oliver H. Marston, *Capt.*	Cedar Creek	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot in left arm, flesh.
SERGEANTS.			
James H. Gilman, 1*st*	Opeqnan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Slight.
Octavius C. Mason	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Gunshot wonnd in arm, slight.
CORPORALS.			
Jeremiah S. Smith	Opeqnan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Left shoulder fracture.
Samuel F. Beede	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, 1864,	Gunshot, left rib fracture.
PRIVATES.			
Buzzell, Ebenezer M.	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot in head, slight.
Buzzell, Ransom D.	Fisher's Hill	22, 1864,	Gunshot wound in scalp.
Emerson, James	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Shell, left leg, gunshot in thigh, flesh.
Fowler, Trueworthy	Opequan.	19, 1864,	Shell in back.
Glogget, Enos	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, 1864,	Gunshot in thumb.
Haggett, Benjamin B.	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot in right thigh, left leg, flesh.
Henry, Lewis	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, 1864,	Shoulder.
Kent, John	Cedar Creek	19, 1864,	Gunshot, slight wound in neck.
Magoon, Asa	Cedar Creek	19, 1864,	Gunshot in elbow.
Nelson, John W	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot in left foot.
Quimby, William F.	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, 1864,	Shell in left hip.
Robinson, Samuel D.	Opequan.	Sept. 19, 1864,	Gunshot in left wrist.
Smith, Samuel S.	Opequan.	19, 1864.	
Total 18			

TABLE VII.

CAPTURED.

NAME.	Co.	Where Captured.	When.	Where Confined.	Paroled or Exchanged.
R. F. Smith, 2*d Lt.*	A,	Cedar Creek .	Oct. 19, '64,	Libby Prison and Danville, N.C.	Feb. 22, 1865.
Crowninshield, D. .	A,	Opequan . .	Sept. 19, '64,	Salisbury, N.C.	Died at Salisbury Nov. 28, 1864.
Evans, Stephen W.	A,	Cedar Creek .	Oct. 19, '64,	Richmond, Va.	Died at Richmond, Nov. 28, 1864.
Adams, Lewis .	B,	Newm'ket, Va.	Sept. 26, '64,	Libby Prison and Belle Isle, Va.	Paroled Nov. 1, 1864.
Shepard, H. E.	B,	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, '64,	Libby Prison	Died in prison.
Stone, Seamon A.	C,	Opequan .	Sept. 19, '64,	Libby Prison and Belle Isle, Va.	Oct. 8, 1864.
Beckman, Francis	D,	Opequan . .	Sept. 19, '64,	Libby Prison and Belle Isle, Va.	Paroled Oct. 7, 1864.
Thurston, Peleg B.	D,	Opequan . .	19, '64,	Libby Prison and Belle Isle, Va.	Paroled Oct. 7, 1864.
H. J. Rounds, *Sergt.*	E,	Near Winchester, Va.	Aug. 15, '64,	Libby Prison	Exch. Died at Annapolis, Md., March 12, '65.
Elliot, Benj. F. .	E,	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, '64,	Libby Prison	Exchanged Feb. 15, 1865.
T. A. Ripley, *Capt.*	F,	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, '64,	Libby Prison and Danville, N.C.	March, 1865.
Farr, Chauncey S.	F,	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, '64,	Libby Prison and Salisbury, N.C.	Feb. 27, 1865.
Snell, David .	F,	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, '64,	- -	Never heard from.
Kelleher, Timothy,	G,	Opequan .	Sept. 19, '64,	Libby Prison and Belle Isle, Va.	Paroled Oct. 2, 1864.
Sullivan, Kerry J. .	G,	Cedar Creek	Oct. 19, '64,	Libby Prison and Danville, N.C.	March, 1865.
Webber, Conrad	G,	Opequan .	Sept. 19, '64,	Salisbury, N.C.	Died in prison.
Mitchell, Lewis	H,	Cedar Creek .	Oct. 19, '64,	- -	Supposed to have died in prison.
Ward, James O. .	H,	Opeqnan .	Sept. 19, '64,	Woodstock, Va.	Recaptured Oct. 19, 1864.
Knights, Alonzo	I,	Opequan . .	Sept. 19, '64,	Libby Prison and Belle Isle, Va.	Paroled Oct. 2, '64. Exchanged Nov. 15, 1864.
Mehler, Peter .	I,	Opequan . .	19, '64,	Libby Prison and Salisbury, N.C.	Paroled Oct. 8, 1864.
Osgood, Wm. T.	I,	Cedar Creek .	Oct. 19, '64,	- -	Paroled Nov. 25, 1864.
Page, John M.	I,	Opequan . .	Sept. 19, '64,	Libby Prison and Belle Isle, Va.	Paroled Oct. 2, '64. Exchanged Nov. 15, 1864.
Tasker, George	I,	Opeqnan . .	19, '64,	Libby Prison and Salisbury, N.C.	Paroled Oct. 8, 1864.
Lee, William	K,	Opequan . .	Sept. 19, '64.		
Taylor, Peter . .	K,	Cedar Creek .	Oct. 19, '64.		
Total 25					

TABLE VIII.

DEATHS SINCE DISCHARGE.

FIELD, STAFF, AND NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

NAME.	Where Died.	When.	Cause.	Place of Burial.
Robert Wilson	Keene.	April 8, 1870,	Fatty degeneration of liver	Keene.
Tileston A. Barker	Keene.	Dec. 7, 1879,	Cancer	Westmoreland.
Elihu Thayer Rowe	Auburnd'le, Mass.	March 21, 1867,	Consumption	Kingston.
George D. Richardson, Total 4	Hilo, Sandwich I.	June 1, 1869,	Consumption	Hilo, Sandwich Isl'ds.

COMPANY A.

Henry M. Staples.	Keene.	Oct. 21, 1876,	Killed on loco.,	Woodland Ce., Keene.
PRIVATES.				
Amsden, John	Ashfield, Mass.		Consumption	Ashfield, Mass.
Benton, Frank G.	Keene.	June 23, 1881,	Brain disease, (sunstroke),	Surry.
Bishop, William	New-York City,	March 23, 1878,	Diptheria	Hinsdale.
Burgess, Charles H.	Brookline	Jan. 31, 1881,	Kil. in sawmill,	Brookline.
Freneh, Preston L.	Boston, Mass.	Aug. 23, 1879,	- -	East Jaffrey.
Greenwood, E. Tyler	Akron, O.	Nov. 19, 1876,	Consumption	Leominster, Mass.
Pratt, William L.	Westmoreland	25, 1867,	Kil. by threshing-machine	Westmoreland.
Richardson, Milo J.	St. Albans, Vt.	Oct. 31, 1871,	Consumption	Chesterfield Factory.
Tupper, Alonzo W.	Millers F'ls, Mass.	June 2, 1874,	Consumption	Millers Falls.
Whittemore, Curtis A.	Fitchburg, Mass.	Sept. 11, 1867,	Typhoid fever,	Troy.
Winchester, Sidney P. Total 12	Walpole	Oct. 22, 1865,	Epilepsy	East Westmoreland.

COMPANY B.

SERGEANT.				
Albert H. Tyrell	Springfield, Vt.	April 29, 1866,	Consumption	Springfield, Vt.
CORPORAL.				
George R. Knapp	Savannah, Ga.	July 23, 1867,	Congest. chills,	Savannah, Ga.
PRIVATES.				
Blake, Ira E.	Surry.	Sept. 27, 1877,	Consumption	Surry.
Corbin, Charles N.	Concord	July 29, 1865,	Typhoid fever,	Charlestown.
Emerson, Bellows	Leominst'r, Mass.			
Farnsworth, John S.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	March 28, 1880,	Inflam. bowels,	Walpole.
Gassett, Daniel	Aeworth	Sept. 30, 1873,	Consumption	Aeworth.
Kreatzer, John F.	Walpole	Feb. 9, 1882,	Heart disease	Walpole.
Marshall, Harlan P.	- -			
Parks, Fred S.	Charlestown	June 9, 1872,	Consumption	Charlestown.
Powers, James F.	Marlow	July 2, 1866,	Consumption	Marlow.
Total 11				

TABLE VIII. — *Continued.*

COMPANY C.

NAME.	Where Died.	When.	Cause.	Place of Burial.
Charles H. Barrett	Stoddard .		Killed.	
PRIVATES.				
Balch, Perley E.	Keene. .	Aug. 16, 1866,	Fell from load of hay . .	Keene.
Barden, Hiram	Keene. .	June 15, 1879,	Rheumatism of heart	Old Cemetery, Keene.
Blodgett, Edmund	Fitchburg, Mass.			
Bolio, Theodore .	Burlington, Vt. .	May 30, 1869,		Burlington.
Capron, George I.				
Harris, Daniel	Fitzwilliam .	June 6, 1872,	Poisoning	Fitzwilliam.
Hastings, Emery	Keene. .	Feb. 11, 1873,	Chr. diarrhœa,	Keene.
Osborn, Daniel P.	Fitzwilliam .	Nov. 27, 1871,	- -	Fitzwilliam.
Slyfield, Daniel	Keene. .	1866,	Lung-fever	Keene.
Thayer, John S. .	West Swanzey .		Chr. diarrhœa.	
Thomas, Dexter H.	Swanzey .		Consumption	Swanzey.
Thompson, Cyrus H.	Keene.	Jan. 27, 1867,	Scia. rheumat.	Troy.
Wheelock, Lincoln .	Swanzey		Typhoid-fever.	
Total 14				

COMPANY D.

John N. Brown, *2d Lt.*	Seabrook	Oct. 17, 1881,	Bright's dis. .	Hampton.
SERGEANT.				
John C. Perkins	Hampton	Feb. 5, 1875,	Consumption .	Hampton.
CORPORAL.				
Samuel S. Page	Hampton	Nov. 15, 1866,	Consumption .	Hampton.
PRIVATES.				
Clark, Frank J. .	Bradford	- -	Consumption .	
Clough, Oliver G. .	Deering	July 21, 1877,	Lockjaw . .	East Deering.
Crane, Simon J. .	Concord	Nov. 23, 1880,	Consumption	West Concord.
Day, James G. .	East Weare	Dec. 6, 1865,	Consumption	
Dow, Alfred B. .	Amesbury, Mass.	1875,	Consumption	Seabrook.
Hamilton, William L.	East Weare		Chr. diarrhœa .	East Weare.
Hodgdon, George W.	Haverhill, Mass.	Jan. 17, 1877,	Bright's dis.	Newton.
McCormick, Bernard				
Rowell, Amos	Kensington	Aug. 9, 1865,	Lung-fever	Kensington.
Schofield, James	Soldiers' Home, Togus, Me.	1876,		
Selley, Robert M. W.	Deering . .	April 22, 1867,	Typhoid-fever,	East Deering.
Titcomb, Henry H.	Ins. Asy. Conc'd,			
Willard, George S. .	Monson, Mass. .	- -	Killed on elevator.	
Total 16				

COMPANY E.

Freed. M. Rhodes, *Capt.*	Bridgewater, Vt.	Jan. 8, 1881,	Hemorrhage.	
John E. Willis, *2d Lt.* .	Gorham	- -	R.R. accident .	Gorham.
PRIVATES.				
Day, John G.	Gorham .	May 19, 1881.		
Ford, George W. . .				
Jordan, Thomas J. .	Berlin . .	- -		
Knight, Calvin J.	Stark . . .	1881,	Falling of tree.	
Lane, Henry A.	Beaufort, S.C. .	- -	- -	Nat. Cem. Beaufort, S.C.
McFarland, Loring	Stark	Aug., 1866,	Fever .	Stark.
Sherwood, William	Littleton	Oct. 14, 1877,	Heart-disease	
Underwood, Jesse	Dalton	1873.		
Webb, George F. .	Gorham	Feb. 24, 1879,	Heart-disease .	
Total 11				

TABLE VIII. — *Continued.*

COMPANY F.

NAME.	Where Died.	When.	Cause.	Place of Burial.
Theod. A. Ripley, *Capt.*	Emanuel Co., Ga.	July 23, 1866,	Killed by "Ku-Klux"	Winchester.
John H. Goodwin, *Lt.*	Newark, N.J.	June 27, 1881,	Chr. diarrhœa,	Soldiers' Cem., Newark.
SERGEANT.				
James S. Stoddard	Millbury, Mass.	March 30, 1872,	Consumption	Millbury, Mass.
CORPORALS.				
Henry F. Pratt	Winchester	Oct. 1, 1866,	Consumption	Winchester.
Florus H. Wood	Winchester	Aug. 26, 1871,	Consumption	Winchester.
Henry A. Wood	Keene.	15, 1872,	Consumption	Winchester.
PRIVATES.				
Brown, Boardwin	Keene.	July 20, 1867,	Chr. gastritis	Keene.
Buffum, Jedediah, jun.	Brattleboro', Vt.	May 12, 1877,	Brain disease	Winchester.
Cummings, William J.	Stark	21, 1881,	Killed on R.R.	Northumberland.
Hayes, Patrick	Ashuelot	21, 1876,	Consumption	Keene.
Howard, Luther E.	Springfield, Mass.	Dec. 20, 1874,	Consumption	Springfield, Mass.
Letcher, Edward	Worcester, Mass.	1870,	Killed in riot.	
Lucas, Wesley J.	Milan			
Pratt, Charles	Gill, Mass.	– –	– –	Gill, Mass.
Wilson, Jesse	Peterborough	1867,	Suicide	Hancock.
Total 15				

COMPANY G.

Cragin, Chas. O., 1*st Lt.*	Emporia, Kan.	Dec. 15, 1877,	Consumption	Emporia, Kan.
SERGEANTS.				
Leathers, John S., *Maj.*	Jaffrey	March 29, 1870,	Consumption	Jaffrey.
Lowe, George F.	Quincy, Fla.	June 18, 1882,	Bilious-fever	Quincy, Fla.
PRIVATES.				
Bartenback, Christop'r,	Jaffrey	Oct. 5, 1876,	Diabetes	Jaffrey.
Casey, John	Keene.	May 10, 1877,	Dis. of spine	Keene.
Craig, Allen A.	Keene.	Aug. 15, 1874,	Murdered	Keene.
Curtin, David	Westmoreland	June 6, 1877,	Congest. brain,	Keene.
Doolittle, William A.	Winchester	Aug. 24, 1882,	Chr. diarrhœa,	Winchester.
Hazen, Edson S.	Dublin	Oct. 5, 1865,	Consumption	Dublin.
Hurd, Cyrus	Camago, Ill.	June 6, 1879,	Lung-fever	Camago, Ill.
Lewis, William H.	Winchester	May 5, 1881,	Pneumonia	Winchester.
Pettes, James E.	Winchendon	Sept. 5, 1871,	Consumption	Winchendon, Mass.
Prescott, Oren D.	Jaffrey	Dec. 30, 1875,	Scarlet-fever	Jaffrey.
Richardson, George W	Passedena, Cal.	March 17, 1881,	Chr. diarrhœa,	Passedena, Cal.
Robbins, Alfred J.	Jaffrey	June 25, 1866,	Consumption	Jaffrey.
Ryan, John	Keene.	Aug. 1, 1881,	Kil. by cir. saw,	Keene.
Sumner, David	Manchester	Sept. 9, 1971,	Chr. rheumat.	Keene.
Total 16				

COMPANY H.

Hamilton P. Corser	Webster	Oct 8, 1881,	Consumption	Webster.
Cyrus Sanborn	Chichester	May 14, 1874,	Diabetes	Chichester.
Barnes, Edward W.	– –	– –	– –	Hopkinton.
Bunten, George H.	Bow	– –	Consumption.	
Ladd, George W.	– –	– –	– –	Salisbury.
Paro, Peter	Canterbury	– –	– –	Canterbury.
Saltmarsh, Alonzo P.	Bow	– –	Consumption.	
Thompson, Hiram	Webster.	– –	– –	Webster.
Total 8				

TABLE VIII. — *Concluded.*

COMPANY I.

NAME.	Where Died.	When.	Cause.	Place of Burial.
A. W. Richardson, *Lt.*	Lebanon	May 4, 1874,	Bright's dis.	Lebanon.
PRIVATES.				
Bowker, Charles S.	Wilmington, Vt.	Dec. 27, 1879,	Diabetes	Wilmington, Vt.
Borden, Edgar .	Newport .	July 15, 1880,	Ulcers .	North Newport.
Collins, Edward W.	Cornish Flat	Oct. 7, 1869,	Pneumonia	Cornish Flat.
Dickey, Joseph A.	Acworth .	Dec. 22, 1868,	Dropsy .	Acworth.
Gillingham, Oliver P.	Claremont	April 22, 1863,	Consumption .	Claremont.
Hardy, William	Nashua	Nov. 28, 1870,	Neur. of heart,	Nashua.
Leet, Levi . .	Claremont	July 17, 1863,	Diarrhœa .	West Claremont.
Osgood, William T. .	Seahrook	June 5, 1867,	Consumption	Seahrook.
Total 9				

COMPANY K.

SERGEANT.				
Benjamin C. Skinner .	Baraboo, Wis.	Sept. 8, 1876,	Consumption	Baraboo, Wis.
CORPORAL.				
Jeremiah S. Smith .	Sandwich	Jan. 11, 1880,	Wounds rec'd,	Sandwich.
PRIVATES.				
Bennett, John P. .	Sandwich	– –	Consumption.	
Cofran, Charles H.	No. Pembroke	July 6, 1868,	Chr. diarrhœa,	North Pembroke.
Dolby, Albert T.	Pembroke .	Aug. 1865,	Typhoid-fever,	Pembroke.
Druker, Henry	Amherst .	March 6, 1882,	Heart-disease .	Amherst.
Estes, Benjamin .	Sandwich . .	July 29, 1866,	Consumption	Sandwich.
Haddlock, George	Centre Harbor	– –	– –	Centre Harbor.
Haggett, Stephen N.	Newton .	Jan. 19, 1882,	Consumption	Newton.
Hill, John D. H. .	Sandwich .	1874,	– –	Sandwich.
Kelley, Ellery C.	Epsom .	Feb. 13, 1878,	Heart-disease	Epsom.
Magoon, Asa	Sandwich .	Jan. 2, 1875,	– –	Sandwich.
Nelson, John W.	Concord .	July 20, 1879,	Fever	Concord.
Pearl, James W.				
Total 14				

TABLE IX.

ROLL OF SURVIVORS.

FIELD, STAFF, AND NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

NAME.	Residence.	Occupation.	Married or Single.	No. of Children.	
				Boys.	*Girls.*
Samuel A. Duncan	Englewood, N.J.	Lawyer	Married	Two	Three.
William A. Heard	Centre Sandwich	Clerk of sup. court	Married	Three.	
William Henry Thayer.	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Physician	Married	One	Two.
Marshall Perkins	Marlow	Physician	Married	Four	Three.
William H. Bryant	Rutland, Vt.	Clerk Howe Scale Co.	Single.		
Albert F. Hussey	Dover	Merchant	Married.		

COMPANY A.

Frank T. Barker	Bradford, Penn.	Oil-producer	Married.		
Charles P. Hall	Hinsdale	Teacher	Married	Three,	One.
Norman Howe	Hinsdale	Farmer	Married	Two	Two.
Russell F. Smith	Hinsdale	Boss spinner	Married	One	Two.
Henry B. Fay.	Virginia City, Nev.	Expressman	Married	One.	
Elbridge Smith	Gilsum	Farmer	Married	Three,	One.
Holland Wheeler	Brattleboro', Vt.	Dairyman	Married	One.	
A. Henry Latham	Hinsdale	Mechanic	Married	Two.	
F. Eugene Hastings	North Hinsdale	Farmer	Married	-	Two.
Bethuel J. Davis	Bellows' Falls, Vt.	Car-inspector	Married	-	One.
Jewett P. Wellman	Hinsdale	Invalid	Single.		
Adams, Frederick M.	New-York City	Stenographer	Married.		
Barrett, Jacob	Hinsdale	Farmer	Married	Four	Two.
Bigelow, Milton W.	Plantsville, Conn.	Metal pattern-maker,	Married	Three,	One.
Britton, George H.	Westmoreland	Laborer	Single.		
Brock, Charles E.					
Butler, John H.	Chesterfield	Laborer	Married	One	One.
Carroll, Horace	Salmon Falls	Shoemaker	Married.		
Coggin, John H.	Amherst	Farmer	Widower	Two.	
Daggett, Albert M.	Cornton, Vt.	Farmer	Married	-	One.
Derby, Charles L.	Westmoreland	Farmer	Married	One	One.
Evans, Nelson R.	Greenfield, Mass.	Brakeman.	Married.		
Fisher, Lyman H.	Winchester	Farmer	Married	Three,	Two.
Fiske, Charles R.	Dublin	Farmer	Married	One	Two.
Fleming, Joseph G.	Mondovi, Wis.	Lumberman	Married	One	One.
Fuller, David J.	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Dentist	Married.		
Gary, Timothy M.	Brattleboro', Vt.	Fireman	Married.		
Good, Benjamin	Chicago, Ill.	Hostler	Married	One	One.
Goodnow, Edwin J.	Westmoreland	Mechanic	Single.		
Greeley, James K.	Westmoreland	Farmer	Married	-	Three.
Hall, Franklin J.	Putney, Vt.	Carpenter	Married	Three,	Two.
Hamilton, Thomas C.					
Hanrahan, Martin	West Swanzey	Overseer in mill	Married	-	Two.
Holden, Leonard S.	Monmouth, Ill.	Clerk.	Single.		
Horton, Charles H.	Junction City, Kan.	Police judge	Married	-	Two.
Kenney, Chauncey	Springfield, Vt.	Mechanic	Married	Two	Three.
King, John L.	Hinsdale	Farmer	Married	Four	One.
Knowlton, Asa	Dublin	Farmer	Married	One	One.
Knowlton, Luke, jun.	Marlborough	Wooden-ware mfr.	Married	-	Two.
Leach, Samuel I.	McLean, Ill.	Book-keeper	Married	Three.	
Lewis, George W.	Hinsdale	Machinist	Married	-	Three.
Lewis, Reuben A.	Hinsdale	Machinist	Married.		
Liscom, L. Frank	Hinsdale	Farmer	Married	-	Two.
Liscom, Samuel E.	Hinsdale	Farmer	Married	-	Two.

TABLE IX. — COMPANY A — *Continued.*

NAME.	Residence.	Occupation.	Married or Single.	No. of Children.	
				Boys.	*Girls.*
McCollester, Sumner L.	No. Lawrence, N.Y.	Wooden-ware mfr.	Married	One.	
Mason, Allison Z.	Boston, Mass.	Merchant	Married	–	One.
Mason, David	Dnblin	Farmer	Single.		
Mason, James B.	Westmoreland	Farmer	Married	One	One.
Matthews, Edwin B.	Marlborough	Blacksmith	Married	One	Two.
Merrifield, Simeon, jun.,	Turner's Falls, Mass.	Painter	Married	–	Four.
Mitchell, John E.	Westmoreland	Painter	Widower	One	Two.
Packard, Alonzo C.	Gaysville, Vt.	Farmer	Married	–	Three.
Perham, Elbridge	Brattleboro'	Carpenter	Married	Four	Two.
Pierce, William H.	Keene	Carpenter	Married	One	
Polley, Charles F.	Hinsdale	Finish'r, woollen-mill,	Married	–	One.
Rawson, Isaac W.	East Westmoreland.	Farmer	Married	–	One.
Richardson, David L.	East Sullivan	Farmer	Married	One	One.
Robbins, George B.	Grant City, Iowa	Farmer	Married.		
Smith, Orson G.	Hinsdale	Farmer	Married	Three,	Five.
Snow, Joel L.	Hoosic Falls, N.Y.	Machinist	Married	One	One.
Sprague, Andrew	Greenwich, N.Y.	Leather-board mfr.	Married	One.	
Streeter, Isaiah C.	Hinsdale	Farmer	Married	Three,	Two.
Thomas, Henry A.					
Timothy, Frederick A.	Rochester, N.Y.	Laborer	Married.		
Wardwell, George O.	Keene	Carpenter	Married.		
Welch, Michael					
Wheeler, Lyman K.	Fitzwilliam	Mecbanic	Single.		
Whitcomb, Franklin C.	Perry, Iowa	Farmer	Married.		
Woodward, Hiram	Westmoreland	Farmer	Married	One	Five.
Wright, George A.	Hinsdale	Finish'r, woollen-mill,	Married	–	One.

COMPANY B.

John G. Johnson	New York, N.Y.	Physician	Married	–	One.
Artemas M. Adams	Buffalo, N.Y.	Painter	Married	–	Five.
Charles E. Holbrook	Bellows Falls, Vt.	Merchant	Married	–	One.
Henry E. Barrett	New Bedford, Mass.	Baker	Married	–	Two.
Henry Knight	Middletown, O.	Plumber & contract'r,	Married	One	One.
Charles H. Jennison	Chicago, Ill.	Grain and feed	Married	–	One.
George A. White	Charlestown	Farmer	Single.		
Frank O. Pierce	West Foxboro', Mass.	Box-maker	Married	One	Two.
Anstin H. Wolf	White River Junc., Vt.	Livery-stable keeper,	Married	One	Five.
Clement G. Lane	Bellows Falls, Vt.	Butcher	Married	–	One.
Charles Hartwell	Providence, R.I.	Machinist	Married	One.	
Jonathan A. Turner	Ayer, Mass.	Furnitnre-maker	Married	–	One.
Charles H. Gilbert	Andover, Mass.	Dentist	Married	Two	One.
Chauncey L. Corbin	Charlestown	Merchant	Married	One.	
Abbott, Warren	Keene	Machinist	Married	–	Two.
Adams, John Loren	Charlestown	Saloon-keeper	Married	Two	Two.
Adams, Lewis	Langdon	Farmer	Married	Fonr	Six.
Adams, Norman L.	Saxton's River, Vt.	Farmer	Married	One	Two.
Bailey, Emannel D. G.	Chattanooga, Tenn.	–	Single.		
Benson, Ellery C.	St. Louis, Mo.	R.R. ticket-seller	Married	Three,	One.
Brackett, Freeman E.	South Acworth	Farmer	Married	–	One.
Brown, Charles H.	Keene	R.R. engineer	Married	–	Two.
Brown, Rodney J.	Stoddard	Hotel-keeper	Married	One	Three.
Brown, William H.					
Bundy, Amasa T.	Groton, Mass.	Farmer & carpenter,	Married	Three,	Two.
Caldwell, Daniel F.	Surry	Farmer	Married.		
Caldwell, Joseph W.	Gilsum	Farmer	Married	–	One.
Casey, John.					
Colhnrn, Wilson W.					
Cooley, John F.	Charlestown	Laborer	Married	One	Two.
Corbin, James W.	Charlestown	Farmer	Married	One	One.
Cornwell, Richard B.	Brookfield, Mass.	Boot-maker	Married	–	One.
Dickey, George P.	Alstead	Farmer	Married	–	One.
Easter, Henry	Charlestown	Can-maker	Married	Two	Two.
Gassett, Ira H.					

TABLE IX. — COMPANY B — *Continued.*

NAME.	Residence.	Occupation.	Married or Single.	No. of Children.	
				Boys.	*Girls.*
Gates, Henry H.					
Gowen, Charles R.	Springfield, Mass.	Hotel-keeper	Married	-	One.
Gowen, George M.	Keene	Stable-keeper	Married	Four	One.
Grandy, James C.	Concord	Auctioneer & conv'r,	Married	-	Two.
Graves, Frank B..	Keene	Bar-tender	Married.		
Green, Charles A.					
Green, Hiram	Charlestown	Farmer	Married.		
Hatch, Edward P.	Alstead Centre.	Farmer	Married.		
Hopkins, John .	Alstead Centre.	Carpenter	Married	Two	One.
Kanelion, Michael	Bellows Falls, Vt.	Lahorer .	Married.		
Kelly, John .	Albion, N.Y.	Leather-splitter	Married	One	Three.
Kenyon, David T.	Keene	Mechanic	Married	Tbree,	Two.
Keyes, Alfred G..	Girard, Kan. .	Dentist	Married	-	One.
Knapp, Charles H.	New York, N.Y.	Travelling salesman,	Married	One.	
Leland, Van Buren.					
Lynds, George H.	East Hampton, Ct.	Overseer thread-mill,	Married	One.	
McKean, Patrick .	Worcester, Mass.	Sboemaker	Married	Two	Two.
McMahan, Michael.	Cal.				
McMann, William	San Francisco, Cal.	Livery-stable	Single.		
Melville, Charles H.	Worcester, Mass.	Shoemaker	Married	One	Two.
Munroe, Ora .	Marlow .	Farmer	Married	-	Two.
O'Brien, Patrick	Sacramento, Cal.	Shoemaker	Married	Three,	Tbree.
Parks, George W	North Charlestown	Farmer	Married	Two	Two.
Porter, Charles E.	Alstead	Farmer	Married	Two	Two.
Reason, Henry.					
Roundy, Edwin E.	Cbarlestown	R.R. fireman .	Married	-	Two.
Roundy, Franklin W.	Gilsum	Operative	Married.		
Rumrill, Lucius	Charlestown	Farmer .	Single.		
Sherman, George A.	Keene	Sash & blind manuf.	Married.		
Smith, Erastus	Keene . .	Teamster	Married	Two	Two.
Spencer, Benjamiu E.	So. Lancaster, Mass.	Farmer . .	Married	One	Four.
Spooner, Stephen A.	Charlestown	Carpenter & builder,	Married	One	Two.
Sullivan, Thomas O.	Charlestown .	Shoemaker	Married	-	One.
Tahen, Thomas . .	Bellows Falls, Vt.	Shoemaker	Married	One	Four.
Templeman, Elnathan R.	New Britain, Conn.	Contractor	Married	One.	
Warn, William .	Walpole . .	Painter & paper-han.	Married	Two.	
Wetherbee, Edward H.	East Westmoreland,	Canvasser.	Single.		
Willis, Paul S. .	East Westmoreland,	Farmer	Married	Two	One.
Wilson, Cbarles E.					
Wilson, Rockwell B.	Boston, Mass.	Salesman	Married	-	Nine.
Wright, Charles H.	Langdon	Farmer	Married	Tbree,	One.

COMPANY C.

Ira Berry, jun. .	Portland, Me.	Merchant	Married	-	One.
Carroll D. Wright	Boston, Mass. .	Statistician	Married	-	Two.
Jeremiah Lyford	Ocean Grove, N.J.	- -	Married.		
Daniel K. Healey	Keene	Lawyer	Married	One.	
George W. Nye	Nashua .	Canvasser	Married	Two	Two.
Reuben H. Combs	Franklin Falls	- -	Married	Two	One.
William Sebastian	Keene	Mechanic	Married	-	Tbree.
Charles H. Gove	Troy . .	Invalid	Married	Two	One.
Ceylon S. Davis	E. Somerville, Mass.	Mechanic .	Married	One	Two.
Enoch Foster .	Marlborough	Watchman	Married	-	One.
George W. B. Coffee.					
Adelbert A. Hougbton,	Keene .	Locomotive engineer,	Married	One.	
Joseph Burcham	Westmoreland	Miller	Married	-	Tbree.
Adams, Alphonso A.	Marlborougb	Carpenter	Married	One	One.
Barber, Charles H.					
Barber, Chas. H., jun..	Cbicago, Ill.	Conductor	Married	-	One.
Barber, Jobn.					
Barnes, William.					
Burbank, Franklin	Cornish Flat	Painter	Married		

TABLE IX. — COMPANY C — *Continued.*

NAME.	Residence.	Occupation.	Married or Single.	No. of Children.	
				Boys.	*Girls.*
Burgess, William.					
Byam, Benjamin W.	Fitzwilliam	Farmer	Married	Two	One.
Carroll, George Henry,	Keene	Brick-mason	Married	Five	Two.
Coates, Darwin C.	Cornish Flat	Peddler	Married	–	Three.
Collins, Perley E.	Great Bend, Kan.	Carpenter . .	Married	–	One.
Collins, William	Falls Village, Conn.	Mill superintendent .	Married	Five	Two.
Combs, Carroll L.	W Dummerston, Vt.	Carpenter	Married	Three.	
Combs, Roland M.	Orange, Mass. .	Farmer	Married	Two	Three.
Combs, William	W. Dummerston, Vt.	Miller	Married	Two	One.
Conner, James.					
Cummings, Joseph W.	Keene	Laborer	Married	Two	Three.
Davis, Amasa	Swanzey				
Davis, Isaac A.	Marlborough	Truckman	Married	–	One.
Dyer, Peter.					
Fifield, George W.					
Fuller, Edward F.	Worcester, Mass.				
Gallagher, Frank . .	Keene	Laborer .	Married	One	One.
Gilmore, Charles G.	Keene	Hardwood finisher	Married	One	Four.
Gorman, Michael .	Keene	Laborer	Married.		
Hayden, Thomas D.	Fitzwilliam	Stone-cutter .	Widower .	–	One.
Hill, Charles H. .	Plainfield	Mechanic	Married	Three,	Six.
Holbrook, Henry D.	Swanzey.				
Holman, Ira B.	Keene	Stone-mason	Married	One	One.
Howard, Ambrose W. .	Keene .	Mason	Married	Three,	One.
Kingsbury, Henry	Chesterfield	Farmer	Married	Four.	
Leach, James .	Keene .	Mechanic	Married	Two.	
Mattoon, Charles W.	Northfield, Mass.	Farmer	Single.		
Mattoon, Samuel	Northfield, Mass.	Farmer	Married	Three,	Three.
Morse, Ansil A.	Montrose, Mich.	Teacher	Married	–	One.
Nash, Horace H. .	New York	– –	Married	One	Two.
Parker, John A.	Keene	Dairyman .	Married	One	One.
Philbrick, Charles W.					
Pope, Theodore.					
Ramsdell, Joseph H.	Fitzwilliam	Laborer	Married		
Reynolds, Eli W.	Richmond.				
Richardson, Delevan C.	Marlborough	Machinist	Married	–	One.
Shattuck, Frank.					
Sherman, Peter.					
Slyfield, Franklin .	Brattleboro'	Teamster	Married	–	Two.
Smith, William .	Peterboro'.				
Starkey, Horace B.	Freeville, N.Y.				
Stevenson, Charles E.					
Stone, Julius O. .	Wilsonville, Neb.	Farmer	Married	Six	Three.
Stone, Seaman A. . .	Chicago, Ill.	Weigher	Married	One	One.
Stone, Stillman S.	Fitzwilliam	Miller	Single.		
Stone, William W.	Keene .	Ice-peddler .	Married.		
Tolman, Sidney E.	Denmark, Me. .	Wooden-ware manuf.			
Totten, Christopher	Grand Rapids, Mich.	Watchman .	Married	Four	One.
Totten, James	Ionia, Mich.	Foreman, brickyard,	Married	Three.	
Ward, Harrison R.	South Keene	Mechanic	Married	Three.	
Whitcomb, Darius H.	Fitzwilliam	Painter	Widower .	Two	One.
Whitcomb, Wright	Fitzwilliam	Mechanic	Married	Two	One.
Wilbur, Chandler A.	Orford.				

COMPANY D.

Caleb W. Hodgdon	Boston, Mass.	Dentist . .	Single.		
John N. Bruce	Manchester	Furn'g undertaker	Married	One.	
Elbridge D. Hadley	Lu Verne, Minn.	Lawyer and banker	Married.		
John V. Bowie .	Weare	Shoemaker	Married	Three,	One.
George N. Janvrin	Amesbury, Mass.	Carriage-dealer	Married	–	Two.
John W. Locke	Seabrook	Merchant	Married	One	One.
Moses Wadleigh	Manchester .	Clerk .	Married.		
Charles Hastings	Warrensburg, Ill.	Farmer	Married	One	One.
Francis Beckman	Seabrook	Shoemaker	Married	Four	Three.
Thomas J. Wiggin	Manchester	Milk-dealer	Married		

TABLE IX. — COMPANY D — *Continued.*

NAME.	Residence.	Occupation.	Married or Single.	No. of Children.	
				Boys.	*Girls.*
Josiah Gove	Pittsfield	Foreman shoe-fact'y,	Married.		
Stephen M. Wilson	Manchester	Brush-maker	Married.		
Otis G. Cilley	East Weare	Farmer	Married	Two	One.
Augustine W. Collins	Minneapolis, Minn.	Millwright	Married	Two	Two.
Henry H. Titcomb.					
John L. Collins.					
Addison, John	Newton	- -	Single.		
Beale, Sumner	Seabrook	Shoe-manufacturer	Married.		
Blake, George	Kensington	Grocer	Single.		
Boyd, Daniel	Seabrook	Shoemaker	Married	Two	Two.
Boyd, Lewis	East Salisbury, Mass.	Shoemaker	Married	Two	Two.
Breed, Enoch W.	Weare	Merchant and farmer,	Married	Two	One.
Brown, Ira E.	Kensington	Shoemaker	Married	One	
Brown, Webster	Seabrook	Farmer	Married	-	Two.
Bruce, John R.	Manchester	Undertaker, etc.	Married	-	Two.
Butler, Walter N.	Hampton Falls.	Shoemaker	Single.		
Chapin, Charles A.	Keene	Butcher	Married.		
Chase, Nathaniel	Wilmot	Farmer	Married	One.	
Chase, Stephen W.	Seabrook	Shoemaker	Single.		
Colby, John B.	South Weare	Farmer	Married	One.	
Couch, Stephen C.	Kidder, Mo.	Carpenter	Married	Two.	
Crane, Solomon J.	Suncook				
Day, Henry C.	Amherst	Farmer	Married	One.	
Dow, Simeon L.	Haverhill, Mass.	Shoemaker	Single.		
Davis, Daniel S.					
Eaton, Abner L.	South Seabrook	Shoemaker	Married	Two	Three.
Eaton, Robert C.	Seabrook	Shoemaker	Married	Two	Three.
Eastman, Morrill S.					
Ellsworth, Josepb.					
Emery, Parker A.	Worcester, Mass.	Stationery engineer	Married	-	Two.
Favor, Nelson H.	Laconia	Hosier	Married	Two	Three.
Godfrey, Oliver H.	Hampton	Carpenter	Married	Two.	
Godfrey, Jacob T.	Hampton	Engineer	Married	One	Two.
Gove, Albert	Seabrook	Carpenter	Married	Four	Three.
Gould, Humphrey N.	Bradford	Lumber manufact'r	Married	-	One.
Gillespie, James A.					
Haladay, George C.	Henniker	Teamster	Married	Three,	One.
Hayes, Joseph B.	Richmond, Ind.	Railroad conductor	Married.		
Heffron, Patrick					
Hodgdon, William H.	Kensington	Farmer	Married	Two.	
Janvrin, John S.	Seabrook	Shoemaker	Married	Two	Two.
Janvrin, Joshua	East Salisbury, Mass.	Shoemaker	Married	Four	Four.
Jones, Eliphalet	Weare	Shoe-cutter	Married	Two	One.
Kimball, Charles B.					
Leavitt, Jeremiah K.	Kensington	Invalid	Single.		
Leonard, James.					
March, George W.	Danville	Shoemaker	Married	-	One.
Marston, Otis H.	Hampton	Farmer	Married	One	
Marston, William W.	W Fitchburg, Mass.	Direct. st. fire engine.	Married	One	
Mayo, Joseph	Brookline, Mass.	Stone-dealer	Married	One	One.
McKelleps, Harvey J.	North Weare	Mechanic	Married	One	Two.
Moffitt, Frank T.	Littleton	Physician	Married	-	Two.
Morrill, James	East Canaan	Farmer	Single.		
Muzzey, Warren H.	Hillsboro' Bridge	Invalid	Married.		
Osborne, Jesse B.	Weare	Wood and lum. d'l'r,	Married	-	One.
Peacock, Hyla D.	Kensington	Invalid	Married	Two.	
Peasley, Edwin N.	Deering	Farmer	Married	-	One.
Randall, William H.	Seabrook	Shoemaker	Married	Two	Three.
Stott, Charles					
Swett, George W.	Montreal, P.Q.	Hotel manager	Married	One	One.
Terrill, Benjamin	East Canaan	Farmer	Married	Two	Two.
Thompson, Samuel E.	Charlestown, Mass.	Cook.			
Thurston, Peleg B.	North Weare	Mechanic	Married	-	Two.
Wallace, Silas R.	Manchester	Weaver	Married.		
White, Philander C.	Concord	Marble-cutter	Married.		
Whitney, Leonard F.	Haverhill, Mass.	Hotel-clerk	Married.		
Wright, James A.	N. Montpelier, Vt.	Factory employee	Married	One	One.

TABLE IX. — *Continued.*

COMPANY E.

NAME.	Residence.	Occupation.	Married or Single.	No. of Children.	
				Boys.	*Girls.*
William Cobleigh	Grafton, Dak.	Clergyman.	Married	One.	
Franklin Wheeler	Berlin Mills	Mechanic	Married	Two.	
John A. Harriman	Wis.				
Thomas J. Lary	West Milan	Farmér	Married	Two	Two.
David S. Harvey	South Boston, Mass.	Machinist			
William A. Willis	Milan	Farmer	Married		
George W. Purington	Chocorua.				
Ormando Lary	Milan	Farmer	Married	Three,	One.
Theodore Moran					
George R. Holmes	Jefferson.				
Abel H. Wesson					
Applebee, George	Meadows	Farmer	Married	Five	One.
Ball, Emery M. D.	Stratford.				
Bartlett, George S.					
Bean, Caleb F.	Milan.				
Blair, William	Milan.				
Boutwell, Frank	Waterford, Vt.	- -			
Cobleigh, Charles	West Milan.				
Colby, Moses	Whitefield	Farmer	Widower.		
Cotton, Aaron					
Crawford, Bryant E.	Boston	Livery-stable	Married.		
Cross, Alanson.					
Curtis, Moses S.	Shiocton, Wis.	Lumberman	Married	-	One.
Dolan, John.					
Dow, Alden A.	Lancaster.				
Dustin, Joseph H.					
Eastman, Darius G.	West Milan	Farmer	Married	Two	Four.
Ellingwood, Oscar P.	North Paris, Me.	Manufacturer	Married	Three,	One.
Elliott, Benjamin F.	North Littleton	Farmer	Married	One	Three.
Emery, Nathaniel	Stark.				
Evans, Edwin F.					
Evans, John C.	Gorham.				
Evans, William	Rumford Point, Me.	Farmer	Married	Three,	One.
Folsom, Stephen P.	Milan.	Blacksmith & farmer,	Married	Three,	One.
Forbes, Erastus W.	Gorham	Engineer	Married	Three,	One.
Gaskell, Rufus D.	Waterford, Vt.	Blacksmith	Married	One	Three.
Goodnow, Henry	West Milan	Farmer	Married	One	Four.
Goud, George S.	Milan Corner	Farmer	Married	-	Two.
Grey, Jared	Lancaster	Carpenter & farmer	Married	Two	One.
Greenlaw, John W.	Gorham.				
Griffin, Daniel	Gorham	Laborer	Married	Seven,	Three.
Hastings, John G.					
Hawkins, Alpheus W.	Milan.				
Henderson, John.					
Henson, Charles	Groveton.				
Henson, Moses	Groveton.				
Hogan, William D.					
Holbrook, Roswell.	Fairlee, Vt.				
Holbrook, William W.	Stark.	Farmer	Married	Three,	One.
Hodge, Ida A.	Guildhall, Vt.	Millman	Married	Three,	Four.
Hubbard, James O.	Whitefield.				
Ingerson, George W.	Jefferson.				
Johnson, William W.					
Jordon, Harry W.					
Lary, Andrew J.	Milan.	Lumberman	Married.		
Larry, Edolph	Milan.	Farmer	Married	Three,	One.
Leonard, Henry O.					
Lovejoy, John B.	West Milan	Farmer & book agt.	Married	One	Four.
Lyons, Patrick.					
Marshall, Freeman.	Stockton, Cal.				
Mathy, John Edward.					
Massure, Erastus	Portland, Me.				
Morse, John	Littleton.				
Moulton, Benjamin F.					

TABLE IX. — COMPANY E — *Continued.*

NAME.	Residence.	Occupation.	Married or Single.	No. of Children.	
				Boys.	*Girls.*
Murphy, James.					
Neal, William H.					
Nutter, Charles E.					
Orcutt, John D.	Jefferson	Farmer	Married	-	One.
Ordway, Daniel.					
Oswald, Carl B.					
Page, Henry	Milan.	Farmer & lumb'rm'n,	Married	Five	Two.
Perham, Leonard.					
Pike, John D.					
Rich, Spaulding S.	Whitefield.				
Richardson, Lemuel M.					
Rowe, James M.	No. Cherryfield, Mc.				
Rugg, Sewall F.	Chesterfield	Farmer	Married	-	Two.
Sabine, Frank.					
Seavey, W. H.					
Sessions, Sumner	Rumford, Me.	Farmer	Married	Seven,	Three.
Stalbird, William H. H.	Dalton.				
Stillings, Ruel P.	Jefferson	Blacksmith.			
Stone, Munroe J.	Groveton	Farmer	Married	One	Two.
Terry, Joseph.					
Twitchell, Charles M.	Shiocton, Wis.	Farmer	Married	Two	Two.
Wallace, Asahel K.	Lisbon.				
Watson, Pembroke S.					
Wentworth, Thomas.					
Wheeler, Algier B.	Stratford.				
Whipp, Charles A.	Lancaster	Farmer	Married	Four	One.
York, Horace	Milan Corner	Farmer	Married	Two	One.
Young, Antipas.					
Young, David.					

COMPANY F.

Stephen Phelps	Simcoe, Ont.	Gentleman	Married	One.	
George G. Martin	Orange, Mass.	Canvasser	Married	-	One.
John F. Hunt	Swanzey	Blacksmith	Married	Five	Three.
Henry H. Howe	Chesterfield Factory,	Mechanic	Married	One	Three.
Charles G. Howard	Springfield, Mass.	Gardener	Married	One.	
Novatus Graves	So. Deerfield, Mass.	Blacksmith	Single.		
U. Barrett Fosgate	Winchester	Mechanic	Married	One	Two.
Henry E. Baldwin	Athol, Mass.	Laborer	Single.		
Calvin P. Gilson	Putney, Vt.	Landlord	Married	One	Two.
Ball, Charles W. W.	New-York City	Buyer and speculator,	Married.		
Bancroft, Clinton A.	Worcester, Mass.	Teamster	Married	-	One.
Barden, Abner S.	Richmond	Farmer	Married	One	Two.
Bolton, James H.	Ashuelot	Farmer	Married	Two	One.
Boyd, Jeremiah T.					
Britton, Frederick F.	Surry	Invalid	Single.		
Buffum, Francis H.	Boston, Mass.	Journalist.	Married	Four	Two.
Casey, John					
Casey, Thomas	Portland, Me.	Invalid	Single.		
Clark, Charles A.					
Clogley, John.					
Cohen, Isaac	Savannah, Ga.				
Colburn, Charles O.	Brattleboro', Vt.	Mechanic	Married	One	Three.
Colburn, Henry	Baldwinsville, Mass.	Farmer	Married	Three.	
Conley, James Henry	Monticello, Ark.	Brickmaker	Single.		
Conversc, Julius C.	Worcester, Mass.	Machinist	Married	One.	
Cummings, John	Lincoln, Neb.	Laborer	Single.		
Darling, Calvin G.	Chesterfield	Farmer	Married	-	Two.
Davis, Murray	Chesterfield	Farmer	Married	One	One.
Day, George A.	Hinsdale	Carpenter	Married	One.	
Eaton, Loren, jun.	Chesterfield	Farmer	Married	-	One.
Englebrick, John					

TABLE IX. — COMPANY F — *Continued.*

NAME.	Residence.	Occupation.	Married or Single.	No. of Children.	
				Boys.	*Girls.*
Farr, Bradford C.	Chesterfield Factory,	Miller	Married	One.	
Farr, Chauncey S.	Hinsdale	Machinist	Widower	Two.	
Farr, Larkin D.	West Chesterfield	Merchant	Married	–	One.
Farr, Wesley O.	West Burke, Vt.	Farmer	Married	One	One.
Field, Marshall	Pembroke				
Frost, Sumner F.	Groveton	Trader	Married	–	Four.
Hared, John					
Harris, Lorenzo, jun.	Orange, Mass.	Carpenter	Married	Two	One.
Hastings, Foster W.	South Charlestown	Farmer	Married	One	One.
Hastings, Herbert R.	North Hiusdale	Farmer	Married	–	One.
Hill, George					
Hill, Taylor E.	Chesterfield Factory,	Farmer	Single.		
Holbrook, Charles H.	Westport	Farmer	Married	–	One.
Holbrook, George B.	Holyoke, Mass.	Paper manufacturer,	Married	One	One.
Hutchins, Henry E.	Sioux City, Ia.				
Hyde, Ira D.	So. Durham, P.Q.	Invalid	Widower	Two.	
Kiug, Peter					
Lambert, Perrin	West Milan	Farmer	Married	Three,	Two.
Lewis, Sumner					
Lincoln, Lucien O.	Chesterfield Factory,	Laborer	Married	Two	Oue.
McKay, James.					
Martin, James.					
Merrifield, Frank O.	Wlnona, Minn.	Farmer.			
Moore, John H.	Gr. Cove Spr'gs, Fla.				
Morey, William A.	Westport	Pail-turuer	Married	One	One.
Morse, James W.					
Murdock, Robert E.	Prairie Grove, Wis.	Farmer	Single.		
Murdock, Verwill Q. D.	Springfield, Mass.	Mechanic	Married	Onc	One.
Nims, George H.	Bellows' Falls, Vt.	Tinsmith	Married	Two	Two.
Perry, George F.	Marlborough	Mechanic	Married	Threc,	Three.
Pheany, Andrew	Portland, Me.	Invalid	Single.		
Reedc, Charles P.	Winchester	Farmer	Married	Three,	One.
Roark, Francis	Ashuelot	Mill operative	Married	–	One.
Rourke, John	South Hampton				
Scott, George D.	West Chesterfield	Invalid	Married	One	Two.
Smith, Edward O.	Winchester	Mechanic	Married	–	One.
Smith, Henry	Gilsum				
Snow, Henry H.	West Chesterfield	Farmer	Single.		
Thayer, Edward F.	Greenfield, Mass.	Mechanic	Married	Two.	
Thompson, Daniel H.	Winchester	Farmer	Married	Seven.	
Tiboux, Peter	Gilsum				
Tuttle, John B.	Seabrook				
Ward, George P.	Troy	Wood-turner	Married.		
Welles, Sidney I.	Gorham	Farmer	Married	–	Two.
Wheeler, Charles W.					
Wilbur, Henry L.	Surry	Farmer	Married	–	One.
Wright, L. Warren	Keene	Travelling salesman,	Married	–	Two.

COMPANY G.

Solon A. Carter	Concord	State treasurer	Married	–	Two.
C. Fred Webster	Keene	Lawyer	Married	–	One.
Spencer L. Bailey	Fredonia, N.Y.	Banker	Married	–	One.
Flavel L. Tolman	Leomister, Mass.	Furniture manufac'r,	Married	One	One.
John W. Sturtevant	Keene	Merchant	Married	Two.	
James W. Russell	Keene	Merchant	Married	–	One.
Edward B. Howard	Chicago, Ill.	Pork-packer	Married.		
Samuel L. Gerould	Goffstown.	Clergyman	Married	Three,	Three.
Maro J. Chamberlain	Frisco, Utah	Miner	Single.		
Calvin K. Day	Detroit, Minn.	Merchant	Married	–	One.
George Kehue.	Boston, Mass.	Cigar-maker	Married	One	Onc.
James H. Hunt	Nashua	City marshal	Married	Onc.	
Asa W. Davis.	Hartford, Conn.	Bottler of soda-water,	Married.		
Thomas S. Mower	Fitchburg, Mass.	Machinist	Widower	One.	Two.
Austin A. Spaulding	Concord	Vocalist	Married	–	One.

TABLE IX. — COMPANY G — *Continued.*

NAME.	Residence.	Occupation.	Married or Single.	No. of Children.	
				Boys.	*Girls.*
Allen, Calvin, jun.	West Rindge	Mechanic & farmer	Married.		
Bahaw, John	Lowell, Mass.	Carder	Married	Two	One.
Barrett, William A.	Keene	Brickmaker	Married	Three,	Three.
Blodgett, Sylvester	Keene	Butcher	Married	Two	
Brown, James T.	Jaffrey	Farmer	Married	One	Four.
Buckwold, Jacob	East Jaffrey	Invalid	Married	Five	Three.
Burns, Patrick	Keene	Brick-mason	Married	Four	One.
Burns, Thomas F.	West Peterboro'	Spinner	Married	Two.	
Cooper, Albert	Boston, Mass.	Expressman	Married	Two	Two.
Cutter, Edward E.	Marlboro'	Stone-work	Married.		
Cutter, Edwin R.	East Jaffrey	Currier	Married	-	One.
Doolittle, John H.	Springfield, Mass.	Canvasser	Married	Two	One.
Doolittle, Joseph S.	Weirs	Hotel-keeper	Married	Three.	
Drake, William S.	Boston, Mass.	Machinist	Married.		
Ellis, Lyman	Everett, Mass.	Manufacturer	Married	-	One.
Farwell, John T.	Harrisville	Mechanic	Married	Two	One.
Frost, John	East Jaffrey	Farmer	Married	One	Two.
Gerry, Ira	Claremont.	Teamster	Married	One.	
Green, James	North Branch	Teamster	Married	Two.	
Greenwood, Leroy P.	Peterboro'.	Paper-maker	Married	-	One.
Hatch, Herbert C.	Walpole	Farmer	Married	Two	One.
Hill, Horace J.	Worcester	Stationary engineer	Married	Four	Two.
Houston, J. Augustine	South Acton, Mass.	Farmer	Married	Two.	
Jerry, Amiell	Claremont.	Factory-hand	Married	Two	Five.
Jillson, Almon L.	Templeton, Mass.	Cabinet-maker	Married	Three.	
Kelleher, Timothy	Keene	Machinist's helper	Married	Two	One.
Kinson, John Q.	S. Ashburnh'm, Mass.	Laborer	Married	One	One.
Law, Charles D.	East Jaffrey	Cutlery-grinder	Married.		
Learned, Marion D.	So. Vineland, N.J.	Fruit-grower	Married	-	Two.
Lettenmayer, Otto	Keene	Confectioner	Married	Two	One.
Levoy, Henry E.	Rumney	Ladder-maker	Married	Three,	One.
Martin, Alvin K.	Marlborough	Carpenter	Married	Two	One.
Merrifield, Charles B.	Algona, Io.	Railroading	Married	One	One.
Morey, Albert L.	Togus, Me.	Soldiers' Home	Widower.		
Morse, Henry F.	East Jaffrey	Mechanic	Married	Four	Two.
Mower, Nahum W.	East Jaffrey	Station agent	Married	-	Two.
Murdough, Samuel C.	East Washington	Farmer	Married	Two	One.
O'Brien, William D.	Columbus, O.	Plumber & steam fit.	Married	Three,	One.
Osborne, Henry E.	New Florence, Mo.	Laborer	Married	One	Two.
Parker, William	Deadwood, Dakota	Lawyer	Married	Four	Two.
Pieree, Albert S.	Fitchburg, Mass.	Machinist	Married.		
Pollard, Ivers E.	Athol Centre, Mass.	Lumberman	Married.		
Poole, Joel H.	Jaffrey	Farm'r & sum'r hotel,	Married	One.	
Poole, John W	Fitzwilliam Depot	Farmer	Married	One	One.
Putnam, Edwin F.	Fitchburg, Mass.	Shoemaker	Married	One	One.
Reed, J. Langdon	Stoddard	Farmer	Married	One	One.
Riee, John C.	Providenee, R.I.	R.R. conductor	Married	One	One.
Richardson, Herbert C.	Stoneham, Mass.	Shoe manufacturer	Married	One.	
Riley, Martin	E. Portland, Oregon,	Boot and shoe dealer,	Married.		
Riley, Michael	Keene	Laborer	Widower	Two	One.
Robb, William P.	Westminster, Mass.	Supt. of almshouse	Married.		
Rolf, William H.	Peterboro'	Carpenter	Married	Two	One.
Royleigh, Peter W	South Acworth	Laborer	Married	One	Three.
Scott, James H.	Stoddard	Farmer	Married	-	Three.
Shedd, Granville	Upper Bedford, P.Q.	Machinist	Married	One	Three.
Shepherd, Frank B.	Denver, Col.	Machinist	Married	One	One.
Smith, Marcus M.	Worcester, Mass.	Iron-moulder	Married	-	Three.
Smith, Royal W.	Keene	Machinist	Married	One	Two.
Smith, Samuel M.	St. Louis, Mo.	Lawyer	Married	-	Two.
Spaulding, Leonard E.	Jaffrey	Farmer	Married	One.	
Steck, Frederlek	Cleveland, O.	Laborer	Married	One.	
Sullivan, J. Kerry	Washington, D.C.	C'k, 5th auditor's offi.	Single.		
Turner, Henry A.	Gardner, Mass.	Livery-keeper	Married	-	Two.
Wellman, Israel P.	Gilsum	Farmer	Married	Four	Two.
Willard, Luelus S.	Jersey City	Salesman, New York,	Married	One.	
Wright, Daniel	Gilsum	Farm. & horse breed'r,	Married	Two	Two.

TABLE IX. — *Continued.*

COMPANY H.

NAME.	Residence.	Occupation.	Married or Single.	No. of Children.	
				Boys.	*Girls.*
William E. Bunten	Woodstock, Conn.	Teacher	Married	One	Two.
Albert H. Sawyer	North Weare.				
Walter H. Sargent	Bridgewater	Farmer	Married	Two	Two.
David A. Macurdy	Minneapolis, Minn.	Shipping agent.	Married.		
Marcus M. Holmes	Chicago, Ill.	Cashier	Married	One	One.
George F. Blanchard	Pine Ridge Ag., Dak.	Trader	Married.		
Joseph C. Muncey.					
Timothy E. Bayley	Plymouth.				
Nathan P. Gilmore	Newport	Carriage-maker	Married	One	Three.
Charles F. Heath	Lynn, Mass.	Horse-car conductor,			
Alexander, Benjamin D.					
Bailey, Amos C.	Francestown	Farmer	Single.		
Barnard, George M.	Warner	Farmer	Single.		
Bell, Robert	Manchester	Stone-cutter	Married.		
Blanchard, Henry H.	Rondout, N.Y..	Telegraph operator	Married	-	One.
Bradbury, Samuel G.	Hopkinton	Farmer	Married	One	Three.
Brown, Elbridge C.	Dunbarton	Farmer	Married	Two	One.
Brown, Frederick T.	Chichester	Farmer	Widower	One.	
Brown, Joseph.					
Buzzell, William	North Chichester	Farmer	Widower	Two.	
Call, Chellis E.	Chichester	Painter	Married	Four	Five.
Cashman, John.					
Chamberlain, Alonzo P.	Dunbarton	Farmer	Married	One	Three.
Clement, Charles H.	George's Mills	Farmer	Married	Four.	
Cochran, George S.					
Colby, Daniel A.	Francestown.				
Colby, George O.	Derry	Cooper	Married	-	One.
Corser, David S.	Concord	Lawyer	Single.		
Dolloff, Levi	Campton	Farmer	Married	Four	One.
Emerson, John R.	North Dunbarton	Farmer	Married	One	Two.
Frazier, Lewis.					
Frothingham, George H.					
Gale, Augustus L.					
Garland, Alonzo E.					
George, Sullivan H.	Goshen Mill Village,	Harness-maker.	Married	Three,	Three.
Haines, James H.	Concord	Clergyman	Married.		
Haines, Thomas	Concord.				
Hastings, Lyman B.					
Hurd, Ira, jun.	Goshen.				
Jeffers, Edward F.	South Tamworth	Farmer	Married.	Two	Two.
Keegan, John.					
Lapoint, Francis.					
Lear, Edwin B.	Sutton	Farmer	Married.		
Lear, George B.	Newport	Blacksmith	Married.		
Libby, George A.	Contoocook	Carpenter	Married	Two	Three.
Libby, William H.	Winchester, Mass.	Carpenter	Married	Three.	
Lougee, Abner H.	West Campton	Mechanic	Married	Three,	One.
Mangan, Dennis	West Gardner, Mass.	Chairmaker	Married	Two	One.
Marstin, George W.					
Merrill, Artemas W.	Forge Village, Mass.	Sausage-maker	Married	Two	One.
Moody, William H.	Fisherville	Butcher	Married	One	Two.
Morse, John D.	West Campton	Farmer	Married	Three,	Five.
Moulton, Freeman	West Campton.	Farmer	Married	Two	Three.
Moulton, Freeman L.	Plymouth.				
Norwood, John E.	Richmond.	Postmaster	Single.		
Parker, William P.	Mendota, Ill.	Organ manufacturer,	Married	-	One.
Perry, Samuel M.	Warren	Farmer	Married	-	One.
Perkins, Joseph O..	Concord	Carpenter	Married	Two	Two.
Peters, Peter	Francestown.				
Pierce, Edward E.	Walpole	Farmer	Married	-	One.
Poor, Wilson E.					
Roby, George S.	Warner.				
Russell, David O.	Bow	Farmer.			
Sanborn, Henry M.	Chichester	Farmer	Married	Two	One.
Scribins, Thomas L.					

TABLE IX. — COMPANY H — *Continued.*

NAME.	Residence.	Occupation.	Married or Single.	No. of Children.	
				Boys.	*Girls.*
Smith, Simeon C.					
Stanyan, James	Chichester	- -	Single.		
Towle, Charles H.	Chichester	- -	Married.		
Varney, John S.					
Ward, James O.	West Campton .	Farmer	Married	-	Two.
Wheeler, Robert E.	Manchester	Butcher .	Married	One.	
Williams, John E.					
Williams, Simeon.					
Wilson, Leonard.					
Winn, John.					

COMPANY I.

Sylvester M. Bugbee	Cornish Flat	Farmer	Married	Two.	
Ransom Huntoon	Newport	Mill employee	Married	Two	Two.
Thomas J. Morrill .	Grantham .	Trader .	Married	-	Two.
Benjamin F. Pierce .	Stoughton, Mass.	Locomotive engineer,	Married .	One	Three.
Ezekiel H. Hadley	Bradford	Blacksmith	Married	Three,	Two.
Peter Crowell .	Newport	Farmer	Married	Five	Six.
Hiram H. Darling	Lebanon	Scythe-grinder	Married	Three,	One.
Daniel C. Currier	Grantham .	Farmer	Married	Four .	One.
George S. Jones	Boston, Mass.	Wine-clerk	Married .	-	
Eben W Parker	Whitefield	Shingle-sawyer	Married	Two	Two.
Jason A. Perkins	South Newbury	Blacksmith	Married	Three,	Three.
Abbott, Willis S.	Amoskeag	Farmer	Married	Two .	Two.
Ashey, John	Hartford, Vt.	Farmer	Married	One.	
Ashey, Lewis .	Old Orchard, Mass.	Farmer	Married.		
Bailey, Cyrus S. .	Nashua . .	Iron & steel worker,	Married	-	Two.
Barker, Frederick L.	Bellows Falls, Vt.	Boarding-ho. keeper,	Married	One .	Four.
Barton, Ziba C.					
Brown, George .	Kensington . .	Farmer	Married	-	One.
Chapman, James H.	White River Jct., Vt.	Laborer . .	Widower .	One	One.
Clough, Newton	Grantham .	Clergyman & farmer,	Married	-	One.
Colburn, Walter F.	South Newbury	Farmer	Married	Four	One.
Cram, George F. .	Newport	Farmer	Married	-	One.
Cumings, Charles B.	Cornish Flat	Farmer	Married	-	Two.
Dodge, Simeon S. .	Chandlerville	Farmer	Married	One	Two.
Dudley, Winthrop C. .	South Newbury	Invalid	Married.		
Fitch, Luther, jun.	Manchester	Laborer	Married .	-	Two.
Foss, Walter H.	Claremont	Gardener	Married .	-	Three.
Foster, Charles E.	Erie, Penn.	Stove-manufacturer,	Married .	One .	One.
Gaut, John S. .	Grantham	Farmer	Married	One.	
Gove, Charles R.	Kensington	Farmer .	Married	-	Two.
Hall, Levi D., jun.	Claremont	Carpenter & farmer,	Married	One	One.
Haven, Abiel L.	Cornish Centre	Mechanic	Married	Two	Two.
Hibbard, John B.	Woodstock, Vt.	Farmer	Married	Two.	
Hoban, Patrick	Claremont	Paper-maker	Married	Four .	Three.
Howard, Waldo L.	Lebanon	Carriage-maker	Married	-	Two.
Howard, Wilbur F.	Cornish Flat	Farmer	Married	Three.	
Hunter, Harlan P. .	Claremont.	Stair-builder	Married	-	Two.
Hurley, Martin V B.	Windsor, Vt.	Hairdresser	Married	Two	One.
Knight, Alonzo	Washington	Carpenter .	Married	Two .	Three.
Lane, Marcus M. .	Lebanon .	Carriage-painter	Married	Two	One.
Mace, Henry C.	Claremont.	Teamster	Married	Two.	
McMahan, John.					
McMahan, Michael .	North Charlestown	Invalid .	Married .	Four .	One.
Miller, Jonathan, jun. .	Thompsonville, Conn.	Merchant	Married .	-	Four.
Miller, Theodore.					
Mullen, Hugh.					
Oliver, Mitchell	Claremont	Truck'n & wood dcal.	Married.		
O'Brien, Cornelius.					
Page, John M. .	North Newport	Manuf. woodenware,	Married	Two	Five.
Peasley, George W.	Wellesley, Mass.	Supt. shoe-factory	Married	Two	One.

TABLE IX. — COMPANY I — *Continued.*

NAME.	Residence.	Occupation.	Married or Single.	No. of Children.	
				Boys.	*Girls.*
Pike, Clarence F.	Newport	Jack-of-all-trades	Married	Four	Two.
Saunders, Lyman P.	North Grantham	Blacksmith	Married	One	Six.
Short, John N.	West Lebanon	Invalid	Married	Two	Four.
Shellan, Morris.					
Stockwell, Charles H.	Newport	Farmer	Married.		
Stoddard, Hezekiah	Colebrook.	Invalid	Married.		
Stowell, Freeman S.	Weare	Out of business	Widower	One	One.
Stowell, George H.	Claremont.	Woodenware manuf.	Married	Two	Three.
Tasker, George	Parker's Landing, Pa.	Petroleum oil busin's,	Married	One	One.
Wallace, William	Grantham.	U. S. mail-carrier	Married	Six	One.
Welch, William	East Lempster.	Farmer	Married	Five	Four.
Whittaker, Benjamin	Harbor Springs, Mich.	Farmer	Married	Three,	One.
Woodbury, Albert.	Bradford	Farmer	Married.		
Woodward, Charles	Meriden	Farmer	Married	One	Four.

COMPANY K.

Oliver H. Marston	Stoneham, Mass.	Machinist	Married	–	One.
James H. Gilman	Grand De Tour, Ill.				
Octavius C. Mason	Sterling, Ill.	Druggist	Married	One	Two.
James M. Parrott	Moultonboro'	Farmer	Married.		
John M. Prentiss	Pembroke.				
Russell Graves	Sandwich	Farmer	Married.		
Lemuel F. Vittum	Sandwich	Farmer	Married.		
George N. French	Washington, D.C.	Treasury clerk.	Married.		
Enoch S. Eastman	Swampscott, Mass.	Watchmaker	Married	Two.	
Daniel R. Gilman	Muscatine, Io.	Farmer	Married.		
Samuel F. Beede	Northfield, Minn.	Teacher	Married	Two	One.
J. Marcellus Smith.	Haverhill, Mass.	Shoemaker	Married	–	One.
John L. Smith.	Cambridgep't, Mass.	Organ-tuner	Married	One	One.
Atwood, John.	North Sandwich	Farmer	Married	One.	
Baker, Benjamin	Pembroke.				
Basacca, Antonio.					
Bennett, Amos W.	North Sandwich	Farmer	Married.		
Bennett, William H.	Westmoreland, Kan.				
Blood, Herman	Garden Bay, Mich.				
Brown, Warren J.	North Sandwich	Farmer	Married	Four	One.
Buckalow, John.					
Burnham, James H.					
Buzzell, Ebenezer M.	Lake Village	Hair-dresser	Married.		
Buzzell, Ransom D.	Lake Village	Carpenter	Married.		
Chase, James E.	Lowell, Mass.	Machinist	Married	Two.	
Cook, Jesse H.	Centre Sandwich	Farmer	Married.		
Cowan, Wentworth S.	Tamworth.				
Densiro, Dennis.					
Dobson, James.					
Dustin, Ezekiel E.	Taunton, Mass.	Farmer	Married	Four	Three.
Emerson, James	Fryeburg Centre, Me.	Farmer	Married	One	Three.
Estes, William H.	Sandwich	Farmer	Married	Two	
Fellows, Benjamin F.	Centre Sandwich	Farmer	Married.		
Fowler, Trueworthy	Allenstown	Farmer	Married	Two.	
Frye, John	Moultonboro'	Farmer	Married.		
Gazhoe, Alexander.					
Glidden, Warren A.	Concord	Machinist.			
Gloget, Enos.					
Goss, John W.	Centre Sandwich	Farmer	Married.		
Gove, John M.					
Haggett, Benjamin B.	East Pembroke	Farmer	Married	Two	Two.
Harriman, Edgar	Chatham	Farm. and b'cksmith,	Married	Three,	Two.
Harriman, Phleman	Eaton.				
Henry, Lewis.					
Huntress, Andrew	Sandwich	Farmer	Single.		

TABLE IX. — COMPANY K — *Concluded.*

NAME.	Residence.	Occupation.	Married or Single.	No. of Children.	
				Boys.	*Girls.*
Kent, John	Rochester	Farmer	Single.		
Le Bosquet, Henry S.	Boston, Mass.	Printer	Married	One	Three.
Lee, William.					
Manchester, Lorenzo D.					
McGowan, Thomas.					
Moony, Isaac G.	Tilton.				
Morse, John H.	Holderness	Farmer	Married	One	Two.
Moulton, Henry H.	Meredith Village	Farmer	Married.		
Murray, Patrick.					
O'Brien, Edward.					
Page, Henry P.	Nebraska City, Neb.	Clergyman	Married	Two	One.
Plummer, Henry	Cambridgep't, Mass.				
Quimby, William F.	North Sandwich	Carpenter	Married	One.	
Robinson, Frank P.	Pembroke.				
Robinson, Samuel D.	Pembroke.				
Schmidt, John.					
Simpson, William	Concord	Farmer	Married	One	Two.
Sinclair, Edwin D.	Meredith Village	Job teamster	Married.		
Smith, Daniel M.	Belmont	Farmer	Married.		
Smith, Herbert H.	Haverhill, Mass.				
Smith, Lewis Q.	Centre Sandwich	Farmer	Married.		
Smith, Samuel S.	Worcester, Mass.				
Stone, George W.	Pembroke.				
Tanner, Henry H.					
Taylor, Peter.					
Tilton, Henry A.	Moultonboro'	Farmer	Married.		
Toben, James.					
Vittum, Samuel F.	Sandwich	Farmer	Widower.		
Wallace, Alfred	Centre Sandwich	Farmer	Married	One.	
Whayland, John.					
Whipple, Joseph.					
White, Benjamin	Dunbarton	Farmer	Single.		
Wilson, James.					

RECAPITULATION OF TABLES.

ORGANIZATION.	Original Members.	Recruits.	Total.	DEATHS IN SERVICE.		KILLED OR MORTALLY WOUNDED.		WOUNDED.		CAPTURED.		DIED SINCE DISCHARGE.	
				No.	Per ct.	No.	Per ct.	No.	Per ct.	No.	Per ct.	No.	Per ct.
Field and staff	13	–	13	2	15.3	1	7.6	–	–	–	–	4	–
Co. A	100	8	108	18	16.6	7	6.4	18	16.6	3	2.7	12	11.1
B	101	18	119	15	12.6	6	5.	8	6 7	2	1.6	11	9.2
C	101	15	116	13	11.2	5	4.3	11	9.4	1	.8	14	12.
D	102	19	121	11	9.	9	7.4	16	13.2	2	1.6	16	13.2
E	101	39	140	19	13.5	1	.7	11	7.8	2	1.4	11	7.8
F	91	43	134	10	7.4	9	6.7	16	11.9	3	2.2	15	11.1
G	97	21	118	9	7.6	4	3.3	14	11.8	3	2 5	16	13.5
H	86	44	130	18	13.8	8	6.1	21	16.1	2	1.5	8	6.1
I	86	39	125	24	19.2	5	4.	13	10.4	5	4.	9	7.2
K	89	47	136	17	12.5	10	7.3	18	13.2	2	1.4	14	10.2
Totals	967	293	1,260	156	–	65	–	146	–	25	–	130	–

TABLE X.

The following table is chiefly a condensation of several tables published in Vol. II Adjutant-General's Report for 1866. While as perfect as was possible to make them at the time of their compilation, it contains many errors, which, while corrected in the preceding tables, are given here as in the volume from which they are taken.

Comparing the Various Organizations that went from New Hampshire.

Organization.	Term of Muster.	Total Original Muster of —		Total Recruits.	Aggregate.	Killed or Died of Wounds.	Per cent of Killed or Died of W'ds to aggregate.	Died of Disease.	Per cent of Died of Disease to aggregate.	Killed by Accident.	Died in Rebel Prisons.	Wounded	Per ct. of Wounded to aggregate.	Missing in action.	Deserted.
		Officers.[1]	Enlisted Men.												
Infantry.															
First	3 months	39	765	0	804	0	0	3	.37	1	0	0	0	0	7
Second	3 years	45	1,006	1,639	2,690	147	5.4	156	5.4	5	17	169	6.2	21	414
Third	3 years	42	1,018	725	1,785	177	9.3	142	7.9	3	0	346	19.3	12	220
Fourth	3 years	44	1,002	740	1,786	45	2.5	139	7.7	7	31	171	9.5	12	152
Fifth	3 years	42	1,005	1,542	2,589	228	8.8	170	6.5	3	9	205	7.9	42	493
Sixth	3 years	43	988	1,543	2,574	133	5.1	193	7.4	15	8	273	10.6	45	654
Seventh	3 years	41	981	738	1,760	125	7.1	212	12.	3	54	206	11.7	65	232
Eighth	3 years	43	991	595	1,629	97	5.9	223	13.6	6	4	67	4.1	2	200
Ninth	3 years	39	936	884	1,859	127	6.8	240	12.9	3	39	222	11.9	16	536
Tenth	3 years	41	895	398	1,334	63	4.6	115	8.6	4	20	174	13.	12	201
Eleventh	3 years	41	969	653	1,663	119	7.1	155	9.3	1	19	327	19.6	17	409
Twelfth	3 years	40	977	440	1,457	166	10.7	145	9.9	3	8	332	20.9	3	191
Thirteenth	3 years	41	975	252	1,268	90	7.1	86	6.7	2	2	177	13.9	1	117
Fourteenth	3 years	40	928	418	1,386	62	4.4	147	10.6	1	2	109	7.8	7	110
Fifteenth	9 months	40	876	0	916	27	2.9	89	9.7	0	0	22	2.4	1	30
Sixteenth	9 months	40	874	0	914	0	0	181	19.8	0	0	0	0	0	45
Seventeenth	9 months	39	203	0	242	0	0	1	.4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Eighteenth	1, 2, and 3 years,	37	919	32	988	3	.3	28	2.8	1	0	5	.5	0	84
N.H. Battalion, N.E. Cavalry	3 years	15	313	106	434	13	2.9	16	3.6	0	0	10	2.3	0	26
Sharpshooters	3 years	13	287	58	358	27	7.5	24	6.7	0	0	39	10.8	3	16
First N.H. Cavalry	1, 2, and 3 years,	42	986	505	1,533	19	1.2	80	5.2	0	29	51	3.2	26	569
First Heavy Artillery	1, 2, and 3 years,	43	1,812	12	1,867	0	0	35	1.8	0	0	1	.05	0	51
First N.H. Battery	3 years	3	145	18	166	6	3.6	4	2.4	0	0	0	0	0	9
Total		853	19,851	11,298	32,002	1,674	5.2	2,584	8.	58	242	2,906	9.8	285	4,766

[1] Includes all afterwards mustered as staff-officers, not originally in the regiment.